

# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

*From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.*

VOL. XXI.

OCTOBER, 1896.

No. 6.



## A SUMMER TOUR IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

BY THOMAS L. JAMES.

IF you will look at a map of Scotland, you will find that more than two-thirds of its two hundred and forty miles of western coast is indented at short intervals with small bays, some of them so nearly surrounded by the points of land between which they lie that they just escape being lakes. On the northwest is a large peninsula (Skye), the shores of which are also indented, and about thirty miles beyond this peninsula, to the northwest, is the Isle of Lewis, south of which is a series of jagged little islands, gradually decreasing in size, so that they resemble fag-ends of land that have dropped off the larger body.

The leading railway companies, and

the steamship companies whose vessels traverse the waters around Great Britain, are very enterprising in furnishing excursions and summer tours. There is a countless number of excursions by rail from the great metropolis, to points of interest near by and remote. In Scotland the principal summer tours are provided by the Royal Mail steamers, thirty in number, which run on the outside waters and on the rivers and lakes in the different parts of the country. They connect with railways where necessary, thus opening up to the pleasure-seeker the natural beauties of this most picturesque of all countries. Our journey was made, for the most part, on the steamer Co-

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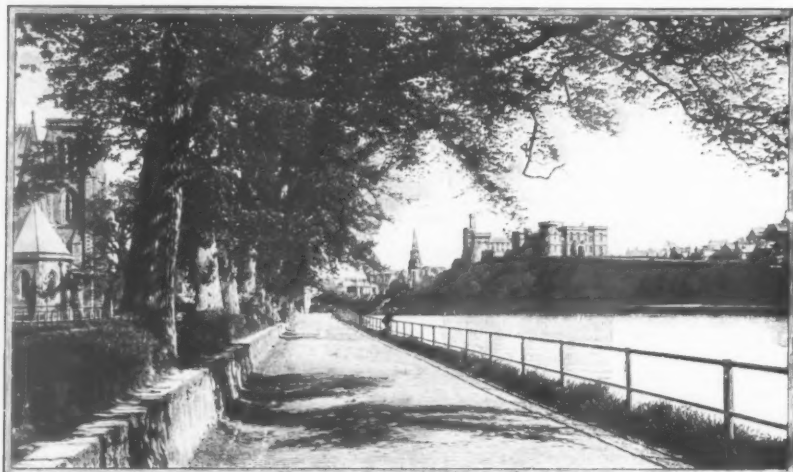


lumba, of six hundred and seventeen tons and twenty-two hundred horsepower, commanded by Captain Campbell. While in conversation with him one day, during our journey, he made a prediction in regard to the race between the Valkyrie and the Defender. "I saw the Valkyrie when she was being built," he said, "and I know something about the wind as it generally blows around Sandy Hook. If it is light and baffling, she may win; but she will not win." The prediction proved true.

There was much to interest one on board the boat. I was amused by the diplomacy displayed by the purser, Alexander Patterson, in dealing with a certain

and is a swift goer. One curious feature about its arrangement is that the upper saloon resembles, somewhat, the interior of one of our elevated railway cars. There are seats and windows on each side, with a broad aisle in the center, the seats arranged to face one another, as in our cars, but with more space between. Another interesting feature is the post-office, where letters, telegrams and parcels, to the number of more than one hundred thousand per month, are received and distributed at the different calling places along the route.

One peculiar feature about all these tours is that, having sailed down a strait or up a bay, you reach a town or landing-



AN INVERNESS ROAD.

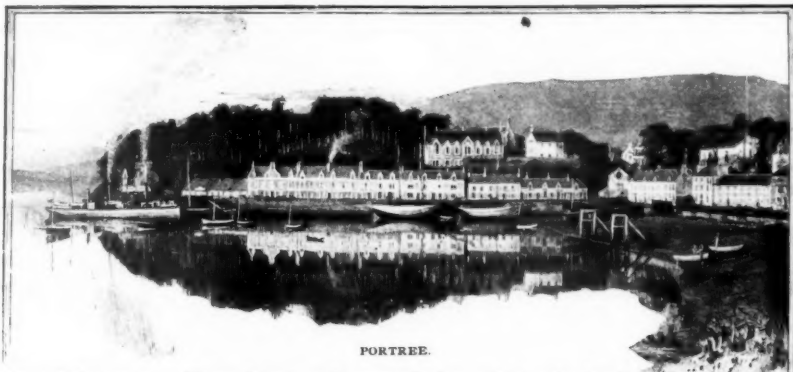
family occupying the second cabin, but wanting to enjoy the privileges of the first without paying for them. The passengers were very adroit in endeavoring to carry their point; but the purser, on his side, without losing his temper, showed his determination of character, after the gentler arts of diplomacy had failed, in compelling pay for the privileges which they were enjoying. By his firmness, gentleness and tact he made me realize that there was truth in the statement that the brain of a Scotchman weighs more than that of the native of any other country.

The Columba is especially adapted for passenger traffic on the Scottish lakes,

place on a peninsula. There the passengers leave the vessel and take coaches across the country, having as a destination some point on another bay, where another steamer will be in waiting to complete the trip by water. These journeys by coach are one of the most pleasing features of the tour. They not only serve as welcome breaks to the water trip but furnish excellent opportunities to view the beauties of the inland country.

On one of these stage journeys, an English lady friend of ours in the party, looking at a fellow-passenger, who was smoking cigars quite furiously, hazarded the opinion that he was Scotch. I, on the contrary, felt sure that he came from our





PORTREE.

side of the water. There being only one way to settle such a controversy, I entered into conversation with him, opening with what the lawyers would call a "leading" question :

"What steamer did you come over by?"

"The Allan Line," was the answer.

He was from Toronto, and volunteered the statement that he would not live in Great Britain for the kingdom. He had come from America to see Culloden, simply because his clan had taken part in that famous battle, where, in 1746, the Highland army, under Prince Charles, was routed by the royal troops under the

Duke of Cumberland.

We went from Ardrishaig to Oban via the Crinan canal, and found it one of the most interesting features of our trip. The canal is nine miles long and connects Loch Fyne with Loch Crinan, having been built to facilitate vessels trading between the Clyde and the Western Highlands. The survey for this important enterprise was made about one hundred years ago by Sir John Rennie, the famous civil engineer, and a company, under the presidency of the Duke of Argyle. It finally came under the management of the Caledonian Canal Commissioners. For many years



FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA.

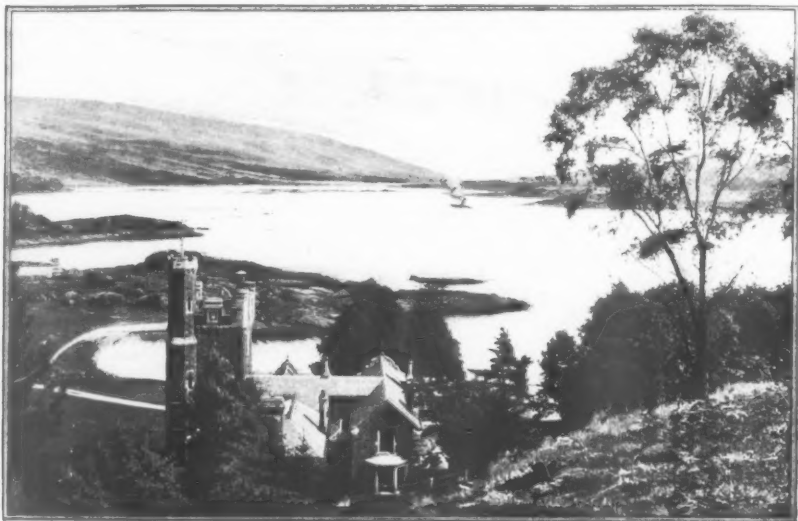


the swift passenger traffic was successfully conducted by means of a track-boat drawn by horses, with postilions in brilliant scarlet uniforms. Queen Victoria alludes to this feature in her "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands." She says: "The light on the hills was beautiful as we steamed down Loch Fyne. At the Crinan canal we entered a most magnificently decorated barge, drawn by three horses ridden by postilions in scarlet. We glided along very smoothly, and the views of the hills were very fine, indeed."

Sailing for half an hour we reached Cairnbaan, and were duly impressed with

shoulder of The Bruce in the combat near Tyndrum—is still preserved among the ancient relics of the family.

The town of Oban has been called the Charing Cross of the Highlands, because it is a central point from which pleasant excursions can be made in all directions. Formerly the entire town belonged to one man, but it is now subdivided among three proprietors, who own, respectively, the southern, central, and northern portions of the town. Besides, there are several well-appointed hotels, a hydro-pathic establishment, and the hills on all sides are studded with villas, which are rented during the summer season. From



KYLES OF BUTE.

the "menhirs," or standing-stones, and the groups of "pictroglyphs," or cup and circle sculptures, which are of great interest to the antiquary. Beneath the ruins of Dunollie castle, of which we had a good view from the steamer, laid for many years the hulk of the *Enterprise*, one of the Arctic expedition which, in 1848, sailed under Sir J. C. Ross, in search of Sir John Franklin. From the extent of the ruins we may judge that Dunollie castle must have been of noble proportions. It was the fortress of the ancient lords of Lorn, once sufficiently powerful to defy and defeat Robert Bruce. The brooch of Lorn—snatched from the

the windows of these there are magnificent views, covering a wide range. The late Professor Blackie quaintly wrote:

"For Oban is a dainty place,  
In distant or in nigh lands,  
No town delights the tourist race  
Like Oban in the Highlands."

Our visit to Oban was rendered doubly pleasant by the sight of the only American flag found during our journey. Never before had the stars and stripes seemed so beautiful and inspiring to me as then. Some seventy yachts were anchored off the shore, and the flag of flags was flying from one of them. The owner was Mr.



A. J. Cassatt, of Philadelphia, and subsequently we had the pleasure of being entertained on board *The Star of the Sea*.

On Sunday morning I attended service at the Episcopal church in Oban. When the service began, a dignified, fine-looking man offered me a prayer-book. I had the curiosity to look in the fly-leaf of the book for the owner's name. There it was—"Donald Cameron." He was dressed in kilts, true Scottish style, and there were many others in the congregation attired in the same fashion. On this occasion, I felt very much as Mr. Joseph Choate did at a St. Andrew's dinner. The Earl of Aberdeen, then Governor-General of Canada, having appeared at the board

in evening-dress coat and kilts, Mr. Choate, when responding to the toast assigned him, said that had he known he was to sit by the side of a Gordon of the Gordons, the distinguished Governor-General of Canada, he would, in order to keep him company, have left his trousers at home.

It rained nearly every day during our journey; but, for some mysterious reason, we did not mind it. I remarked to the landlady of a hotel where we stopped,



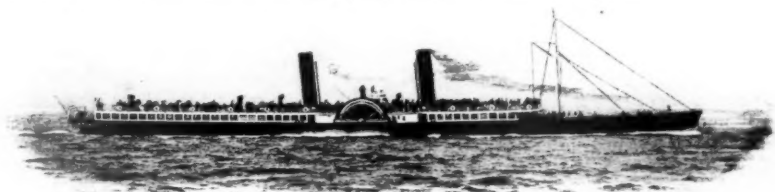
FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA, LOOKING TO IONA.

Miss Angus, there seemed to be a great deal of rain. "Aye," she replied, "but it is not a *wet* rain." In Great Britain an inch of rain is considered very heavy; but in many parts of the Highlands, three inches not unfrequently fall in one day. In Skye, the story goes of a rainfall of twelve and one-half inches in thirteen hours, and there has been a fall of over seven inches in thirty hours at Dris-haig, near Loch Awe. But the people in Scotland go about their business or pleasure, without reference to the weather. I recall one Sunday night in Oban, when a Salvation Army band started singing in front of our hotel. The rain was pouring down in torrents, but they paid no more attention to it

than would an African to the burning heat of the sun, while working in the cotton-fields of Georgia or Alabama.

Even the Scotchman of to-day resents criticism on the climate of his country. As for the old-time native, his position in regard to this matter was happily illustrated in this sermon of the clergyman:

"Ah, my friends," exclaimed the preacher, "what causes have we for gratitude, oh, yes, for the deepest gratitude! Look at the place of our habita-



R. M. S. COLUMBA.



tion. How grateful should we be that we do not leeve in the far North, oh, no! amid the frost and the snaw, and the cauld and the weet, oh, no! where there's a lang day, the half o' the year, oh, yes! and a lang, lang nicht the tither, oh, yes! that we do not depend upon the aurawry boreawlis, oh, no! that we do not gang shivering aboot in skins, oh, no! snoking amang the snaw like mowl-iwarts, oh, no, no! And how grateful should we be that we do not leeve in the far South, beneath the equawter, and the sun aye burnin', burnin'; where the sky's het, ah, yes! and the yearth's het, and the water's het; and ye're burnt black as a smiddy, ah, yes! where there's teegers,

dous blast of wind and rain from Ben-Nevis blew in the windows of the kirk, and brought the preacher's eloquent and patriotic discourse to an abrupt conclusion.

Our journey from Oban to the Isle of Staffa was full of interest. "Staffa" ("the isle of columns") lies about seven miles off the west coast of Mull, an island close to the mainland, and some eighty miles from Glasgow. It forms an uneven table-land, rising at its highest point nearly one hundred and fifty feet above the water, and around its oval shores is nearly one and one-half miles.

As the steamer approaches the island a life-boat is found in waiting to land passengers. This boat comes daily from the



EILAN DONAN CASTLE.

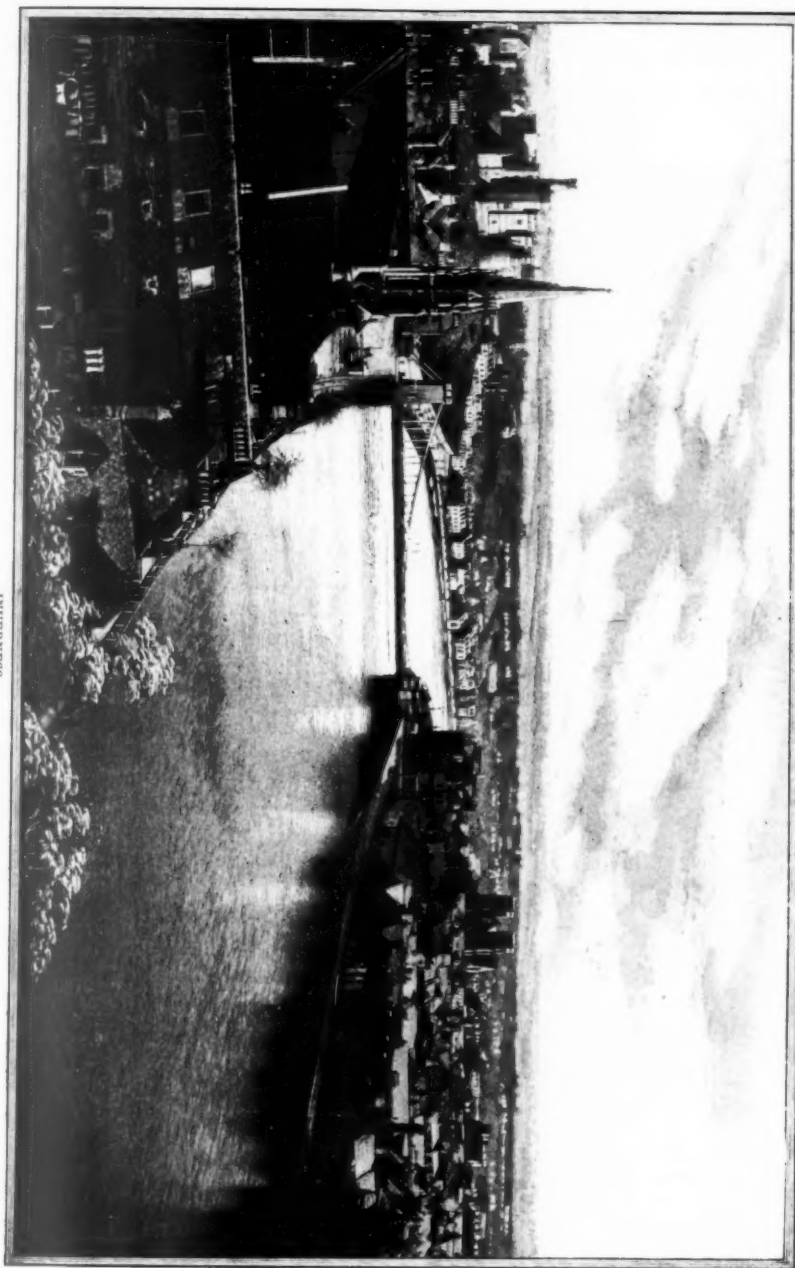
oh, yes! and lions, oh, yes! and crocodiles, oh, yes! and fearsome beasts growling and girnin' at ye amang the woods; where the very air is afever, like the burnin' breath o' a fiery drawgon; that we do not leeve in these places, oh, no, no, no, no! But that we leeve in this blesst island of oors, calitt Great Britain, oh, yes, yes! and in that pairt of it named Scotland, and in that bit o' auld Scotland that looks up at Ben-Nevis, oh, yes, yes, yes! where's neither frost nor cauld, nor wund, nor weet, nor hail, nor rain, nor teegers, nor lions, nor burnin' suns, nor hurricanes, nor——"

At this point, it is said that a tremen-

Island of Gometra, five miles away, and the boatmen decide, before the arrival of the steamer, as to the best landing-place for the day, the wind and weather requiring consideration and caution. Sometimes the landing has to be made at the end of the island furthest from Fingal's cave, while at other times the passengers may be put ashore directly at the entrance, or be rowed into the cave itself. Upon parts of the coast the cliffs rise from the water a sheer eighty to one hundred and twelve feet in height.

The feature of the island is Fingal's, named from the heroic King of Morven. The entrance is formed by columnar





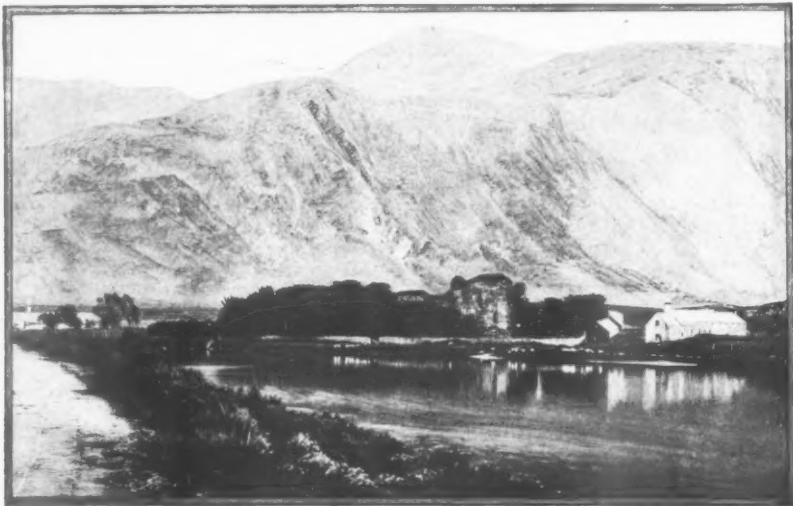
INVERNESS.



ranges, supporting a lofty arch sixty feet in height. The cave extends under the island more than two hundred feet. This marvelous chamber has as its floor the sea, and from the glistening waters are thrown flashing many-colored lights against the pendant white stalagmites, which form the roof, or against the pillared walls of the cave. The noises of the waters are swollen to thunderous sound as they go reverberating along the vaulted chamber, and form an awe-inspiring combination not soon to be forgotten.

Aside from the Great cave, there are many other objects of interest to attract the attention of the traveler. Into other

563, having set out from Ireland, landed at Iona, with twelve disciples. The exceptional fertility of the island at that time was regarded as remarkable in the Dark Ages, and doubtless had something to do with its early occupancy. Columba obtained a grant of the island, and built a monastery, which was long regarded as the mother-church of the Picts, and was venerated not only among the Scots of Britain and Ireland, but among the Angles of the North of England, who owed their conversion to the self-denying missionaries of Iona. Columba and his disciples seem to have traversed the Pictish mainland (Scotland), the Western Islands and the Orkneys, establishing



BEN-NEVIS.

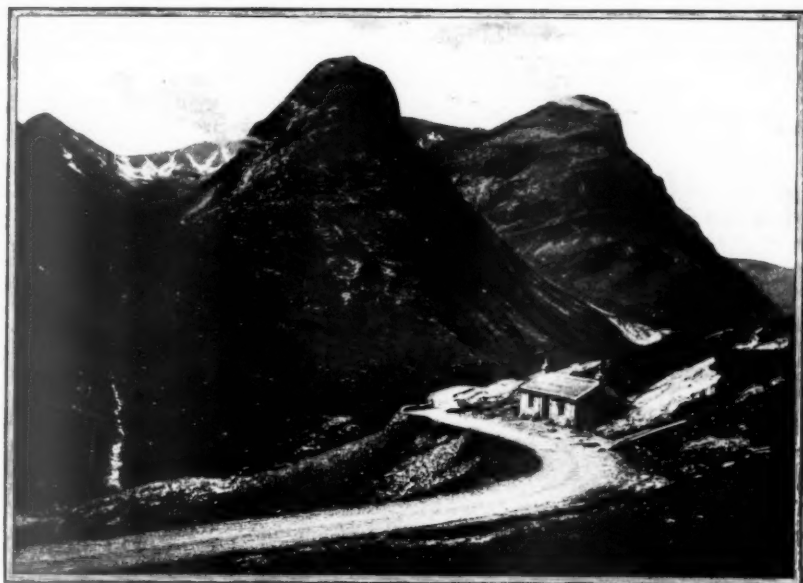
caves we are guided by hand-rails of wire rope, placed for the security of the visitor. A stairway leads from the Clamshell cave to the summit of the island. The Bending Pillars, seen from the Causeway, are seemingly bent out by the weight of the mass above them. Halfway along the Causeway is Fingal's Wishing-Chair, where, according to tradition, one has only to sit and wish three separate wishes to have them surely granted.

Taking to our boat again, a sail of thirty-five minutes brought us to Icolmkill, the name given to the island about the fifteenth century, meaning the Isle of Columba's Cell. St. Columba, in

humble monasteries, whose inmates ministered to the wants of the people.

The parent-home of Iona exercised supremacy not only over the monasteries established by their own missionaries, but over similar houses Co'umba had built in Ireland, and over those which were founded by his disciples in the Northern provinces of England, when they converted the Angles and the Saxons. From the end of the sixth to the end of the eighth century, the monastery at Iona was scarcely second to any such institution in the British Isles. It was this brilliant era in its annals that caused Dr. Johnson to refer to it as "that



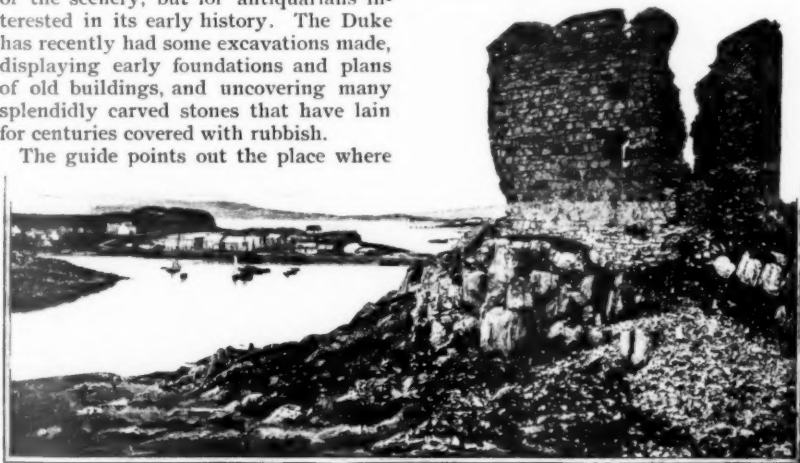


GLENCOE.

illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion." The island is now owned by the Duke of Argyle, and it is a favorite resort, not only for pleasure-seekers on account of the beauty of the scenery, but for antiquarians interested in its early history. The Duke has recently had some excavations made, displaying early foundations and plans of old buildings, and uncovering many splendidly carved stones that have lain for centuries covered with rubbish.

The guide points out the place where

Columba landed—Port-a-Churraich, the ruins of the nunnery, a street that was once called "The Street of the Dead," and "Maclean's Cross." Only two of the three hundred and sixty crosses said to have been standing on the island remain—this and St. Martin's. The latter is generally known as "The Iona Cross,"



KYLE AKIN.



and is opposite the west door of the cathedral. The cross was erected to the memory of St. Martin of Tours, who lived in the fourth century. There are said to be buried on the island forty-eight Scottish kings, four Irish kings, eight Norwegian princes, many lords of the isles, and bishops, abbots and priors without number. The last king buried at Iona was Duncan I. of Scotland, who began to reign in 1034, and was murdered by Macbeth in the sixth year of his reign.

One of the trips out from Oban was interesting from its associations with the wanderings of Prince Charley. When the Queen traveled through this section some years ago, she expressed a desire to see the exact spot where the Prince had landed. They sent to her a sturdy old Highlander to act as guide. When she arrived at the place, she inquired: "And is this where the young Pretender landed?" The old chief looked at her quietly for a moment, and, with an ill-concealed expression of disgust, replied: "He was nae pretender, madam."

At the head of Loch Sheil, there is a monument which marks the spot where Prince Charley summoned the clans together. This district was visited by Columba and his followers, who are said to have fished on the Sheil, Columba himself having been a keen fisherman. Near the middle of the loch, there is a burial

island, and some of the ancient crosses upon it are of great antiquarian interest. The roads leading to the cemetery are studded with cairns, as, wherever the coffin rested on its journey, the mourners built up a cairn, each contributing a stone. In the ruin of an old chapel on the island the altar is intact, and upon it lies a curious metal bell, used in ancient times to call the people to worship.

The Scotch, like most of the older nations, have their superstitions, and the Highlands have always been the especial home of curious beliefs, though they are fast wearing away. It is only among the older inhabitants that you hear any talk of such things. They have always held simple and child-like belief in a future life. It has been very common for the living to give a message to their friends when dying, to be delivered on their reaching the other side. Old people were taken leave of as if they were simply going on a journey, and told to speak to fathers, mothers or children who had passed into the other life. It is related of one man, a bachelor, that it was his custom to give a feast every year on the birthday of his mother; and, at its conclusion, he would propose this toast: "An easy and decorous departure to my mother." This sentiment was received in the most natural manner, for it was considered of the utmost importance that one



LOCH DUICH





LOCH LINNHE.

should "die decently." In this particular instance, each year, the old lady, who, of course, was the central figure of the feast, would reply: "God has always been good to me, and I hope I shall die as decently as I have lived."

Dreams were, of course, a popular branch of superstition, though the dreamers were not all as sensible as the old Scotchman, William Calder,—evidently a kind of Mark Tapley—who found reason to be thankful under all circumstances, and who said: "When I have a pleasant dream, I thank the Lord for it; and, when they are unpleasant, I thank Him that they are only dreams."

Toward the latter end of our journey, we visited the beautiful town of Inverness, situated at the mouth, and mostly on the right bank, of the River Ness. It is the chief town of the county to which it gives name, and may be regarded as the capital of the Highlands. Its envi-

rons, well cultivated and beautifully wooded, almost surrounded by mountains, form a picturesque and interesting landscape. The business part of the town lies on either side of the river, but new streets and beautiful villas stretch along the terrace, which rises above the valley. From a point called Castle hill a fine view of the surrounding country can be had—stretching from Mealfourvounie, at Loch Ness, to Ben-Wyvis, in Ross-shire, and embracing hill and valley, river, firth and woodland.

To quote again from the late Professor Blackie, who had traveled extensively and was enthusiastic in his praise of Inverness: "Such a happy combination of sea and land beauties, so much central culture, with such an amplitude of wild environment, is very seldom to be found, not to mention the fresh breeziness, comparative wildness, and proved salubrity of the climate."





## THE STORY OF A CHILD TRAINER.

BY MARY BADOLLET POWELL.

"There is nothing you can do for people so great and good as to give them the power to make music in their homes. It drives out so many other things that are undesirable. America ought to be and will be one of the most musical nations in the world, but the masses as well as the classes must be taught to help make the music."—*Dawrosch, Sr.*

TO those interested in voice culture, the name of Mr. Tomlins is no stranger. In June, 1883, a letter from him was published in the "Century," in which he briefly stated his theories concerning children's voices. At that time Mr. Tomlins had given but one year to the practise of his theories. He has now given fourteen years' work along the lines then marked out. At the World's Fair, those who heard the children sing in chorus asked: "Who has drilled these children?" "What method has been pursued to produce such clear, sweet tones?" "How *could* they have been taught such difficult music?"

Mr. Tomlins was born in London, February 4, 1844, of English stock. His was a music-loving family, and he early gave signs of musical talent. Encouraged in his musical tastes, he gained his first instruction as a choir

boy. He had never been a robust child, and, just as he was entering into the mystery of that divine art which his soul and spirit so longed to fathom, his health became such that all study was prohibited. He was of an extremely nervous temperament, and finally his cherished music lessons had to be abandoned. But the nervous little boy was not prohibited from thinking, and so he thought out for himself problems that were confusing older heads. He had liberty to read and to roam at will, and the world to-day is the gainer.

The boy would steal away to a neigh-

boring school-house, out of school hours and during vacations, and there on the organ, with no soul to hear him, he would play over and over the studies he had learned, or would study by himself, applying on the organ what he read in his books. At this time, as it does even to the present hour, his spirit found expression in the music of Bach and Handel.

In this manner he passed months, and to this enforced solitude are we indebted for the thoughtful independence that has characterized Mr. Tomlins' work. You remember that through the lonely, secluded life of the great Froebel, reformation of the principles of child education found its birth.

At the age of twenty-two, Mr. Tomlins was one of the board of managers of the London Tonic-Sol-Fa College. In 1870, when twenty-six years

old, he came to New York, and for five years served as organist in various churches, also traveling for two years with the Richings-Bernard Old Folks Company.

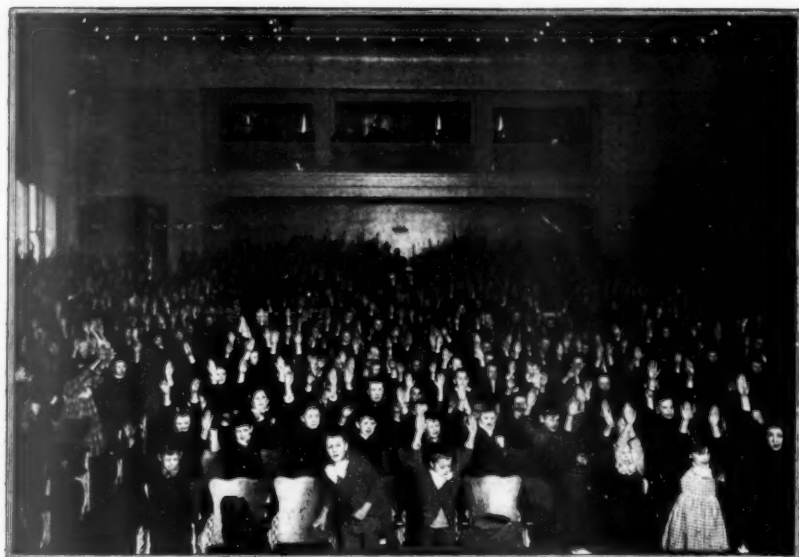
While visiting Chicago, Mr. Tomlins' ability as a conductor attracted the attention of the Apollo Club, and, that society being then without a leader, his services were engaged.

As early as 1871, while in New York, Mr. Tomlins' attention was drawn to the evident lack of early vocal training, as evinced by the quality of the adult voices he was training. After locating in Chi-



MR. WILLIAM L. TOMLINS.





ONE OF THE PHYSICAL EXERCISES.  
SOME MEMBERS OF CLASS STARTLED BY NOISE OF FLASH-LIGHT.

cago he was invited to form a class in Milwaukee, and became the leader of the Cecelia Choir. It was the custom of that organization to meet once a week to discuss musical matters, the noted composers and their works. At one of these meetings Mr. Tomlins claimed that this generation of poor singers is but the result of poor teaching in the past, and offered to undertake the training of two hundred children, if so many could be found. In a week's time the full number was on hand. Soon after a similar class was formed in Chicago. These he termed his "experimental classes." Loving children, it was his constant delight to study their needs. He found much to condemn in the average teaching, and in the daily singing as practised in the public schools. His theories regarding children's voices caused much comment.

About 1881, he discussed some new plans with Mr. Theodore Thomas, and asked him to hear the class he was then drilling. But Mr. Thomas replied: "Not now. Go on and organize this new class on the lines marked out; have them drill once a week, with no extra coddling; at the end of six months let me hear them."

After hearing this class Mr. Thomas

wrote to the "Century": "The singing of the children as I heard it upon that occasion demonstrated the soundness of Mr. Tomlins' theories, and his rare abilities as a teacher. They showed ease, spontaneity, warmth, expression, accuracy of pitch, precision—in fact, came so near perfection," etc. This was in 1882.

In 1884, Christine Nillson wrote among other commendatory words: "I recognized at once the careful training the children had gone through. You are now doing a good to the future generation that Chicago and the whole nation ought to be proud of."

So well had his theories worked out with these three classes, that he was encouraged to enlarge his work among the children. So the adults were sacrificed, as far as private teaching was concerned, and more classes formed among the children.

He found it necessary to begin by breaking down the outer and grosser nature of the boy, that the inner might stand revealed. His first step was to appeal to the higher nature—to ask for "politeness" in tones as well as manners.

How to appeal to the "higher nature" of the average boy is a problem to many,



but this teacher seems to have the golden key. First of all, he is a man with a "southern exposure." You never see children playing in front of a house with a northern exposure, if they can find a spot, never so small, where the sun's warmth may be felt; and so, with his heart overfull with the spirit of brotherhood, the instructor draws the children into the warmth of love, and teaches them that real beauty of music, which is love and helpfulness toward our brothers. Mr. Tomlins claims that in all humanity, at the very heart and soul of the boy, are latent tendencies—for good and for evil—of which the boy himself is ignorant. "These music will reach. Music, the voice of Love; heaven-born, God-given. It searches out the flower germs of the soul and awakens them to response; it stimulates them to a largeness of growth that leaves fewer places for weeds. But the song must go deep down into the singer's nature, until the throbbing beats of the music awaken corresponding heart impulses; and these must be equalized, strengthened, and at last freighted with the spirit of good-will, helpfulness and noble aspirations. In this way music appeals to the singer, as his singing appeals to others. And with greater power there comes a heavier responsibility. What he voices in song that must he live. In this is noble response: to carry the melody forward in harmonious living—a life lived for others." Mr. Tomlins likens the boy to a series of circles. His actions are manifested at his circumference. Inside this outer circle is an inner circle which stands for his mentality: what he thinks, calculates, and, perhaps, schemes. Inside this inner circle, at the very center, is the smallest circle: what he *is*; what he loves. For what one longs for, that he is already at heart. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is." How to reach these inner tendencies, direct them outward, and harmonize them with his surroundings, is the object of all true education. That it can be helped by music Mr. Tomlins has demonstrated. He began working with the children as a child-lover and an artist; urging politeness, gentleness, feeling, and thought in their

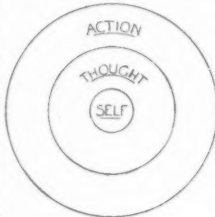
tones—and positively getting these qualities in a very few lessons; and while delving for these he found other qualities ready to be developed. Or, as he quaintly puts it: "While mining for copper, I found gold."

Thus was he led into depths he had not dreamed of, and thus has he brought out qualities in youthful voices before deemed impossible.

Some of Chicago's progressive citizens planned to have Mr. Tomlins' classes a feature of the World's Fair music, and the Board of Education requested the teachers in the public schools to select their best singers over nine years of age. A class of twelve hundred was trained for three years. Twenty rehearsals and concerts were held by those twelve hundred boys and girls at the Fair Grounds.

After the World's Fair, through the aid of some of Chicago's public-spirited citizens, six classes were formed in the "social settlements," in the three divisions of the city. These classes now number about three hundred each, and are composed of children, the majority of whose parents can scarcely provide the necessities of life, much less any instruction in music. Besides these six outlying classes is another, numbering six hundred boys and girls, which meets in Handel Hall on Saturday mornings, and is known as the Central class. Many of its members are taken from the pupils of the "settlement" classes. One can imagine what it means to these unnourished ones—many of them with souls full of music—to have this instruction. To understand it fully you should look upon the faces of the children, as I have, at Hull-House.

The Hull-House Settlement is in the center of Chicago's foreign element—Poles, Bohemians, Italians, Germans, Irish—in fact, I think all nations are there represented. And to look into the eager little faces of the three hundred children who assemble there every week, in the gymnasium, for Mr. Tomlins' drill, is a sight not easily forgotten. This class was formed November 8, 1895. At the opening not more than ten children in the class had the slightest knowledge of this music; yet their voices were so quickly







HULL-HOUSE CLASS. "ATTENTION!"

brought into harmony that, with a pure mellow tone and with perfect ease, they now reach high B flat. The instructor of this class, as well as the Hull-House adult class, is Miss Elizabeth Nash, Mr. Tomlins' most able assistant. The children of this class look forward eagerly for each week's drill, and only sickness prevents regular and prompt attendance. They meet on Wednesdays at four o'clock, hastening in directly from school, books under the arm, faces beaming with anticipation. Much more than music do they learn from this hour's drill. Among their acquirements are neatness, obedience, promptness, and politeness. I was surprised at my first visit to see how clean the hands were when uplifted, with palms outward, in one of the physical exercises.

One little fellow who applied for membership, when asked if he could sing, said: "Oh, yes! I have sang since I was a year old." "Indeed!" said Miss Nash. "What could you sing when you were a year old?" "I sang 'Happy Land,'" he replied. He was delighted to be accepted. One little boy, about twelve

years, appears promptly at four, but has to leave in half an hour, to stay in his father's saloon. Half an hour out of school hours is all the release his father will grant him. At the second lesson, when the time came for him to leave, he rebelled, and insisted on remaining till the close of the lesson. But Miss Nash said: "No, my boy, that would be disobeying your father, and you wish to be an obedient child, do you not?" He went, and ever since has gone willingly, if not cheerfully, to his unpleasant task.

The Central class, as before mentioned, meets every Saturday in Handel Hall, in the central part of the city. The city policemen, even, stationed at the busy State street and Wabash avenue crossings, love that work, for they take extra precaution to guide the boys and girls through the maze of cars, and call genially, "Hi, there!" to any youngster in danger from a careless driver. These are all free classes, as no tuition is attached to membership, the expenses being defrayed by generous citizens who see what good results from Mr. Tomlins' teaching.

And here is the finest test of Mr. Tom-



lins' theories, the effect being much more noticeable than with the classes formed of children from another grade in life. When these children learned that they were to get something for nothing they, of course, were eager "to git a-plenty while they were gittin'." But soon mistrust on the part of the pupils was seen by the teachers. The children could not see how things were to be "evened up." They knew *they* were "gittin' a-plenty" for nothing, and they wondered what the teachers were getting out of it. They suspected a "trap" somewhere. Some of the larger boys were determined to have some fun out of it, anyway. At first many of them came into the class wilful and stubborn to a certain extent, affecting the assertion of manhood, and scorning softening influences as girlish. (Can't you see the average boy "tough," hands clinched at the sides, jaws set and determined, and heels firmly planted under him, his very attitude breathing defiance?) The average bad boy who comes into the class determined to disturb the teacher needs the recognition, the moral support, and admiration of lesser boys—his satellites, as it were. After some insolence or insubordination on his part he must feel the admiration of his satellites, the small boys to whom he wishes to be, and is, a leader. Now, if the teacher dismisses the small boys and leaves their ringleader unsupported, all the fun and almost all the mischief-making leaves the leader. But the spirit of rebellion and upsetting in the bad boy finds reinforcement and expression in certain parts of his body. These are the lowered eyebrow, the tightened lips, the hardened, set jaw, and the domination of elbow and heel. These are the brute parts of the body which make for the physical equipment of the prize-fighter, and compose the lair or stronghold of the bad boy's rebellious spirit. And as the teacher may turn the little satellite boys out of the class, so he may also, if wise, break up these lairs. Hence come the exercises, laughingly given. His eyes are made to steady; lips pouting and softened; loose, hanging jaw, and various other decomposing exercises are given to remove self-consciousness from his limbs. Then he distrusts first his teacher, afterward himself. As a boy learning to swim has no

need for the teacher while feeling the earth beneath his feet, but only leans on and will be guided by him when getting into deep water, so is this boy when delivered from the physical effects of self-consciousness, which the expert teacher knows where to look for and how to correct. The ground is taken from under him by the early class work, given in what he thinks is pure fun and fooling, viz.: Softening the lip; concentrating the eyes; relaxing the jaws; wringing the hands and arms; deep breathing through the nostrils; standing well forward, instead of on the heels—the weeding-out process. (All these exercises given to music.) Then, in place of the weed, comes music—the flower. When this is done the boy knows how to make music for himself. Previous to this the jingle-jingle has been his music—tunes which are expressed by the banjo and the hand-organ: those which appeal to the boy's heels. Gradually the jingle is taken from him, till finally he has only one note to sing, and not even a word; only a syllable, perhaps only one vowel. The rest he must supply for himself, and at last he does so, making the music his own. The voice, freed from its weed imperfections, so small that it will hardly stand alone yet, has a blending quality that unites it with the other voices, as they with it and with each other. Every child feels the thrill of his own voice. Yea, more. Instead of being lost in the general class voice, each singer claims the class voice his own. That this is true is evidenced by the following letter from Annette H. Schepel, Assistant Superintendent of Froebel Kindergarten Association, Germany:

"BERN, Switzerland, )

October 23, 1893. }

"One of my sweetest recollections of my stay at Chicago is the remembrance of the children's concerts conducted by Mr. Tomlins. Entering the Music Hall, on Saturday, the twenty-seventh of May, I was greatly surprised to hear children's voices. Wonderful it was to hear twelve hundred children in tone like one voice. It touched me most deeply to hear that number of children of different nationalities, rank, and bringing up, express *one* feeling with such truth and pathos. I should be happy if Mr. Tomlins could be



HULL-HOUSE CLASS. PHYSICAL EXERCISES.





induced to come to Europe and show us his wonderful system of developing the musical feeling in children."

The powers of his own voice come as a revelation to the child. He feels some of the greatness of his own nature, and, like the "perfect bell," he has to ring out, to voice himself to the world. He becomes eager for progress, for growth, with ideals enlarged. He can better understand a Being who is *all* love and *all* power, who gives to all and helps all. From learning obedience to his teachers in externals—cleanliness, tidiness, and punctuality, there now come laws from within making for self-control, from which are developed self-reliance and responsibility. All this growth, with the influence from the class of music studied, strengthen him to meet new duties at school, in his home, and in all his associations with the outside world. And what a world is opened to him by the character of the music studied! Only the best is good enough for Mr. Tomlins' classes. Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and all the great composers who have voiced themselves in undying songs are familiar friends to these children. And new songs have been specially written for Mr. Tomlins by eminent poets and composers: of the former, Whittier, Holmes, Julia Ward Howe, Whitman, Gilder, Stedman, Richard H. Stoddard, Celia Thaxter, and Margaret Deland; of the composers are Joseph Barnby, Dr. Parry, Dr. MacKenzie, Dr. Stanford, George Henschel, Randegger, Tours, Foote, Chadwick, Nevin, and Myles Birkett Foster. The children sing these songs exquisitely and intelligently. This is the object of Mr. Tomlins' work: to purify a child's nature so that his voice is as sincere as it is sweet; to ennoble him by contact with the highest in thought and feeling that brain and heart have produced; to have him know that his fellow is his brother and God his father—then send him a missionary to his own home. "What the wings are to the bird, what the blossom is to the plant, what the eye is to the face, what fervency is to the voice, singing is to the child"—when taught in the proper manner. Remember, though, that only a master's hand can waken the soul of music.

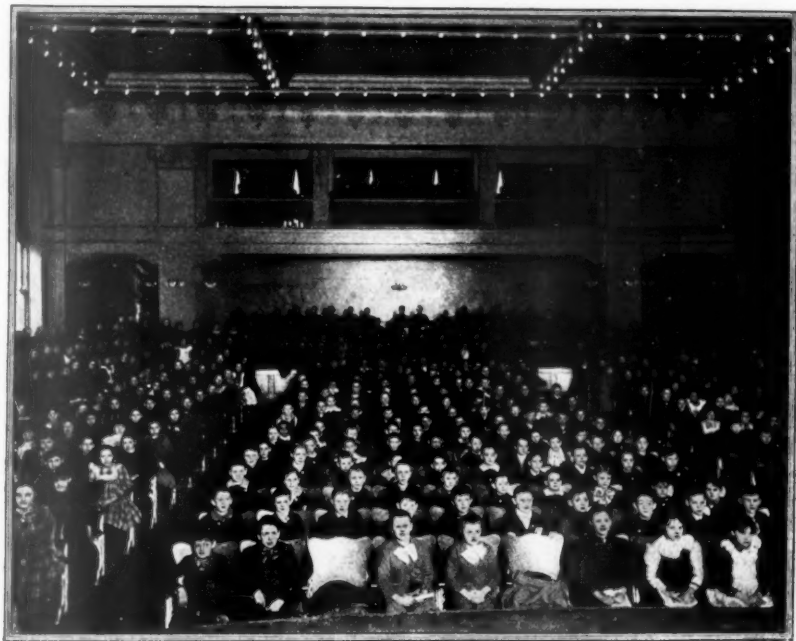
I wish all my readers might see for themselves one of Mr. Tomlins' class drills, as I saw it February 22, 1896. On that morning I visited the Handel Hall class—the large central one, you remember—and while Mr. Nash was preparing work on the blackboard, Miss Nash, as usual, opened the class. By a quarter past nine nearly every one of the six hundred chairs were occupied, and work began in earnest. In all of Mr. Tomlins' classes the first requisite is perfect relaxation of all the muscles. To this end are employed physical exercises, embracing the whole body, given in time to appropriate music on the piano; heads, hands, arms, necks, feet and trunks sway forward and backward, up and down—in fact, in every conceivable and indescribable manner, but always in perfect time and harmony. It certainly is the very "poetry of motion" to see these classes in this exercise, not vigorously but "softly" given. Then follow the "toning down" vocal exercises, getting the voices into the required sweet, sympathetic state. All this time Mr. Tomlins was writing on the blackboard the new song they were to take that morning. Then followed the ear-test. Miss Nash sang certain tones, which the pianist reproduced on the piano, and asked the class to name them. First simple thirds, then fifths, then arpeggios repeated and quite complex—and, after each one, up would fly dozens of eager hands, and, in nearly every instance, the answer was correctly given. By this time Mr. Tomlins was ready for their attention, and said: "Now listen, Miss Nash, while I give them one they can't name. Now, children, be *very* attentive, for this is going to be *awful* hard. You never had it given to you before, and I doubt if you know the name—but listen closely." Then seating himself at the piano, he "rattled off" "Yankee-Doodle" as fast as he could play it, ending in rapid grasps of handfuls of discords. You should have heard those six hundred children laugh. "Shall we sing it, children?" "Yes, sir; yes, sir!" came like a flash, and they sang it lustily—as only boys and girls enjoy doing. Then, apparently happening to think what day it was, he asked them if they would not like to sing "America." Of course, they "would



like to," and they sang it beautifully. By this time they were in the spirit to do anything Mr. Tomlins might ask of them. So, stooping down on the stage to be as near them as possible, he said: "Now, children, we will try our new song I promised you. I have it on the board. It was written many, many years ago, by a very famous composer. At first you will not like it very much, but the more you sing it the more you will like it, till after a while you will love it, and all his music, as I do. When I was a little boy, no larger than the smallest one among you, I used to steal away to an old school-house, near my home, and play and sing the songs this man wrote till I loved them all dearly—and so it will be with you." Then earnestly and reverently they sang Handel's "Largo," from the notation Mr. Tomlins had written on the board. Their ability to read this quite amazed me, as well as the pure, sweet quality of their voices. Then other songs were taken, and in each case was fully illustrated by Mr. Tomlins' actions as they sang. If their *voices* were not tell-

ing the *meaning* of the song, they knew it by his attitudes or motions. Then he would show with *his* voice how *they* sang it and how it *should* be sung. If a march, and they did not properly *sing* "march," he would march in a stolid, lackadaisical manner; and the minute they changed to the proper style, he marched in martial manner. "They are the band and he the soldier."

The hour closes with some familiar song in which both music and words possess suggestive thoughts, and the children go their several ways with something in their hearts never felt before, for each lesson is a store-house full of "meat" to these boys and girls. To very many of them it is the oasis in each week's weary existence. Other classes follow this one as the hours strike out, till the busy day closes. One incident coming in the experience of one of the teachers will show what the weekly lesson meant to one child. A little fellow, who said he was ten, but in size was not over eight, applied for membership. He had not the faintest conception of the relations of tone. His



HANDEL HALL CLASS. CALL OF "ATTENTION!"



voice was hoarse and remained constantly on one note. If told to sing higher or lower in the scale his voice expressed the idea by loudness or softness. The teacher said: "Why, my boy, you cannot sing, and you would disturb those around you so they could not sing correctly." His sad face grew still sadder and, after a moment's silence, he said: "Please, mayn't I come if I sit right still and listen? It is so light here." The teacher had not the heart to refuse this appeal, so she gave him permission to come till they should want his seat.

He came regularly for several weeks—then missed a week. The teacher had

become interested in him, so, after dismissing the class, went to the address given by the boy to ascertain the cause of his absence. She found him in a tiny shanty built in a narrow alley, between two high buildings, with no opening of any kind but the narrow door. She found the boy lying on a mattress in one corner of this dark, miserable room—an abject looking black dog beside him. She learned that the boy had no mother nor any recollection of one, and that his father was

a night-watchman in a large building—sleeping daytimes in the same building—consequently, seeing the boy but a short time each evening before going on duty. Of course, the boy used his own pleasure about attending school, eating in a neighboring bakery. He was ill, but said he would be "on hands" next lesson. The teacher said: "Then you still enjoy coming to listen, do you?" "Oh, yes! It is all so light and nice. Say, can't I take my dog, too?"

Everything that pleased him either in the music or surroundings could be expressed in but one word by him—light—and he wished the only object of his love

to share in his one hour's happiness each week.

As the most of Mr. Tomlins' thought is devoted to the children, I have given the most of this paper to that part of his life; but I would do him a great injustice did I not refer to other features of his work.

More than any other one person does Mr. Tomlins influence the musical life of Chicago. Not only personally, but through the many teachers who have sought this method, does he mold musical thought. Believing thoroughly in the universality of music, and its uplifting, spiritual influences, Mr. Tomlins is

truly a prophet, proclaiming by word and pen "good tidings of great joy to the world."

Music he believes is for all, coming to all, to harmonize and unify us all. But it will not accomplish its mission in a heart not willing to be of service to others; music will not lend itself to selfishness or dishonesty, but is the voice of sorrow, joy and love, and must voice the inner self of the singer. If we hope to make real music in our own lives, and in those around us, we must

have an honest purpose in our heart, must have thought and feeling for all of God's creatures, and a desire to "bring good news to men." "You have sometimes talked with an enthusiast, have you not, and seen his face light up as he talked upon his favorite theme?" asked Mr. Tomlins. "Then you know what music is. The transfiguration of the enthusiast put into voice makes song."

Mr. Tomlins believes that all mankind should inhabit a "life of song." Not only is music for the leisure class but for the weary, plodding laborer, to lift him from his "depths of despondency"; out of the commonplace into the rank of



MISS ELIZABETH NASH.



brotherhood. You know the athlete—the prize-trainer—becomes “muscle-bound”; so the working-man and working-woman with no diversion becomes mind-bound, until rescued by the power of true music, which, like the quality of mercy, is twice blessed, blessing him that gives and him that takes. Real music levels all barriers, making for equality, brotherhood, individuality, nobility, and spirituality. The courage of good song is as contagious as are good health and spirits. We cannot all be *great* singers, but we can be *ourselves*. We can voice our “within,” which is immeasurable, the “kingdom of God being within us.” Music is not temporary, although it seems to come as a flash to tell us that is the way we could be all the time.

We are not yet at the beginning of the uses of music. In the next century we will laugh at using music as a plaything as we do now. Electricity was always in the world, but a hundred years ago who would have dreamed of making use of it as we do now? Holding these theories, the friends of Mr. Tomlins were not surprised when he asked the Apollo Club a year or so ago to go with him to some of the social settlements (Chicago now numbers twelve) and give some concerts. A

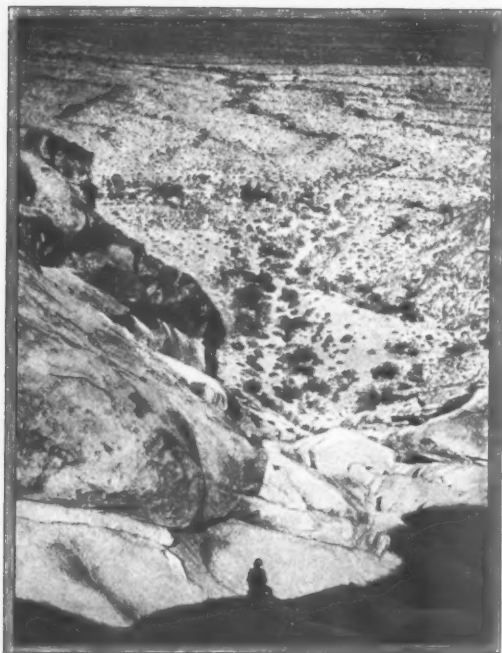
large number of the members responded to this request. Men and women who sat within the sound of this superb music were moved to their “inner circles.” They wished to enter the life of song—and so it followed that seven hundred meet with Mr. Tomlins every Wednesday night in Handel Hall, receiving from each week’s drill impressions most helpful and stimulating. No one who may be permitted to listen to Mr. Tomlins, and is capable of receiving an impression, can do so without being impressed most strongly and favorably. At one of our Congregational ministers’ weekly meetings, recently, Mr. Tomlins spoke on “The Spirituality in Music.” Afterward one of their number remarked to a friend: “We had the greatest spiritual revival in our meeting we have had in many a day. I shall ask him to repeat that address before the students in our divinity school.”

And so, to-day, we find him busy every hour. Still leading the Apollo Club; going once a week to Milwaukee; molding the characters of hundreds of children each week; speaking wherever he seems needed, and waiting for the “well done” we all hope to have spoken to us in that Great Day.

“The soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till waked and kindled by the master’s spell;  
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour  
A thousand melodies unheard before.”







### THE PERILS AND WONDERS OF A TRUE DESERT.

BY CAPT. D. D. GAILLARD, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.,

Member International Boundary Commission, United States and Mexico.

WHAT reader who twenty-five or thirty years ago studied the geography of the American continent does not picture the desert as a flat, "boundless ocean of sand," kept in constant turmoil by the wind, and drifting in great waves and columns, which, in a few moments, covered up entire caravans? Alas for the cherished fables of childhood! While of sand there is a great abundance, it is seldom as fine as that of the South Atlantic sea-coast, and, consequently, not one whit more prone to move in the great engulfing billows so harrowingly depicted in the geographies of our youth. Equally evanescent is the mental picture of the "boundless ocean of sand," for while this description would apply accurately to a considerable portion of the region under discussion, yet much the greater area is cut up by ranges of mountains, destitute of every trace of vegetation; indescribably steep and rugged,

and with crests so sharp and knifelike that, in many places, it is impossible to stand upon them with safety. These mountains rise abruptly out of the desert, like islands from the sea; their foothills generally covered beneath the drift which, during past ages, has come down from the North.

Certain general characteristics of this region impress themselves on all travelers. These are the parallelism of the mountain ranges to the Pacific coast; the abundant evidence of volcanic action in times geologically recent; the general absence of trees, and the entire absence or very small size of their leaves when found; the evergreen character of the vegetation, and its dull ashen hue; the prevalence of thorns and spines on trees and shrubs; the absence of fragrance in the few flowers; the resinous odor of most of the trees and shrubs, and the green, waxlike appearance of stems and



branches; the luxuriant character of the cactus growth, and the very general tendency of vegetation when bruised to exude a gum, or secretion, from the wound—thus promptly checking any loss of sap from evaporation—all of which are admirable provisions of Nature for the preservation of the individual and perpetuation of the species in the struggle for existence amidst arid environment.

That this region is a desert is due—as is the case with most of the deserts of the world—almost entirely to the small amount of the rainfall rather than to the barren character of the soil, which, in many places, is extremely fertile, and with a greater rainfall would produce fine crops. As it is, however, the mean annual rainfall varies from about ten inches per annum on the eastern border to but two or three inches on the Yuma and Colorado deserts. Over the last mentioned region for the twelve months ending in February, 1893, the entire rainfall had been less than three-quarters of an inch,—not as much as falls in one heavy shower near the Atlantic coast. Observations taken at Yuma, Arizona, for many years show this to have been the driest period of equal length ever recorded and effectually dispose of the popular belief that on these deserts at times “not a drop of rain falls for years”—a belief which is as general and probably as erroneous in

the case of the deserts of other countries as in that just stated.

In connection with the subject of rainfall, should be mentioned a curious phase of cloud action peculiar to the desert, i.e., rain which falls from the clouds but never reaches the ground, being entirely absorbed by the hotter, drier air below, in its passage toward the earth, and presenting to the observer the singular and tantalizing spectacle of a heavy rain pouring from the clouds and being gradually absorbed, until frequently it disappears entirely, before falling half the distance to earth.

Just what annual amount of rainfall is necessary to prevent a region from being classed as a desert is a much-mooted question, and is so intimately associated with conditions of soil and temperature, as well as with the distribution of this rainfall throughout the various months of the year, that no precise limit, which will be applicable to all places, can be given. It will be safe, however, to assert that when the annual rainfall is less than ten inches all trees, except the few peculiar to the desert, will disappear, and when this amount reaches less than five inches no springs or streams will be found, except those, like the Colorado river, which are fed by the waters of a region blessed with a greater rainfall.

Strange to say, not even an annual rain-



PAPAGO WICKIUP.



fall of two inches is small enough to prevent the growth of the hardy mesquite, palo-fierro, palo-verde, grease wood, ochetilla and cactus, for though, at times, large areas containing not a tree, a shrub, or a blade of grass were encountered, yet, in every case, this was due to the peculiar character of the soil rather than to the small amount of the rainfall.

Of greater popular interest, however, than the subject of rainfall, is that of the temperature of the desert, and it will be a surprise to many to learn that that our own Colorado desert holds the world's record for extreme heat—one hundred and twenty-eight degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, observed at Mammoth Tank, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, about twenty-five miles north of the international boundary line, in July, 1887,—a record far in excess of any other ever obtained at any regular weather bureau station in the United States, the next highest being one hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit, at Death Valley, California, in 1891, and one hundred and eighteen degrees Fahrenheit, at Yuma, Arizona, in 1878. It is very interesting to compare these temperatures with those of other regions noted for extreme heat, and Professor Mark W. Harrington, Chief of the Weather Bureau in 1892, in a very interesting bulletin on the "Climate and Meteorology of Death Valley, California," furnishes all data necessary for this comparison, which is given in the following table:

| STATION.                              | MAX. TEMP.<br>FAHR. |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Mammoth Tank, Colorado desert, Cal.   | 128.0 <sup>9</sup>  |
| Pachpadra, Rajpootana, India, . . .   | 125.1               |
| Jacobabad, Sind, India, . . . . .     | 122.2               |
| Death Valley, California, . . . . .   | 122.0               |
| Dera Ismaeel Kahn, Punjab, India, . . | 121.5               |
| Hyderabad, Sind, India, . . . . .     | 121.0               |
| Gardaia, Algerian Sahara, Africa, . . | 118.4               |
| Mooltan, Punjab, India, . . . . .     | 118.4               |

These places were selected by Professor Harrington "as marked by especial heat and dryness—the most extreme found where regular observations are taken."

As much as our own desert excels all others in respect to temperature, the actual figures given will doubtless prove disappointing to many who have heard of temperatures exceeding one hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit, quoted as of common occurrence in this region—a popular error which arises partly from a natural proneness to exaggeration, and partly from the effects of the intense radiated and reflected heat, and the great difficulty of procuring suitable shade for the

instrument. But, after all, it is not with shade temperatures that one has to deal on the desert, for, owing to the general absence of trees and the leafless character of the few which do exist, of true shade there is none, and from sunrise to sunset the traveler is exposed to the scorching heat of the sun. How intense this heat is can be inferred when it is stated that a standardized thermometer during the month of June, 1893, when placed in the sun generally gave a reading of about one hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit at



A YUMA BEAU.

eight a.m.; one hundred and forty-five to one hundred and sixty degrees at half-past one p.m., and fell below one hundred and thirty degrees about six p.m.—extremes of heat which must be felt to be appreciated.

It is unnecessary to add that evaporation is excessive, reaching a maximum—as determined from a few experiments made by the writer—of one and one-tenth inches in twenty-four hours. It is fortunate, indeed, that such is the case—otherwise human beings would be unable to exist; for the human body, at a temperature of ninety-eight and five-tenths degrees Fahrenheit, exposed for eight or



ten consecutive hours to a temperature of more than one hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit, reinforced by the heat developed by breathing and oxidation, would, but for the cooling effects of evaporation, quickly attain a temperature fatal to existence. This explains why such enormous quantities of water are consumed by those exposed to the desert's heat, and why, when this supply fails, men who have taken their last drink of water at sunrise are found dead of thirst before sunset—having, in that short interval, experienced the same suffering and delirium, and died when their bodies reached the same temperature which proves fatal to the fever patient. In such temperatures the average quantity of water (exclusive of tea or coffee) consumed in twenty-four hours was about six quarts per man; but, in times of arduous work and excessive temperatures, over nine quarts per day were consumed by some of the men. For days at a time, the animals, when engaged in very hard work, averaged twenty gallons each. In the Middle States, under similar conditions of work, a man would consume about two quarts and an animal about eight gallons during this period. In spite of the large quantities of water drunk, the melancholy fact remained that one's thirst was never entirely



AN OASIS OF THE COLORADO DESERT.

quenched; due partly to the enforced use of salt meat and alkaline water, but more especially to the fact that the very dry air when inspired absorbed moisture from the throat and glands during its passage into the lungs, thus creating a dry, feverish condition in those parts differing in no respect from the sensations of a plain, everyday thirst. It was at times ludicrous to hear one of the party bewailing his thirsty condition, and pathetically explaining that he was physically unable to swallow another mouthful.

Hot as are the days on the desert, the nights are nearly always cool, and so great and rapid is radiation that it is the exception when a person sleeping in a tent, or in the open air, does not find himself under one or more blankets just at daybreak. The writer can recall but two nights during the entire summer of 1893, when it was too hot to require a blanket at this hour, and it was not at all uncommon for the standard thermometer, placed outside of the tents, to fall as



ONE OF THE LAST OF THE BOWMEN.



low as sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit at this time of morning.

But it is in winter that the desert is at its best; the air then is clear and crisp, invigorating and stimulating to a remarkable degree, and although at times it is somewhat hot in the middle of the day, yet the nights are perfect and the stars shine with a dazzling brilliancy peculiar to the desert. Ice is by no means unknown at this season, and the writer recalls three occasions in March, 1893, when, on the Colorado desert,

within thirty miles of Mammoth Tank, water froze in his canteen at night, disproving completely the popular belief that in this region it never becomes cold enough for ice to form. Frost, like dew, is practically unknown, but it is on account of the small amount of moisture in the atmosphere, and not on account of the absence of cold sufficient to produce it.

A question of vital importance to the desert traveler is the distance to be traveled after leaving one watering-place be-



GRAVES OF THE VICTIMS OF THIRST,  
BELOW LAS TINAJAS ALTAS.

fore the next is reached. In the region east of the Colorado river the greatest distance between permanent natural watering-places is about one hundred and thirty miles by wagon road. In that west of the Colorado it is about one hundred miles. In both of these cases, however, advantage can be taken at times of temporary sources of supply, some of which will be mentioned later. Comparing these distances with some mentioned in descriptions of the deserts of Africa it

will again be seen that this desert of our own country stands out as one of the worst of its kind.

A phenomenon peculiar to the desert is the sand-storm, weird tales of the terrors of which linger in the minds of most of us. Almost every phase and variation of this phenomenon was experienced, and while it is quite possible that, in certain localities and under exceptional conditions, human beings might perish of suffocation, yet, in general, these storms were more dreaded for the discomforts they caused than for any threatened danger to life.

On the Colorado desert, where they were most frequent and violent, the first appearance was that of a pale brownish-yellow haze, or cloud, extending many hundred feet above the earth. In the clear atmosphere of the desert, this cloud was often visible for hours before it reached the observer, continually increasing in apparent height and in density. When the storm had developed its full fury it became about as dark as on a very cloudy or foggy win-



APPROACHING LAS TINAJAS ALTAS—GRAVE WITH STONES  
PILED IN FORM OF A CROSS.



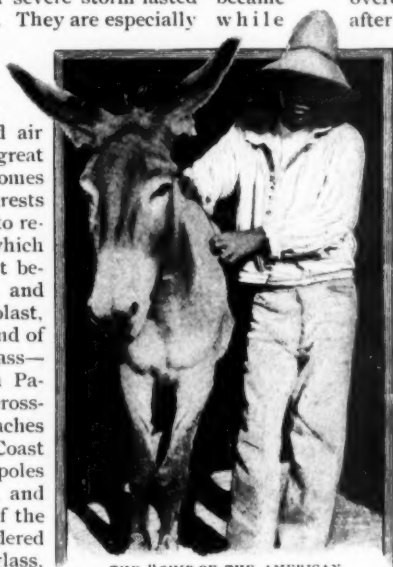
ter's day; the air was charged with electricity and was full of sand, which filled every crevice, crack, and cranny of the tent and its furniture: sifted down the backs and into the hair, nostrils, eyes, and clothing of the occupants; accumulated in large quantities in any food which a sanguine cook might endeavor to prepare, and cruelly cut the unprotected faces and hands of those exposed to the full fury of the blast. Sometimes these storms last but an hour or two, but generally they begin soon after sunrise and last until a little after sunset, but on one occasion quite a severe storm lasted for three entire days. They are especially frequent on the western edge of the Colorado desert, at the foot of the Coast range, where the cold air of the Pacific, like a great aerial waterfall, comes tumbling over the crests of these mountains to replace the hot air which rises from the desert below. So constant and fierce is this sand blast, that at the eastern end of the San Geronio pass—where the Southern Pacific Railroad, after crossing this desert, reaches the foot of the Coast range—telegraph poles are cut down by it, and the window panes of the station-houses rendered opaque, like ground glass, whenever they face the west—the direction of the prevailing winds.

One of the greatest dangers to travelers is their liability to get lost, should they attempt to pursue their way while the storm is raging, as it obliterates sandy roads and trails almost as effectually as does snow. When in doubt as to his surroundings, and when not too short of water, the experienced traveler will generally stop where he is and await the cessation of the storm.

Although sand-storms are generally of the character already described, yet on one occasion on the Moreno flat, about two hundred miles east of the Colorado

river, was encountered one of these storms so remarkable for its violence and brevity that it merits mention here.

It was about four o'clock on the afternoon of July 3, 1893, that toward the south was noticed a dark brown cloud, boiling throughout all its parts and presenting an exceedingly threatening appearance. This cloud seemed continually to increase in size and to approach with great rapidity. An attempt to photograph it was delayed a little too long, for the sun, which until that moment had been shining brightly, suddenly became overcast, and, in a little while after the cloud was first



THE "SHIP OF THE AMERICAN DESERT" AND HER PILOT

observed, the storm had burst, filling the atmosphere with the dry, powdery soil of the valley. In less than a quarter of an hour it grew black as midnight; respiration became difficult and suffocation was threatened from the great quantity of sand and dust unavoidably inhaled with every breath, and it was only by holding a handkerchief in front of the mouth and breathing through it that this danger was averted. In about half an hour after the storm commenced the wind began gradually to

subside and the darkness to diminish, and in a little over two hours from the time the storm broke the faint rays of the setting sun were struggling through the cloud of dust, which still filled the atmosphere to a height of many hundred feet.

In not a single instance was there ever noted any general deposit of sand; for, while the wind undoubtedly brings large quantities up, it generally carries equally large quantities away; and, while it is true that the sand dunes of the desert sometimes undergo changes of several feet in elevation during a single night, yet, in most cases, the sand is moved but



a few feet in all, and the movement is a progressive, grain-by-grain one, little liable to cover up any living thing capable of motion.

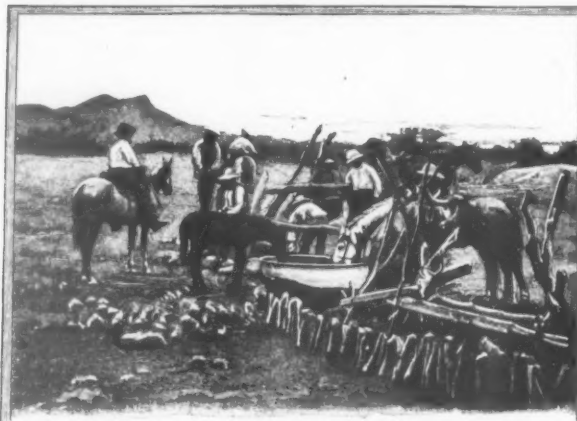
Another phenomenon peculiar to the desert—strikingly realistic in its effects and cruelly tantalizing, yet fascinating, in its infinite variety—is the mirage, seemingly formed merely to mock the dying traveler with visions of unlimited quantities of the precious water which he craves above all else on earth.

To one who has never seen the mirage in the heart of the desert no written description can convey a true idea of its realistic effect. When seen at its best for the first time, it is impossible to convince the uninitiated that what he sees is not water. "You need not try to fool me

rising out of it are trees and islands, and, wading near its shores, cattle and horses are seen. This form of mirage is peculiar to the bare, flat, and sandy areas of the desert, where the line of sight passes parallel to the ground and close to it. It is most frequent toward the middle of the day when the heat is greatest, and most perfect when there is little or no breeze blowing. As it is approached, the water recedes, ever keeping the same apparent dimensions and distance, until sloping ground or an area well covered with vegetation is reached, when it gradually diminishes in size and finally disappears.

It is at this time of day that strange distortions of the form and size of animals take place, as in a well-remembered instance when two zealous hunters followed

a herd of unbroken horses for many miles, mistaking them for a bunch of antelopes, while to those of the party watching the chase from the summit of a small hill there could be no mistaking the character of the game. On another equally memorable occasion a lone antelope resolved himself into a coyote, much to the disgust of the hunter, who hungered for fresh meat. At times a rabbit would assume the apparent size of a cow,



A DESERT WELL.

with your mirage; don't I see those islands in the lake, and the cattle wading in it, and the reflection in the water of the mesquite trees along the shore?" is verbatim the reply made by an Eastern traveler on the Southern Pacific Railroad to the writer when approaching Salton station, on the Colorado desert, as, in response to the question, "What large lake is that out there?" he replied that it was no lake, but the effect of a mirage. At times the water seems very near—not more than two or three hundred yards away; again it appears a mile or more distant. In it neighboring trees, shrubs, hills, and mountains are reflected, exactly as in water; on its surface the ripples play, apparently traveling with the breeze;

and at other times the legs of all animals would appear ludicrously lengthened, as in one case where the spring wagon, drawn by two animals whose length of leg would have shamed a giraffe, was observed apparently coming through a shallow sheet of water, in which was clearly seen inverted the same nondescript team.

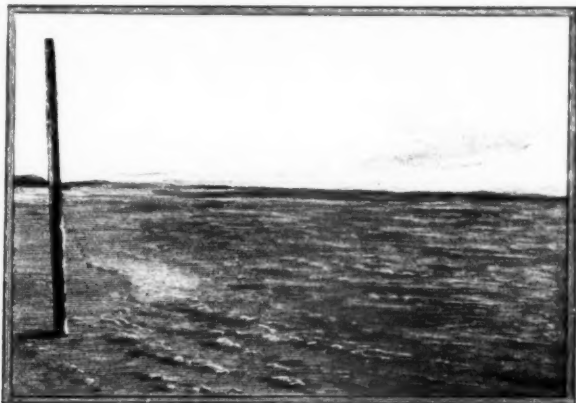
The preceding forms of the mirage are those most often alluded to by writers, but, wonderful as they appear, they are not the only forms observed in this region. Just before sunrise the sharp, jagged peaks, by which portions of the horizon were always bounded, would begin to flatten on top and stretch out giant arms toward one another, as if in clumsy attempts to shake hands. At times not



only were these arms extended from the tops, but the whole mountain itself spread out on either side toward its neighbors, with which it gradually merged, forming a huge granite wall many miles distant and hundreds of feet in height. With the rising of the sun the giant arms began to recede, huge breaches would appear in the monster wall, and, often in less than half an hour from its commencement, the whole fantastic work of the mirage was over.

On one occasion, at the same hour of the morning, while traveling across the Yuma desert, the party seemed shut in on every side by a huge circular palisade-like rock wall, apparently nearly a hundred feet high and distant about a quarter of a mile, which moved along with them as they journeyed toward the west, gradually decreasing in height and increasing in distance with the rising of the sun. On another occasion what, at this hour, appeared to be a city, with its streets, houses, and churches, resolved itself finally into a group of large sharp boulders, which had tumbled down the sides of a craggy peak and rolled out on the surrounding plain.

However much the mirage may distort in form and size, some actual object is always necessary in order that it may



COLORADO DESERT BARE OF ALL VEGETATION.

effect its creations; cities, ships, etc., are never formed by it from the bare ground alone, although many writers give this impression.

As to the flora of the desert, enough has already been said to give some idea of its character, but there are two types which deserve especial attention. The first the beautiful, graceful, and willow-like palo-verde, with bright green stem and branches, but destitute of leaves, and affording little or no shade. The second, and by far the most striking, is the Giant cactus (*Cereus giganteus*), so huge, so ungainly, so pathetically helpless in appearance, and seemingly so incongruous with its barren and rugged surroundings—its peculiar shape and pulpy appearance suggesting the humid tropics rather than arid deserts. Rising, as they do, to a height of forty or fifty feet and forming

at times perfect forests, they produce on one who rides among them for the first time by moonlight a feeling difficult to describe. Ungainly arms are apparently stretched out appealingly by these uncouth objects, resembling so closely the forms of vegetation typical of the Carboniferous Period; huge candelabra, each branch



CASA GRANDE, IN WHICH THE PAPAGOES SAY "MOCTEZUMA" DWELT.



crowned with a coronet of snow-white, waxlike flowers, seem to be waiting in helpless patience to light up the almost obliterated trail, while yet others stand in solemn rows like fluted columns of some ruined building.

What the date palm is to the African deserts the Giant cactus is to our own. On its fruit the Papago Indian lives for weeks at a time, and from it makes a syrup and a fermented drink. What he cannot use when fresh he dries and preserves for the future. Woodpeckers by scores dig out their nests in its trunk and branches, and beautiful white-winged doves feed upon its fruit. When dead this cactus is almost as useful as when living, for its long, tough ribs, disposed beneath the outer skin, like staves of a barrel, furnish the Papagoes with a foundation on which to form their mud roofs and with material out of which to make their chicken coops, traps, and similar articles of household furniture, and form a covering for their graves when they die. So in death, as in life, the Papago is near his beloved "Suguro."

Many are under the impression that it is from this species of cactus that the "desert traveler perishing of thirst" procures his "bountiful supply of delicious water." This, however, is not the case, for any "desert traveler" who has once tasted the vile sap of this cactus and prefers it to a death from thirst, must, indeed, dread the terrors of such a death. It is the "Visnaga" cactus, an oval-shaped cactus attaining a height of three or four feet and a diameter of one or two feet, that is supposed to furnish the miraculous store of water. As it is difficult to cut into its interior unless provided with an

ax or a hatchet (two things which a lost traveler seldom has), as its sap must be strained through cloth to separate it from the pulp, as this sap is neither pleasant nor wholesome, and as this variety of cactus is entirely absent from the portions of this desert most distant from water, it would appear that its efficacy as a life preserver has been much overestimated.

Of the fauna of the desert it may be briefly said that it is comparatively rich in individuals, but poor in species. The animals found there were the antelope, mountain sheep, coyote, rabbit, and innumerable small burrowing animals never seen by day.

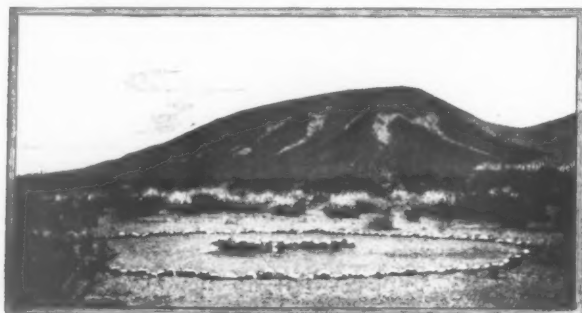
It is absolutely impossible for some of these animals to obtain water for months at a time, but the antelope and the rabbit dispense with it by eating the fruit and leaf of the cactus. Even the coyote, generally regarded as carnivorous, subsists largely on the same diet, nor is he a vegetarian from necessity alone, for his inordinate fondness for watermelons causes him to be much dreaded by the owners of the few melon patches on the border. How the small burrowing animals subsist without water is one of the mysteries of the desert. In general, it may be stated that animal life here is composed of two classes—swift-footed animals of great endurance, feeding by day, and slow-footed animals of small endurance and nocturnal habits.

The birds noted were the raven, hawk, woodpecker, quail, white-winged dove, and humming bird.

Rattlesnakes were plentiful; Gila monsters were found in considerable numbers east of the Colorado river; box-tortoises were picked up many miles from water,

and innumerable lizards, with tails curled over their backs in the most ludicrous manner, went scampering over the sand, at every step, with the swiftness of arrows.

But most interesting of all of the inhabitants of the desert are the Papagoes, the short-haired Indians of the Southwest and



"CEMENTERIO"—EXTINCT VOLCANO IN BACKGROUND.



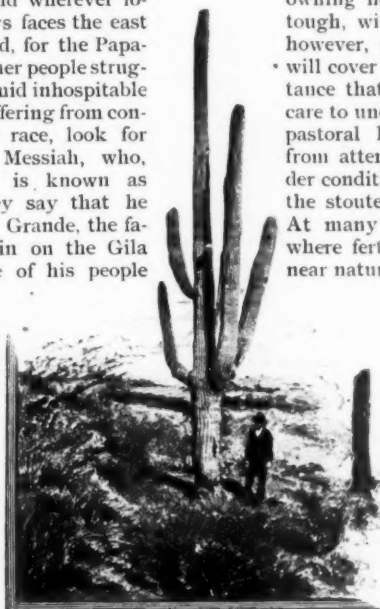
the true Arabs of the desert; noted for their strength, fleetness, and endurance, as needs they must be to carry on successfully the struggle for existence in so inhospitable a region.

Wherever water can be obtained perennially they locate their permanent rancherías; the habitations consisting sometimes of adobe huts, sometimes of upright poles plastered with mud, and sometimes of a beehive-like arrangement made by planting pliable poles in a circle, drawing the tops toward the center and fastening them there, and then thatching the whole with straw. But, whatever the kind of habitation and wherever located, the door always faces the east and is never fastened, for the Papagoes, like many another people struggling for existence amid inhospitable surroundings and suffering from contact with a superior race, look for the coming of a Messiah, who, strangely enough, is known as "Moctezuma." They say that he once dwelt in Casa Grande, the famous prehistoric ruin on the Gila river, but that some of his people tried to kill him, and he went to Mexico, promising them that when they were in their greatest trouble he would return from the east with the rising sun; bring back the sorely needed rain; make the desert blossom like a garden; cause his people to be the greatest on earth, and make the white men their slaves. That when Moctezuma comes all doors may be seen by him, and none closed against him, these poor people, with a pathetic faith, place the only entrance to their houses toward the east and leave the rude door open, that their Messiah may enter when he comes.

In June, 1893, a drought of nearly three years duration had destroyed their crops, exhausted many of their water holes, cut off their supply of fruit and seeds, and killed many of their cattle. It seemed to them to be, indeed, the time of great trouble

when Moctezuma would surely come, and it was a sight calculated to move even the most indifferent, to see the inhabitants of a ranchería climb just before sunrise to the brow of some neighboring hill and watch eagerly toward the rising sun for Moctezuma, until, hope all gone, one by one, they returned patiently to their houses.

The Papagoes number about ten thousand in all, but only about half of this number reside within the limits of the United States. Like all inhabitants of the desert, they are, from the nature of their surroundings, a pastoral people, owning herds of fine cattle, and tough, wiry ponies. They are, however, excellent runners, and will cover on foot, in a day, a distance that few horsemen would care to undertake. Nor do their pastoral habits prevent them from attempting agriculture under conditions which would deter the stoutest-hearted white man. At many places on the desert, where fertile land can be found near natural water holes, or convenient to their artificially - constructed dams, they establish "Temporales," and fence in with mesquite brush small fields, to which they promptly repair when the first summer rain falls. Where silence reigned before, all is now full of life and activity. Houses and fences are repaired; irrigation ditches put

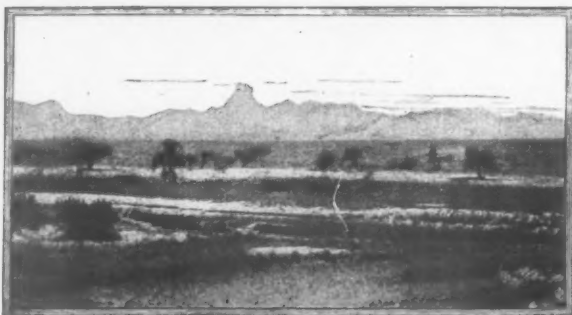


GIANT CACTUS, SHOWING WOODPECKERS' NESTS.

in order; new dams built or old ones repaired, and often within twenty-four hours after the first drop of rain falls the entire crop of melons, pumpkins, squashes, beans, and Indian corn have been planted.

On one occasion we encountered a party of seven men and seven women out hunting mountain sheep. They were all riding astride, were all clothed alike with but a small strip of cloth around the loins, and were armed entirely with bows and arrows and one sadly-dilapidated old





BANSQUIVARI PEAK, PAPAGOS SACRED MOUNTAIN—ABODE OF THEIR GOD OF WAR, "SI-E-HUH."

gun, profusely wrapped with cactus fiber to keep stock and barrel together. Primitive as are their arms, yet they often succeed in killing numbers of mountain sheep. Around a single old camp-fire were counted the horns of twenty of these splendid animals, and several other old camps which were seen showed nearly as great a number.

But, interesting as are these Indians, it is not the living alone who occupy one's thoughts when crossing the desert, for, alas! frequent graves and bleaching skulls of animals are painful reminders of unfortunate travelers who died from thirst on the road.

When gold was first discovered in California, there was a rush of Mexicans from Sonora to the new El Dorado. To these were added numbers of Americans, who, dreading the hostile Apaches to be encountered further north, sought to escape them by taking the unknown and little traveled desert route. Again, early "in the sixties," when the new Placer mines, on the Colorado river, were opened, another stream of Mexicans poured across the desert from Altar, in Sonora, to Yuma, Arizona, about two hundred and thirty miles distant. Between the Sonoyta and Colorado rivers, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles, no permanent water could be found, but during certain seasons of the year a scant supply could be obtained at a water hole at Las Playas, and a more reliable supply at Las Tinajas Altas (The High Tanks), fifty-six miles from Yuma, where the waters of occasional rains were collected in a high mountain cañon, and, passing through a narrow rocky gorge, hundreds

of feet above the ground, came tumbling down the rocks in a succession of cascades. At the foot of each of these, during the course of countless ages, a deep, circular basin, or tank, had been worn in the solid rock. Of these tanks there are seven large ones and a number of smaller ones—holding in all fifteen thousand to twenty

thousand gallons when full. The lower tank alone can be reached on horseback, and to reach the next three requires a stiff climb and a cool head. The upper ones can only be reached by ascending, to a height of several hundred feet, the steep gorge on the right. Even then, except in the case of the highest tank, it is necessary to lower oneself down a rope, fastened to the rocks above. There is nothing in external appearances to indicate that water can be found here, and the fact of their very existence is almost unknown to Americans. Yet, surprising as it may seem, these same tanks, to-day fifty-six miles distant from the nearest settlement, are accurately shown on a map of this region, made by the indefatigable Jesuit missionary, Father Kino, who traveled through this region about two hundred years ago.

On both of the occasions previously mentioned the experience of the gold seekers was the same. Many made the dreaded journey in safety, but others, unused to desert traveling, their insufficient supply of water exhausted, realized their peril, and pushed on toward Las Tinajas Altas. Some perished of thirst by the way, some wandered from the road and never found the water which they craved, some reached the tanks, but, finding the water all gone and too weak to go further, lay down and died; others reached the longed-for spot, but in such a state of exhaustion that, unless water was found in the lower tank, they were too feeble to climb to the next and perished miserably, their horrors aggravated by the thought that the water, for want of which they were perishing, was but a few yards off,



had they but the strength to reach it. To the numbers of the last two classes of travelers who perished, fifty graves, near the foot of the tanks, marked by rough stones piled in the form of a cross, bear mute testimonial. In all, four hundred persons are said to have perished of thirst between Altar and Yuma in eight years, and this scarcely seems an exaggeration, for the writer counted sixty-five graves in a single day's ride of a little over thirty miles. So fearful was the death roll that, on each of the occasions mentioned, travel along this route soon ceased, and at the time of this survey the road had not been traveled by a vehicle in sixteen years. Locally, it is known as "El Camino del Diablo" (the road of the devil), and few names are more appropriate.

One of the best known and most pathetic cases of death from thirst was that of an entire Mexican family of six or eight persons, who were pushing on toward Las Tinajas Altas, their total supply of water contained in a wicker-covered glass demijohn. When about eight miles from the tanks their horses gave out, and in unloading the wagon, by some unfortunate accident, their demijohn was broken. Utterly ignorant of the distance to the tanks, or of their location, the husband set out alone on foot to find them, telling his family to await his return where he had left them. Weak and faint, he returned from his unsuccessful search and joined his dying family under a neighboring palo-verde tree where their bodies were all found by the next traveler, and buried in a single grave beside the road. Pious hands had piled stones on the grave in the form of a cross, and had encircled the whole by a ring, about thirty feet in diameter, formed of stones piled side by side. This portion of the desert is covered with a thin, stiff crust, which resists the action of the wind,

but through which wheels easily break, and, as there is not sufficient rain to obliterate these tracks, and nothing else to destroy them, they remain visible for an incredible time. The wagon tracks made when the poor Mexican drove his exhausted team to one side of the road, were plainly visible thirty years afterward, and at the very spot still remained pieces of glass and wickerwork from the broken demijohn, and the skulls of the two horses. The picture marked "Cementerio" is a reproduction from a photograph of the grave.

Another equally pathetic case is that of three prospectors who, exhausted for want of water, reached the lower tank only to find that some travelers, who had preceded them but a day or two, had emptied this tank. Feeling sure that there was water in the next tank above, they made strenuous efforts to climb to it, but were too weak to succeed, and perished at the foot of the almost vertical slope leading to the second tank, where their bodies were found a few days later, the fingers worn to the bone in their dying efforts to reach the water, which was found in abundance in the tank which they had tried so hard to reach.

Happier in its ending is the incident mentioned by General N. Michler, then a lieutenant, Corps of Topographical Engineers, in a report of his journey in this vicinity in 1855: "On our way to Yuma we met many emigrants returning from California, men and animals suffering from scarcity of water. Some men had died from thirst and others were nearly exhausted. Among those we passed between the Colorado and the Tinajas Altas was a party, composed of one woman and three men, on foot, a pack horse in wretched condition carrying their all. The men had given up from pure exhaustion and laid down to



LAS TINAJAS ALTAS—THE LOWER TANK



die; but the woman, animated by love and sympathy, had plodded on over the long road until she reached water, then clambering up the side of the mountain to the highest tinaja, she filled her bota (a sort of leathern flask) and, scarcely stopping to take rest, started back to resuscitate her dying companions. When we met them she was striding along in advance of the men, animating them by her example."

Narrower still was the escape of a party of seventeen men and one woman who, overcome by thirst, had laid down to die at a point in the Sierra del Tule, about twenty-five miles east of the Tinajas Altas. Unwilling to meet death so passively, one of the men staggered on in the feeble hope of reaching the tanks. In the middle of the night, when yet about eight miles from them, he was found lying insensible beside the road by that veteran traveler, Don Pedro Aguirre, of Buenos Ayres, Arizona, who, with two wagons laden with supplies and water, was on his way from Yuma to Altar. In a few moments the man was stripped and wrapped in a wet blanket, while water was slowly dropped into his mouth from a teaspoon. To such veteran travelers it was at once evident that he must have had companions, and every effort was made to revive him sufficiently to enable him to tell where they could be found, but in vain. Putting him in a wagon they pressed on with all speed, and just before daylight found his seventeen companions, all divested of their clothing, lying alongside the road in the agonies of thirst. To treat properly so large a number sorely taxed the resources of the rescuers, but, after several hours hard work, the entire party were revived, themselves and animals provided with water, and started on their way to the tanks, blessing Don Pedro and

their stout-hearted companion, but for whom they must have perished, as Don Pedro, like all desert travelers, had intended to travel only until daylight, and then camp until the following sunset at a point about one mile west of the spot where the unfortunate party lay. In this case death would have ended their sufferings before his arrival.

Nor are these horrible experiences confined to the past alone. The desert still claims its victims, and not a month passes but that some inexperienced prospector yields up his life in the search for the fabled mines of the desert—sirens which have lured scores of victims to their deaths. On two different occasions prospectors were rescued by our own parties when death seemed to them to be inevitable.

In one of these cases so miraculously was the man's life preserved that the incident is worth relating. This man and his partner had been prospecting on the Colorado desert, all of their effects being carried in a light wagon, in which they themselves were riding. Their water having given out, a dispute ensued as to the course to be followed to reach the nearest water. As is almost always the case under such circumstances, their ideas on the subject were widely at variance, and they then separated, the one continuing his course in a wagon and the other striking off on foot across the flat, trackless desert, nearly at right angles to this course. Struggling on, ever fainter and fainter, he soon began to grow delirious, lost consciousness, and fell down to die. Temporarily revived by his enforced rest while unconscious, he partially regained his reason and beheld, but a few hundred yards away, a small black object plainly defined on the bare expanse of the desert. Making a last effort, he managed to crawl to it and found, to his in-

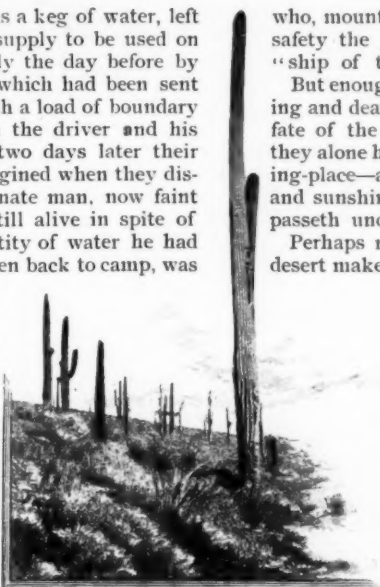


A CLIMB FOR WATER TO LAS TINAJAS ALTAS.



tense joy, that it was a keg of water, left there—as a reserve supply to be used on the return trip—only the day before by one of our wagons, which had been sent across the desert with a load of boundary monuments. When the driver and his assistant returned two days later their surprise may be imagined when they discovered the unfortunate man, now faint from hunger, but still alive in spite of the enormous quantity of water he had drunk. He was taken back to camp, was well cared for, and finally recovered; but his companion, for whom diligent search was made, could not then be found, but was discovered a day or two later lying unconscious alongside the Southern Pacific track. He was well cared for and apparently regained his physical health, but never wholly regained his reason—a condition not uncommon with those who have been rescued from death on the desert.

Animals, as a rule, endure thirst much better than human beings, and especially is this true of the patient "burro," the camel of the American desert. Many years ago an attempt was made by the Government to introduce camels for use in these regions, but the experiment proved unsuccessful, and the only reminder of these animals was a pile of huge, bleaching bones in the center of the Tule desert, which the Mexican guide, with twinkling eyes and a keen appreciation of the humor of the situation, stated were the mortal remains of one of these camels which a party of Mexicans, at great expense and trouble, were taking to Sonora for use on its deserts, but which, unfortunately for the success of the experiment, had perished of *thirst* en route, greatly to the disgust of his owners, but to the amusement of the "peons,"



GIANT CACTUS

who, mounted on burros, made in safety the journey so fatal to the "ship of the desert."

But enough of these tales of suffering and death! Horrible as is the fate of the victims of the desert, they alone have found the ideal resting-place—amid "silence, solitude, and sunshine," and a "peace that passeth understanding."

Perhaps no characteristic of the desert makes a greater impression

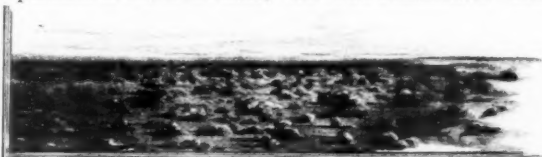
on the traveler than does the appalling silence. There are few places on earth where no external sound breaks the silence, and the human mind, unaccustomed to such a condition, is strangely affected thereby. Darkness, solitude, heat, storms or way-side graves all fail to affect it to the same

degree, and preëminent above all other characteristics peculiar to the desert stands out that of the awful, yet fascinating, silence.

When traveling across the desert for the first time, alone or with but few companions, the journey is singularly depressing. Mile after mile is passed with but little to distract the eye from the horrible dreariness and desolation of the surroundings, except the bleaching skeletons of animals and the all too frequent crosses which mark the resting-places of the desert's victims—distractions little calculated to cheer the traveler when his own supply of water is not overabundant.

Yet, in spite of all that has been said, there is an unexplainable fascination about the desert—a charm which, after a while, every one feels, and which causes one to look with longing for the time when once more his eyes may rest upon the well-remembered scenes, and once

more he may stand amid that weird, appalling—but now to him soothing—silence.





## A MODERN FAIRY TALE.

BY THERON C. CRAWFORD.

**H**IRAM BARNARD, president of the Universal Supply Trust, which controlled the food and drink products of the entire earth, walked into his Wall street office one bright June morning and seated himself before his rosewood desk.

His office was on the eighteenth floor of New York's latest and greatest steel construction in the form of an office building. Mr. Barnard's private office, being some two hundred feet above the street level, was very quiet, and possessed unusually fine views from its six broad windows.

Mr. Barnard permitted no other occupant in this room. There was only one chair in it besides his own. When he needed any one of his numerous secretaries he was summoned, and remained standing while receiving orders from him. President Barnard sat in a great throne of a chair covered with red leather. The desk, or rather table, was flat, with a red cloth in the center. Its rosewood was highly polished, and showed no sign of ink or use.

The floor was polished oak, partially hid by a dull red rug. The walls of the room were in light red, and adorned with portraits of financiers. A great map of the world, with the railroad, cable, and telegraph lines marked in red, hung just back of the president. The bareness of the desk of the high official whose everyday affairs ran into the millions, was noticed by every visitor favored with admission to this room. It was a favorite remark with Mr. Barnard that you could always judge the character of a business man by his desk. For him there was never any litter of papers. At his right was a large waste-basket. Into its capacious mouth were tossed every scrap of letter, memorandum, or telegram that came to the president's desk. Upon these papers was often pencilled a word, but the first secretary, Alexander Armstrong, knew what to keep and what to destroy, without any word from his employer, who was always addressed by the entire staff as Mr. President, and with a deeper shade

of respect than if he were the President of the United States.

There was no ticker permitted in this stately room, it would have disturbed the serenity and dignity of the surroundings; but, every ten minutes, a silent secretary would come in and hand the president a bit of white tape, from the record of the ticker in the outer room. The president would glance along the line of quotations, and drop the fluttering ribbon in the waste-basket with a mechanical gesture, and never with any outward expression of opinion. This perfunctory examination always went on with great regularity, no matter who was present or what subject might be pending. Mr. Barnard was always to be found seated in front of his desk for at least ten hours in the day when in the city, and his absences from New York were not frequent.

Tall, spare, smooth-shaven, with a great mane of silvery hair setting off his severe face, his black dress, his austere, self-contained manner, all suggested a priestly cardinal. His dark eyes had a lack-luster expression of weariness and fatigue, out of keeping with his energetic, positive manner.

Upon this particular June morning, Mr. Barnard had entered his room in his usual grave and dignified manner, with a cold nod to the clerks in his outer chambers.

As he placed his high hat, containing his gray gloves, at his left, his secretary entered and handed him a few yards of the tape, upon which were bulletined the opening quotations of the New York Stock Exchange. Instead of passing these figures in review with his usual swiftness, Mr. Barnard gazed at them as if they were characters of an unknown language. The secretary had quickly withdrawn, as his master preferred to be always alone during business hours, and the members of his staff had the habit of departing the very second they had finished whatever business had brought them to the president's room.

The great financier, the head of the largest trust in the world, which had an



aggregate capital of one billion of dollars, felt, as he gazed blankly at the tape, which curled down from his cold fingers to the floor, that something serious had happened. Something had gone wrong with the machinery of his body. What was it? The figures on the tape meant nothing to him. What were they?

He dropped the tape, and picked up a pen to write. His hand moved freely and, apparently, under the full direction of his will; but what was written was meaningless.

At this Mr. Barnard became thoroughly frightened for the first time in his life. Was this paralysis which was threatened? He moved the fingers of his right hand. They responded readily to his will. He arose and moved round the room. Physically he was all right. His mind was apparently as alert and clear as ever.

"Bah! It was nothing!" He returned to his desk. He picked up the tape, and was once more deeply impressed with the fact that its characters were absolutely meaningless to him. Again he picked up his pen. What he wrote resembled Chinese. He shuddered as he quickly tore up the sheet of paper before him, and dropped its torn pieces upon his desk. For the first time in its history there was a litter upon the broad, polished breast of this most respectable desk. The torn pieces gave it a most disreputable air.

A secretary here entered with a mass of audited accounts, and a bundle of blank checks prepared for the president's signature, for this had been one of the great man's many pastimes, to audit in person the numerous accounts of the departments of this great trust, and to summon before him, for judicial torture, the unfortunate chief of a division who had overlooked the unwise or improper expenditure of one cent from the treasury of the trust.

Mr. Barnard did not venture to speak. He did not know what trick his tongue might play him. He silently motioned the clerk to withdraw. He then picked up his pen and pulled to him the first blank check, and began to make the round flourish with which he usually began the stately "H" of Hiram Barnard, president. His hand moved easily, as usual. But when he came to examine his work upon the green-tinted check,

he was horrified to see, in the place of his dignified-looking signature, the words "Oh, hell!" written in the unmistakable characters of his own handwriting.

This grim twist in the mechanism of his individuality gave him a great shock. His mind still seemed to him perfectly clear. He argued the situation over slowly to himself. Was he to end his life a madman? What else was the meaning of this particular breakdown? He felt already a desire to rise and scream, but the thought of the awful sensation that would be caused in the financial world, by the report of anything wrong with President Barnard, moved him to place an iron hand upon himself.

But how could he, without attracting attention, escape from his office, where the slightest deviation upon his part from the rigid routine of his daily life would send after him a swarm of inquirers. For the head of the great trust that controlled absolutely the production and price of every article of food and drink, on the earth or under it, was more constantly studied and observed than the greatest and most powerful monarch. He caught up the check, with its devilish signature, and crushed it into his pocket. He did not dare to leave it, even in pieces, upon the desk.

A few moments later the clerk returned for the checks and the accounts. He was surprised to see the president staring directly in front of him, as immovable as if carved in stone. A chill of terror went up and down his spine. There was a faintness at his stomach. What account had gone wrong? Not a check signed. Great heavens, they must be all wrong!

He glanced one look of deprecating inquiry at his chief, who savagely waved him away without a word. The clerk slipped out, and imparted the cheering intelligence to the official household outside that the old man was in a white rage, and would soon begin his breakfast of hearts and liver. This was the way President Barnard's pastime of calling up delinquents for reprimand was spoken of, "the taking of the hearts and liver" out of them; and, after a time, the morning wiggling of victims was called the official breakfast of the head of the Universal Trust.



But no sharp bell was rung for the service, and the silence was so prolonged in the president's room that Sandy MacGregor, the principal office manager, was notified.

MacGregor entered the president's room just as the latter, with heroic resolution, had begun a second signature to another check. He had just noted that instead of Hiram Barnard, president, there stood in his bold handwriting, "Big Pig, president," at the end of the artistically engraved check. The sight of this horrible signature and the arrival of his manager confused Mr. Barnard for a second. He crumpled up the second check and thrust it also into his pocket.

This action showed to MacGregor that something was out of the way, although he had not the slightest thought of the real truth. He was startled by the look of dismay, almost fright, in the cold gray eyes of his chief. MacGregor was the only one of the official household who did not fear Mr. Barnard, or, indeed, any one. His independence, loyalty, and integrity, made him the one man who never was bullied by the chief of the trust.

"Anything out of the way, Mr. President?" asked the manager, turning to the accounts.

Mr. Barnard knew he could trust his manager. He nodded his head, and motioned to the door. MacGregor stepped to it and locked it. The noise of the lock, and the news of this secret consultation, started the wild rumor through the office that some account must have been found so irregular as to suggest the possibility of a defalcation. The tortures in store for the unhappy chief in whose department anything of such a nature could have happened, was discussed in grave and gloomy whispers. No one suspected that anything could have gone wrong with the president himself. That was inconceivable to the minds of the most daring in the service of the trust.

"What is it?" said the manager, as he returned to the desk and hastily picked up the accounts. "I see you have signed no checks. Which of the accounts is wrong?"

The president opened his lips to say, "I have not looked at the accounts. I am not feeling exactly right. Will you

look them over and sign the checks.' Instead of his tongue repeating these thoughts, he was shocked to hear tripping from his tongue, "Mary had a little lamb. Its fleece was white as snow." He stopped, resolved never to speak again. But other surprises were in store for him. His manager showed no sign of having heard anything unusual. He answered as if the spoken thought had corresponded exactly to what the president had intended to say.

"All right, sir," said he, picking up checks and accounts. "Would you like me to send for your physician? You look all right. Shan't I go home with you, and send for him to meet you there?"

"Yes, that will be best," President Barnard tried to say, before he thought, but to his own ears he seemed to say, "Rockaby, baby, in the tree-top."

"Very good, sir. I will be back in a moment." With this the manager withdrew.

During the few moments of his absence the president's mind acted rapidly. He knew MacGregor's stolidity, and the impossibility of surprising him by the presentation of anything extraordinary. "Had he perceived the absolute breakdown of his imperious chief, and had he carried this perception off under a pretense of attending to orders delivered in the usual manner?"

Here the manager reappeared. "I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but two of the blank checks brought in here are missing. I saw you crumpling up one to destroy it, when I came in first. Did you tear up the other? Shall I mark them in the book as cancelled?"

The president said "Do so," and to his own ears sounded the vulgar phrase, "Tommy rot!"

The manager bowed with such grave respect, as he withdrew, that it was inconceivable that he heard what had apparently sounded upon the ears of the president. It was undoubtedly part of this strange affliction which had fallen upon him, that what he said and did was all right, and that the false twist was in his own sight and hearing. With this he thought of the two checks. He would take the risk of showing them to the manager; MacGregor's sense of business punctiliousness would not be proof



against the shock of seeing, in the revered place of the august president's signature, at the tail of the official checks of the billion-dollar trust, the words "Oh, hell," and "Big Pig."

So, when the manager came back and announced that a cab was in waiting below, President Barnard reached into his pocket and slowly drew out the crumpled checks. Sandy MacGregor slightly frowned at the sight of this irregularity. It was the first time he had ever seen the trust's checks treated in this fashion. He caught them up eagerly, moved by the passionate look of anxiety upon the president's face. He glanced naturally at the signatures believing that some feebleness of the hand, the symptom of some trouble, might be disclosed; but no, everything was in order. Why had the checks been crumpled up? He glanced at Mr. Barnard, and was astonished to see a look of relief upon his face as he said: "The checks appear to be quite right, but, as I have already marked them cancelled, I will destroy them." With this he tore the checks and dropped them, by the side of the scattered fragments, upon the now doubly-discredited desk. The eyes of the president fell questioningly upon these fragments. This act of the manager seemed to savor of disrespect. "How much did MacGregor know?" Mr. Barnard already argued to himself with the cunning of a disordered mind, but the manager looked at him as if he, the president, were suffering from some slight indisposition only, and he still further relieved him by finally carefully picking up the fragments of paper from off the sacred desk.

A moment later the president, accompanied by his manager, left the office for his up-town home. For twenty years such an event as Mr. Barnard's leaving his business during office hours to go to his home had never happened. He was a slave of the desk. When he was not seated in the offices of the trust he was before the desk of some corporation directors' meeting, where he always presided. He was never less than the head of any corporation in which he was interested. This unusual departure of the president during the hours sacred to business, gave rise to uneasy rumors on the stock exchange.

Prices of food supplies were marked up slightly all over the world. The rice eaters of the distant East, and the yam growers of the Southern Pacific were to be affected in the end by this uneasy feeling in financial circles concerning the condition of health of this great magnate, who, until to-day, had seemed to be made of iron and to be above the ordinary frailties of life.

The house of the president of the trust was large enough to accommodate a hundred families. It covered nearly as much ground as a modern fortification. Its heavy outer walls suggested a real fort, or some great public building. The cab was driven to the principal entrance, through an arch, into the open square of an interior court. Here Mr. Barnard decided to remain until he could send for his physician. He sent away the cab, and advanced to an easy-chair, sheltered by an awning stretched from a palm to a small neighboring cedar tree. The interior of the court was practically a conservatory. Its floors were marble, with fountains playing here and there.

MacGregor returned in half an hour with Dr. William Sandower, one of the most eccentric and positive characters in New York. His practice was among both the poor and the rich. While he was brusque and very direct, he was very kind-hearted, and, with all his incisive character and his love of truth-telling, he was always very gentle with his patients. When a cruel truth had to be told to a suffering patient he told it as simply and as gently as possible, and never took away the mainspring of hope from any of them, so long as there was a remote possibility of saving. He was original in his methods, with the daring of an original investigator, the courage of a true man, and the indomitable energy which belongs to every man of real character. He was now sixty years old, with a round, comfortably-lined figure and a forceful, aquiline-featured face, set off by snowy white side whiskers of a professional cut. He came into the court, accompanied by the manager, walking with the quick, alert step of a boy. He walked up to Mr. Barnard and said: "What is it; what's the trouble?"

The physician noticed a new look in the eyes of his patient and friend. The



physician and the president were members of the same club, and between them there had existed for years a rare intimacy. The physician was a bachelor, while Mr. Barnard had married at the outset of his career. The latter's wife was then in London, where she had a house and where she spent three-quarters of her time. Their two daughters had married foreigners of title and were conspicuous in the fashionable circles of London and Paris. His one son, now a mature man of forty, was the head of the Parisian branch of the trust. For the last ten years Mr. Barnard had lived very much alone, and, as a necessary consequence, had leaned very heavily upon the personal friendship of Dr. Sandower.

Dr. Sandower was struck, in first looking at Mr. Barnard, with the look of uncertainty in his eyes. Ordinarily, his expression was serene and, save for the look of weariness, calm and passionless. Now he saw a shadow and a wavering which he had never seen before; he observed also that Mr. Barnard looked at him, but did not speak. This silence upon his part convinced him that there was something serious in his condition. The manager in summoning him had also given him an idea that some crisis had arrived in his friend's life. He sat down, however, as if his only object in coming was to make a friendly call. The manager withdrew to the office of the house, which was at the right of the carriage entrance, behind the great iron gates, which were closed every night at six o'clock and only opened after upon the personal order of Mr. Barnard himself.

Dr. Sandower, as he took his seat, said: "In all my twenty years acquaintance with you I do not think that I have ever seen you up-town, or at least in your own house, during business hours. It must have been something unusual which brought you, MacGregor said that you were slightly indisposed, but I know you well enough to know that no mere indisposition would have caused you to send for me." He now looked questioningly at his friend.

Mr. Barnard made no reply. His ordinarily impassive face was shadowed with a look of unusual care. Finally, he said

in a low tone: "Will you go with me to my bedroom?" This is what he really said to the physician, but to his own ear there was again the jumble of meaningless phrases of some childish jingle. The look of disgust that crept over his own face following these ordinary phrases was succeeded by a keen look at the physician's face; then there came a look of relief, as he saw that the physician heard what he really intended to say.

In the great, open-wainscoted bedroom of this mighty lord of commerce the physician listened to the strange story that Mr. Barnard had to tell. Said he: "My life has suddenly become to me a perfect horror. What I say to you, you hear; but to my ears there does not arise the sound of a single word of my thoughts."

"Do you mean to say that you have suddenly become deaf, because you seemed to hear very well what I said when I came in."

"No; the curious thing is that while I hear every word that you say exactly as you say it, every word uttered by myself is falsified to my own ears, so that the inward thought is outwardly expressed—so far as I am concerned—by words and phrases which have no kind of meaning as applied to my thoughts."

"Is that all you have to tell me," said the physician.

"No. My eyes are affected as well. When I signed a check this morning I know I signed my name, because the manager approved it, although to my eyes there was, in the place of my name, nothing but an odious phrase. It is not necessary to repeat it."

"This is very curious," said the physician. "I think I understand you all right. You know what you have just said to me by your mental conception. Now, what were the expressions that sounded upon your ear while you were making me this statement of your case?"

Mr. Barnard's face flushed with mortification as he said: "It was 'Bah, bah, black sheep! Have you any wool?'"

"As you say this to me what is the phrase you hear, because as I understand your case what you say has no corresponding sound upon your own ear?"

Mr. Barnard made a melancholy ges-



ture of disapproval as he said: "What is the use? It is always something different. It is nearly always some childish babble."

"If you will permit me," said Dr. Sandower, "I will examine you physically, as I fear for you a complete mental breakdown, for these symptoms are entirely new to me. I never heard of anything approaching them; but I will soon be able to get at, I think, your real condition and determine whether you are in immediate danger. Your life has been one of unrelenting toil and of tremendous intellectual strain. It is surprising that you have been able to retain for as many years as you have so perfect a physical condition."

The physician now asked Mr. Barnard to walk with him to the window. He first examined his eyes. After a careful study of them, he said: "I find in this infallible register an indication of very low vitality." He now took hold of Mr. Barnard's hands, and examined them with equal care. "Your circulation," said he, "does not appear to be impaired, but there are tell-tale spots on your finger nails, and there is a blueish tinge under them, which is not a good sign." The physician now auscultated the financier's heart action. After a moment or two of careful observation, he said: "I find the action somewhere near normal. I think I should say of you that, save in the symptoms found from the eyes and fingers, there are no indications of any great functional disturbance; but, nevertheless, I have arrived at a positive conclusion, although I cannot fully explain the base for it." This was said after several moments of thought, following the completion of the auscultation of the heart and the sounding of the lungs. "You are too strong a man and the interests you represent are too important for you to be told anything but the exact truth. Before telling you that, however, I propose to administer a very powerful stimulant, for the purpose of seeing if I cannot restore you—at least temporarily—to a condition nearer normal and to take away that derangement of the mental telegraph between your eyes, ears, and brain."

With this he took a tiny vial containing a dark red liquid, from his black med-

icine case, and poured a few drops from it into an empty wine-glass standing upon a table, near the window. Then from a carafe he filled the glass with water. The intense red of the two drops changed the water instantly to a bright ruby color; this color paled, in a moment, to a vivid green, and then this color disappeared, and the water became, apparently, limpid and pure.

"Drink this," said Dr. Sandower, handing the glass to the financier. The latter drank the draught almost at one gulp. He felt instantly a shock, as if a liquid electricity was rushing through his veins. An almost desperate sense of suffocation followed; violent pains tore at his heart, while a heat stole through his body. His brain was highly excited by the stimulant. In a moment all these unusual sensations passed, and he felt himself in a passive, inert state, but mentally very much quickened. He now spoke, and this time his ears did not betray him, but reported back his words as he wished them to be heard. He hastily took an envelope from his pocket, and, with a pencil, wrote his name. Once more his eyes reported to him the obeying of his will. A smile broke, for a moment, the lines of his rigid, stern mouth, and he turned to the physician, saying: "The trouble has passed. I feel once more like myself."

"But it is a trouble which will probably return. The remedy which I have just employed is too violent for continued use."

"How long do you think I will be free?"

"Perhaps twenty-four hours. I would advise you to go to bed, and remain as quiet as possible during that period."

"But you know I will not do that without knowing more. Am I in such danger—such immediate danger?"

"You are."

"Can anything be done for me?"

"I myself do not know of anything. The chance you have is so small that it is hardly worth mentioning."

"Is it one per cent. in a thousand?"

"Well, it's not more than that."

"I'll give you a check for one hundred thousand dollars if you can prolong my life for any positive period."

"Why do you talk to me of money? You have the best of me professionally



the moment you summon me to your side. I could not do more for you if you were to give me all your fortune."

"You then believe that I am going to die very soon?"

"You are very near to death now."

"How near?"

"You may die at any time during the next month and you may live for a year. There is an utter interior collapse, and, unless something beyond medicine—unknown to me—can come to the strengthening of the interior sources of your being, you are a doomed man. Your bank account—to use a figure which you will understand—is overdrawn."

"I thank you for your frankness. My will is made, but there is so much to be done in the time that is left me, in order to leave the affairs of the trust in such a way as to reflect honor upon my administration. I must write a letter of instruction to my son. Will you take it?"

"If it relates to business, I will not. If it is of a personal character, I will be pleased to take charge of it for you. I wish to warn you that every time you allow your mind to run back to business, you lessen even the shadow of the chance which you have. Your only hope lies in the possibility of your absolute isolation—from this moment on—from anything remotely relating to the business in which you have devoted the years of your life."

"You ask the impossible. I must attend to some details."

"That is always the way. Every man thinks that the details of his life are so important and that his personal direction in this or that thing is so indispensable. Suppose you were actually dead? Don't you suppose that your affairs would go on? So far as your business is concerned, you die this day. You need not send in your resignation right away, but the subject of business must never be mentioned to you again. I know you. You have an intense love of life and iron determination. If you will obey strictly my orders, this remote possibility of helping you, may take on more tangible proportions."

"What am I to do? What is to be done?"

"The mainspring of your existence is either broken or strained to the verge of

a break. The exact truth of that we will learn in a very short time. But I tell you your only hope depends upon the possibility of your being amused. That may sound very absurd, but it is the truth."

"If my life depends upon my being amused, then I am in a very serious condition, indeed. But, still, it ought to be a possible thing."

"Let me see. I know you pretty well, but I should think there might be some difficulty. Do you care for yachting?"

"I own four or five yachts now."

"Horses?"

"I own three stables. You should know that my colors have led on the principal race-tracks for the past ten years."

"I see it will be useless to go over in detail the routine amusements of life; such as theaters, operas, the founding of public institutions,—or even deeds of philanthropy. I know that any project in that class would simply weary you, because they would all resemble, more or less, business, and the first thought of business is forbidden. In fact, I can suggest nothing myself, which you would not consider wearisome; but I have a friend, a very wise man—not wise in medicine, as we professionals understand it,—who, perhaps, might be able to suggest something."

"Who is he?"

"Doubtless his name is unknown to you. It is John Lord. He has an entirely new profession. It is a development along the lines of the needs of modern society."

"What does he do?"

"He has adopted the profession of general adviser to mankind. He calls himself a professor of common sense. But I should call him a professor of uncommon sense."

To the look of inquiry upon Mr. Barnard's face the physician made a response in the way of further explanation. "Lord is a man of unusual character. He has been everywhere and apparently had all possible experiences of life. There does not appear to be an emotion or passion unknown to him. To-day he is a man of absolutely clear vision; one of the few men who see truly, without the shadow of an illusion between himself and the object contemplated. He is the perfect



embodiment of common sense, and, with his wide experience, his judgment is nearly faultless. But I rank above his intellectual accomplishments the kindliness of his spirit. He really loves his fellow-creatures. I have never heard him speak an unkind word of any one, and there is no outcast or outlaw, however low, who has not his sympathy. He is now about forty-five years old. He is a widower, but has no family. His three children, born in Europe, are dead. So, you see, in his own life he has had the domestic experience that brings him in touch with the majority of grieving humanity, for you know the greater part of our griefs are based upon the sorrows of family. He first began as an adviser to his immediate friends, and, as they began to take up so much of his time, it occurred to him to open a suite of rooms up-town and give himself up entirely to advising suffering humanity. I say suffering humanity, because it is only the class who are in trouble that ever seek his advice."

"But what is his method? He is not a missionary?"

"No. It is a plain matter of business. He gives advice to any one upon any subject. His fees correspond exactly to the value of the service done. He is very simple, very honest, and very direct. You can at once see what value such advice must have. Most of the troubles and errors of people come from lack of experience, lack of judgment, or proneness to illusion. It is your clearness of vision in matters purely material that has enabled you to pile up riches. Lord has established a school for the training of individuals to see correctly. He holds that no man is educated who is not educated from within outward, that there is in every man the divine spark of ideality. It is this inward source of intelligence which would make any man wise, if he could only find the way to understand its monitions."

"I do not exactly understand that."

"Well, you can ask Mr. Lord about it when you see him. I will merely add that he advises, as I said before, every one; stock-brokers, business men of all classes, clergymen struggling with doubts or who are involved in church quarrels, people with money seeking investment,

people suffering from incurable maladies, all come to him, and, when they have concluded, are always satisfied, whatever the result, that they have pursued the only wise course. Where people are absolutely incurable from disease, and suffering, his tranquil teachings give his clients a rare quality of patience, and even serenity, in enduring what cannot be avoided. I speak with more emphasis and knowledge of his work with people needing the advice and counsel of physicians. He is not himself a physician in any ordinary sense, although he holds a diploma of the highest class; nor does he employ the methods of empiricism, but he does possess the quality, by his tranquility and strength, of fortifying the interior life principle, so that disease often falls away like magic. You understand that certain processes of nature are wholly beyond us. Recoveries often ascribed to physicians do not belong to them in any sense. Happiness, brought in a stroke of fortune, is a tonic beyond the value of any medicine. Bad news, some misfortune, may act upon the physical system of the most healthy like poison. The action of the heart is suddenly lowered, and instances are known of people dying through the shock of evil news, with the suddenness of a lightning stroke. I have not been above being taught some valuable lessons by Mr. Lord. It is from him that I learned the infallible signs of the subsidence of the life principle. The register is to be found in the eyes. It is because of my knowledge of the absolute correctness of this register that I have said what I have to you. Ah! I have interested you, if I have not amused you. Let me look at your eyes now. It is absolutely wonderful! There has been a slight rally, the interior life principle has been quickened by the semblance of interest I have succeeded in wakening in you. I will say that if you can hold this interest, that you may have a chance yet. I think, at last, Mr. Lord will be able to amuse you."

"Send for him."

"That will do no good. He would not come. If you were very poor, and ill, he might come. But you are rich and powerful; so you will have to come to him. You are the one seeking the favor."

"But I can reward him as could no other client."



"Do you think so? That is, from your point of view, natural enough to think. But you will only be able to pay him the just value of his services. No more. He will teach you that there are in this world other measures of value besides those of money."

"Can I go to him at once?"

"I am pleased with that question. It shows that I have really awakened your interest. It will do you no harm to wait until to-morrow morning. Meanwhile, go to bed and rest quietly, and I will see Mr. Lord and make an appointment for you for some hour to-morrow. His time is so taken up with incessant demands that I am not certain I can arrange for you to see him to-morrow, but, on account of the urgency of the case, I may be able to make the appointment. On my way out I will tell your manager that your indisposition is trifling, but that I have advised you to remain at home a few days in quiet; and that you leave everything, in the way of business, to him. Is that right?"

"Yes."

The next day, at noon, Mr. Barnard and his friend went in a closed carriage to the apartment of John Lord, which was in one of the Spanish apartment houses facing Central Park.

The physician was pleased with the marked improvement in the condition of Mr. Barnard. When he examined him in the morning he said: "I am surprised to see the change in the register of your eyes. The change has come through the interest I have awakened in you. This is the beginning of what I hope may be a permanent improvement. If Lord can succeed in making the right kind of impression you will be all right. Now that you have your interest aroused, any disappointment resulting from your meeting with Lord will have a very bad effect."

"Am I then in such a state that a mere passing condition of mind can affect me?"

"Now and always every one is affected by the condition of his mind. But, in your present state, where your interior life has ebbed to a low point, you are especially susceptible."

On the way to Lord's apartments there was but little conversation. The financier was in a brown study. Out in the open

air of the warm summer morning, he began to lose faith and interest in the proposed visit. What observations could any worldly-wise philosopher make that could interest him? Had he not heard the views of every one representing every movement of modern thought? Everything came to the man of many millions. His affairs had been conducted upon such a wide scale, embracing trade relations with the entire world, that he had been of a necessity a student of the inner life of all the nations of the world. What could any professor of common sense teach him, after all these years of ceaseless activity and intellectual domination? If it were not for his confidence in Dr. Sandower he would even now turn back home. A feeling of lassitude began to steal over him. With it came the distrust so habitual to him in considering any proposition outside of the ordinary course of affairs.

It was with a feeling of relief that he alighted from the carriage, in front of the lofty Spanish buildings where Lord had his rooms. He had one of the largest apartments in the building. It was double in construction. The first floor was used for the public. The upper floor was reserved for Lord's private use. Everywhere about the apartment there was luxury of adornment, upon the lines of great simplicity. The first anteroom was plain, dark, and cool, with a polished oak floor, and high panels set in the wall of the same wood.

It was filled with people, as were the larger reception rooms just beyond.

Mr. Barnard and his companion were favored by not being made to wait. They were shown, by the tall colored servant, dressed in dark blue livery, to the upper floor, where, in a library, an oval-shaped room looking out upon the park, sat John Lord, the professor of common sense.

He arose and greeted his callers as if their visit was social, instead of professional. He wore a light tweed suit, with a spray of lilies of the valley in his buttonhole. A dark blue silk scarf was knotted loosely about the small collar that encircled his well-rounded throat. He was of medium height, but very straight. His head was large for his height, and covered with a short mass of closely-clipped iron-gray hair, parted exactly in the middle. His forehead was



very high and pale. His dark eyes were large and full of fire, and shadowed by a slight circle of fatigue. His nose was straight and above the medium in size. His full-lipped mouth was shadowed by a luxuriant, but carefully-trimmed, dark brown mustache. His blue-tinted jaws were close-shaven. He was an interesting-looking man. In his dress he suggested, at every point, excessive neatness and cleanliness. The quietness of his dress marked the man of the world, while the extravagance of the few jewels worn upon his hands, scarf and linen, marked an oriental characteristic, not common to the type of New England Puritan stock from which John Lord had descended.

It was his alert, business-like look that pleased Mr. Barnard. There was nothing to suggest the dreamer or charlatan about him. Said he to Mr. Barnard: "I am sure your great experience in life must have taught you the necessity for the creation of a business-like mine. A general adviser, who keeps to the simple basis of common sense, can be of much greater use to mankind than can the average specialist. He is not narrowed to one point of view. He takes in the entire sweep of life. I have for years studied the difficult art of seeing correctly, the art of separating fact from illusion. Ninety per cent. of the mistakes of life arise from the inability of men to see correctly, to recognize their proper qualities and consequent limitations."

"I can see how you can be useful to the average misguided citizen, but what do you do when you have invalids come who are suffering from some organic malady?"

"Those I turn over to our friend, Dr. Sandower. I always see when any of my clients need technical advice that they secure the best. You would be astonished, however, to see how few need any advice that cannot be supplied from any ordinary field of common sense, based upon experience. By the way, what is generally classed as common sense is by no means common. I do not think one per cent. of my clients are ever sent by me to even the best of the lawyers, except where papers are drawn. One of the most important classes dealt with by me is struggling inventors. To no class does the world owe so much, or give so little credit.

It never recalls the fact that the bulk of the wealth of the world is the direct result of the inventor. Every step in the progress of a race is due to the children of genius, called inventors. The average man is a sluggish clod, who hates anything new. It is my business to welcome anything new, and to determine here, in constant study to separate illusion from fact, what is valuable and what is not."

"And, then?"

"Introduce merit and genius to capital, and see that the latter does not fatten unduly upon the former."

"I saw many fashionable ladies in the waiting groups in your rooms."

"Yes; every kind of social problem comes here. But they are not always simple ones."

Here John Lord became more direct. He had avoided, thus far, any reference to the special object of the visit of the physician and patient. He had talked with the evident intention of getting, first, some estimate of the character of his new client. Suddenly, changing from the general to the direct and personal, he said: "You see, when the specialist fails he sometimes comes to me. When Dr. Sandower finds no power in his medicines he comes here."

"Do you often succeed?"

"When there is not too great an organic trouble, and when the patient has a well-disciplined will, much can be done. Let me read you a line from a celebrated Eastern writer, who has argued, very ingeniously, that a person with a properly-educated will might live as long as he pleased. Permit me to translate." Here he read from a manuscript on his table:

"We only die when our will ceases to be strong enough to make us live. In the majority of cases, death comes when the torture and vital exhaustion accompanying a rapid change in our physical condition become so great as to weaken, for one single instant, our clutch on life, or the tenacity of the will to exist. This explains the cases of sudden deaths from joy, fright, pain, grief, or such causes. The sense of a life-task consummated, of the worthlessness of one's existence, if sufficiently realized, is enough to kill a person as soon as poison or a rifle bullet."



"Now," said John Lord, "does that last sentence have, for you, any special meaning! Have you not a sense of a life-task consummated? You are the head of the greatest trust in the world. You hold in the hollow of your hand the food and drink supplies of the world. You have a power beyond that of any potentate ever born. You have outgrown your every surrounding, even family ties have not been sufficient to lessen the weight of the chains that have bound you to your gorgeous chariot of business. Is it not about time you had the advice of a professor of common sense, for can you not see that you are dying from the poison of a realizing sense of the worthlessness of existence? You have lived many lives in your career, and with your endless range of experience, it will be a most difficult task to arouse your will by awakening your interest, paralyzed by a life of slavish routine. What can I suggest?"

Mr. Barnard was profoundly interested by the speaker's earnestness. He winced at the spoken thought, but recognized its truth. For a long time he had a deep-seated conviction that existence was worthless, and that life, at best, was a dreary farce. So this was the poison that was sapping his will, and thereby destroying the inner citadel of his life. The antidote was amusement; in other words, to be once more interested in life.

Lord continued: "I must go over your life carefully. Do you remember any period when you were amused?"

"No; I have always been too busy."

"Think, Barnard; go back. There must have been a time, or else there's no hope for you now."

"It is possible, when I was a small child."

"Yes, that is it, when you were a child."

"I am sure it was then."

"Oh, you are sure. Then there is a hope for you. What was it that amused you most when you were a child?"

"Yes, I remember."

"What was it?"

"Reading fairy tales."

"Ah, I have it! Fairy tales of all things. You are saved!"

It was impossible to resist the contagion of the enthusiasm and conviction expressed in the manner of Lord. Before Mr. Barnard could open his mouth to say

a word, he continued: "I will make you the prince of a modern fairy tale. We will go out together, in New York, and seek adventures. We will hunt up different characters and give them three wishes, just as they used to do in the old fairy tales. You have more power with your millions, and your control of the destinies of nations, through the agency of your trust, than the most powerful magician of your fairy stories. I will not disgust you by any philanthropic suggestion. We are to pick out people, regardless of their merit, and to give to them their chance at three wishes, without any question of propriety, or of their well being, otherwise the quest would be stupid."

Mr. Barnard's eyes sparkled. "That might be amusing."

Said John Lord: "You will find it amusing."

"But three wishes—they may wish for the impossible."

"Never you fear. With common sense and unlimited money united, nothing is impossible. The more difficult the wishes, the more interesting the game."

"When shall we begin?"

"I like that. This night."

"What shall I do to get ready?"

"Nothing, but sever your connection for three months from the trust. Take a vacation, and leave the vice-president in charge."

"Then I am not to resign absolutely, as Dr. Sandower says?"

"No, you will need all the power of the past to help you play the part of fairy prince. Perhaps, after you have become thoroughly amused, you will be cured, and can go back to your place under new methods. We will see. First, you agree to place yourself absolutely in my hands for three months."

"Absolutely." There was no longer any doubt in Mr. Barnard's mind. There was now a sparkle in his eyes and a flush upon his cheek.

"Kindly examine your patient, Dr. Sandower," said Lord.

The visitor arose and made a careful inspection of his patient, similar to the one made the day before. He looked surprised as he concluded. "You are in good hands, Mr. Barnard. I find you, for the present, all right. The interest created



in your mind by Lord's plan has given you the required stimulus to throw the balance back in your favor. Take care, Lord, to maintain this interest."

"When am I to see you again?" asked Mr. Barnard.

"I will call at your house this evening at nine o'clock," said Lord.

"And the program?"

"We will go out seeking adventures.

We will hunt up the hero, or the heroine, as the case may be, of our first fairy tale."

"All right; don't fail me."

To this Dr. Sandower said: "John Lord belongs to the excessively limited class of men who never fail any one. They never forget their engagements and are always a trifle better than their word."

"All right. At nine o'clock sharp."

"At nine o'clock sharp."

(To be continued.)

## I DREAMED.

BY DALLETT FUGUET.

I WENT there, to see her, once again.

When she came down I was troubled. Could I speak to her in the old way—in the shadowy form of the old love, which was so cold and dead?

No, I could not; I was as a stone, and without a sign I watched her slowly coming toward me.

She was dressed in slight clinging white, and was as white as her dress. But her eyes and breast and form were as glorious as ever.

Then when she came to me, and I held out my hand constrainedly and said "How do you do?" formally, she was moved. Her eyes shone as with tears.

She looked with her moist, half-closed eyes at me and said, "You will laugh at me!"

"No," said I, "neither laugh nor weep now!" And I held out my hand and looked at her with wide, unfeeling eyes, and wondered at everything.

She gave a little gasping sigh and began to quiver. Her eyelids were drawn as with a spasm,—how well I saw them!—and her face began to work.

She was about to sink into a chair, but I stretched out my arms at last and caught her up. I gathered her up, all of her, to me. I held her close, close, as if we were indeed one. And our hearts for a moment beat together.

Then she said, beginning with my name in the well-known tone, "Harry, listen! I could not help it. But when the world and its mistakes are over and past—when we have retrieved it all—and are dead and born again, then and thenceforward, forever, I promise to be yours—to be only yours!"

Then I shivered; I shook as if I had a palsy, and my arms lost their clasp of her. I spoke the inexorable truth:

"It will not do—neither then, nor ever! It is dead, all dead. It must have been that you had loved me then, and from then on, for evermore.

"But all is dead now: the hope is dead, the love is dead, the past is dead. The thing that I was is dead.

"And this can not be; no, never, never, for evermore!"

\* \* \*

Then I woke; and I was shivering.

And it was in the cold gray dawn of one of the new days, when the world was very wonderful and incomprehensible.





*Drawn by S. W. Van Schaick.*

### HOFMAN'S OBJECT LESSON.

BY JOHN J. A'BECKET.

WHEN Dick Ordway went to Peru he took Mrs. Ordway with him. He expected to remain for a term of years in the land of the Incas. Ordway loved his young wife passionately. He paid a heavy tax for this delightful privilege. He had two qualities—with teeth like rodents—that gnawed him to anguish, viz.: jealousy and pride. It was a trial to him to present even his best accredited men friends to his charming, vivacious little wife. She—thoughtless young thing!—was so bewitching, so prettily animated, so artlessly fascinating, when with agreeable men that her husband was tortured by her airy prodigality of charm.

The thought that this Peruvian appointment would translate Mrs. Ordway's magnetic blandishments to a more restricted field made Ordway hail it with delight. The small coast town which was the company's center of dealings in oil had only a handful of Scotch, Eng-

lish and natives. He did not reflect that a healthy appetite devours even plain food with relish when that is the best he can get.

Ordway's pride made him cloak his jealousy. His wife was so openly and impersonally gay that it should have been disarming. But a jealous nature is not a calmly reasoning one. Its green eye has a crystalline lens of its own, whose exaggerations the brain does not correct.

They had been at their post on the Peruvian seaboard only a few months when a matter of business called Ordway to Lima. As he was really fond of his wife and did not know how long he might be detained there, he took her with him. Not that this was absolutely disinterested conduct. He liked, for obvious reasons, to have this sprightly partner of his joys within range of vision.

There was a young gentleman of Lima,



by name Pedro d'Alcantara Martinez. He was immensely wealthy, fascinating rather than handsome, and of a family that trailed back to the Spanish adventurers who had conquered Peru. In the middle of his smooth olive forehead glistened a scar an inch long. Señor Pedro had plucked it one morning very early, in the Bois de Boulogne, ten years ago, when he was a fiery blade in Paris. He was still a gallant, with blood easily stirred by a pretty woman.

Somehow (through no fault of Richard's one may rest assured) he became acquainted with Mrs. Ordway. He fell in love with Mrs. Ordway. She, serenely conscious of her innocence and strength, saw no reason for declining pleasant attentions that the gentleman with the long name was so ready to bestow.

The effect on Ordway may be imagined. He could not leave Lima, nor could he find a dignified excuse for sending his wife back to the small coast town in the South. So he went on accumulating pent-up irritation.

But one day there was a climax. On returning home, he passed d'Alcantara near his house. When he entered it he found Mrs. Ordway flushed and troubled. The simple fact was that the young descendant of Spanish conquerors had wished to be a credit to his ancestors by doing a little conquering himself. He had expressed his sentiments warmly to Mrs. Ordway, and had kissed her hand with an ardor that she could only recall with confusion. She had promptly set him back and informed him with decision that this must be the end.

Her first impulse was to tell Richard. Then she thought of his violent jealousy, and of his unreasonableness under its attacks. So, on second thoughts, which are not always the best, she decided to say nothing about it. She felt equal to coping with the matter herself. The foolish young Spaniard had forgotten himself. She would simply give a good jog to his memory.

Therefore, she met the few remarks her husband made about the young fellow evasively, and with the air that d'Alcantara was not worth considering. The result was that Ordway put the worst possible construction on the affair. His wife was deliberately, clandestinely flirting with this Peruvian Lothario!

The next day, as good or bad luck would have it, he left home later than usual, and encountered at the door a messenger from d'Alcantara with a note for Mrs. Ordway. He promptly possessed himself of it, hurried back to his room, and, without hesitation, read it all through. It was tropically florid and, while foolishly amorous, was enough to confirm Ordway's worst suspicions. His jealous resentment was fanned to frenzy.

Had he spoken to his wife then, and had an explanation, the matter might have been peaceably settled, for she would have told him the whole situation. But he did not. Mrs. Ordway unavoidably met d'Alcantara a day or two later, and, through his complaint that his note had been disregarded, learned that it had been sent and, of course, intercepted. She was indignant at the whole business. It disgusted her greatly that the agreeable, though conventional, acquaintance with the young Spaniard should have taken on this character. That d'Alcantara should be persistent, after her explicit ultimatum, was particularly annoying. With more heat than was necessary, she told him that in future they would meet as strangers. He acquiesced, with the worst possible grace, and took occasion to convey to Mrs. Ordway his opinion of a woman who encourages a man only to affront him, by cutting his acquaintance. This remark was not calculated to soothe the lady.

When she saw Richard Ordway, and wanted to know why he tampered with her letters, she was too indignant by far. He told her hotly that he had intercepted the note from d'Alcantara, and would intercept any others from that source, adding, that he forbade her to have anything more to do with the man. Worried as she was with the complication, this offensive attitude (offensive, at least, in the way in which it was assumed) made Mrs. Ordway lose her temper. She was bitterly wounded, and declared that she would not live with a husband who had no more confidence in her than that. Mr. Ordway's own smarts and sense of wrong, made his wife's aggressive bearing seem an additional outrage, and, in consequence, he was cold and sarcastic. The result was that he made no effort to prevent Mrs. Ordway



from hastily taking passage on a ship for New York. She wept every day on the voyage back.

Ordway, deserted in his Peruvian isolation, brooded and fumed like a smoldering volcano. This insolent, rich, young Pedro d'Alcantara Martinez had alienated his wife's affection, had wrecked his home, had ruined his life. Ordway's thirst for revenge became a mania. There was no equilibrium in the world until he had, in some degree, evened things with this cursed Peruvian. But how? His pride recoiled at the thought of Mrs. Ordway being publicly known as the cause of any quarrel. Yet every day that passed without word from her added to his wrath. Poor woman! She was too hurt to make any advances, while Ordway's wounded pride kept him from overtures looking to reconciliation. The "animal rationale," as metaphysicians define man, has the unique trick of kicking himself violently in excesses of discomfiture.

Just at this melancholy point in Ordway's fortunes he met an American, who became a solace to him, since he, too, seemed to be harboring some carking care. His name was Gustav Hofman. Ordway's interest in him was still more aroused when he learned that he had for three years been exploring, like a Wandering Jew, an unknown region of South America. It lay in the northeastern part of Peru, contiguous to Ecuador and Brazil, a desolate territory, traversed by the Yavary river, one of the tributaries of the Amazon.

It was Hofman's first return to civilization since he had plunged into this rude solitude, inhabited by a tribe of Indians, called the Yurimacas. Hofman had many interesting things to tell Ordway about these Indians. As a rule, gentle and unmolested, in war they display a ferocity not surpassed by the most savage tribes. They have a singular hatred of white men, notably of Spaniards, whom they associate with the conquerors of their country. This bizarre fire of patriotism makes it almost certain death to a white to venture among these childish, but ferocious, jingoes.

Hofman evidently felt some pride in having penetrated this Yurimaca stronghold, and, so far from being killed, to have conciliated their friendship. One of

them, a young Yurimaca named Huaje, was his companion on this trip to Lima. Hofman, it seems, had once rescued him from a tigress, and ever since Huaje had been as devoted to him as a faithful dog. He was of medium height, lithe and sinewy, with high cheek bones, small, piercing eyes, under heavy eyebrows, and a stolid, but not unintelligent, expression. His long, black hair hung like a horse's mane from his head, but it was silkily fine, a characteristic of his tribe. His devotion to the rather gloomy Hofman was almost pathetic. Such confiding trust stirred Ordway to sympathy.

It chanced one evening that the three were together in a popular café in Lima. While they were sitting there in their respective degrees of taciturnity, Pedro d'Alcantara entered with two or three gay companions. They had hardly seated themselves when his hot, roving glance discovered the two, with the solemn, silent Huaje sitting between them. A malignant glitter sparkled in d'Alcantara's eyes as they rested on the young Indian. He called the proprietor, and had some quick, imperious words with him. The latter made his way to the trio at the distant table, and told the Indian that he must withdraw.

"Why?" demanded Hofman brusquely.

"Because one of the guests, a distinguished patron, objects to taking his coffee with a low Indian in the company," replied the proprietor. "You do not have to go. He can wait outside, or I will give him what he wants with the servants," he added, conciliatingly.

"This noble gentleman is Señor Martinez, is it not?" asked Ordway, with a sneer. He had darted a glance around the room and detected the hated Spaniard.

"Yes," replied the proprietor. "He has a right to object, just as you would have, and I must consider his objections just as I would yours."

Hofman shrugged his shoulders, though his heavy forehead took on a heavy scowl for a moment.

"Finish your coffee," he said to Huaje, and we will go. It is more sensible than to have a brawl. Do you know this fastidious young buck, Ordway?" he asked.

"Yes. I have reason to know him too well. He is one of those infernally useless whelps that cumber the earth, and



make fools of women. He has done this to annoy me. You need not mind it, and I do not suppose your young Indian will care, when you explain the reason."

Huaje certainly appeared as unmoved as a stone. His solemn gravity almost lent a touch of humor to the situation.

Hofman glanced at his protégé, with a slight, but significant, smile. He said drily:

"They do not love the Spaniards at best. The situation is amusing, for it's hard to tell which of us is most affronted. I brought Huaje here as my friend. *He* is turned out. *You* imagine it is done to worry you. Señor What's-his-name scored fairly well with his one shot."

"There is no doubt the insult was meant for me, and I am grateful to the beast for it," replied Ordway, with wrath. "The cur has at last given me an opportunity to get even with him without having my wife's name come up. Let us go," he added, rising.

They walked slowly out. When they reached d'Alcantara's table, Ordway, who was in advance, halted, looked the Spaniard contemptuously in the eye, and said deliberately, though his voice quivered with passion: "Señor d'Alcantara Mar-

tinez, had I perceived your presence a little sooner you would have been spared your request. This Indian is a good, clean son of Nature, a friend of my friend, and I would not have allowed him to remain for a moment in the atmosphere you contaminate."

The Spaniard's hot, black eyes blazed with anger. He replied contemptuously: "I will see if my friends think you enough of a gentleman to meet. In that case, you shall hear from me."

"I waive that point in my own regard," replied Ordway. "If I had to wait till you were a gentleman to fight you, I could never honor you with a meeting."

He pulled out his card and tossed it on the table. Then Hofman spoke up, with insolent good humor:

"When my friend is through with you, of course, you've got to give me satisfaction, if there's enough of you left. This Indian is my friend. In insulting him you have insulted me."

In order to put his claim absolutely beyond question, Hofman, smiling blandly, suddenly caught the Spaniard's nose between his thumb and forefinger and gave it a sharp tweak. Nothing could have been more insulting than the playful,



Drawn by  
S. W. Van Scharck

"HOFMAN HAD BARELY TIME TO ARREST THE INDIAN'S ARM."



trifling air with which he did this; as if the haughty Spaniard were an amusing little puppet meant for the diversion of his betters.

D'Alcantara sprang to his feet, his face a waxy pallor, while his eyes blazed with a murderous hate. A frightful volley of opprobrious epithets poured from his lips. He whipped a knife from somewhere about his waist and flashed it in the air. It was wrenched from his hand with a swiftness that seemed a little awesome in the apparently sluggish Huaje, who, with his own lips grimly set, raised it to strike d'Alcantara.

Hofman had barely time to arrest the Indian's arm. He said a few quick words in Yurimaca to him, and, after a moment of reluctance, Huaje doggedly surrendered the knife.

"What a hot little boy you are," said Hofman to the panting Spaniard, giving a short laugh. "Gentlemen don't arrange matters of this kind in that way. I'm afraid I shall have to keep the knife, you lose control of yourself so easily. Of course, I expect to hear from you later when you return to what little reason you may normally possess. Come, Huaje."

They strolled out, Hofman maintaining his bantering air of good-natured amusement. When they were outside, Ordway said to Hofman, with real regret: "I am confoundedly sorry I got you into such a row. I only hope there will be no d'Alcantara left for you after I have met him. Hofman, I feel I shall kill that wretched little beast."

"Well, I don't know fully your grievance, but I somehow am in sympathy enough with it to hope you will take it out well with this bumptious coxcomb. Huaje nearly spoiled both our chances. A Yurimacan's gentleness is intermittent, you see. It is an *opéra bouffe* sort of row. D'Alcantara's insolence in the café gave you an opportunity which you have been wanting, it seems. His rough snub to poor Huaje made me hot. His pulling his knife on me put Huaje into movement. Well, here we are at your place. This business will keep one here a few days longer, so we shall meet again. Good night. Heaven bless woman as a lovely war-maker and disturber of men."

The next morning, Ordway was awak-

ened at nine by a messenger, who brought him this note:

"Come with this man at once. Important. HOFMAN."

Ordway threw on his clothes and followed his guide at full gallop. Ten miles out in the country, they came upon Hofman. He was quietly walking up and down in a grove at the side of the road, smoking a cigarette. His horse was tethered hard by. As they came steaming up, he flung away his cigarette and advanced toward Ordway, with a singular look on his face.

"We won't either of us fight this festive Spaniard," he said abruptly.

"What do you mean?" inquired Ordway.

"I mean that Huaje is now on his way to the Yurimaca country, as fast as he can go, with d'Alcantara's head as his only luggage!"

"What!" cried Ordway, aghast.

"Listen, and I will put it very briefly, for I have got to follow after him as soon as possible. The Indian felt aggrieved and took a hand in the game in true Yurimaca fashion. You do not know how they hate the Spaniards. Huaje left me last night. I asked no questions. At six this morning I met him again. He then had d'Alcantara's head with him. It was still warm, while the rest of the gentleman was cooling on the road leading to his hacienda. Of course, he is thoroughly dead by this time to all such mundane delights as other men's wives, duels and the like."

"But how fiendish of your simple Indian!" exclaimed Ordway, struck cold by this quick tragedy.

"You are not familiar with Yurimaca war etiquette," said Hofman imperturbably, as he untethered his horse. "Huaje killed an enemy in his way, just as we wanted to kill one in ours. The Yurimacas preserve the heads of their enemies, instead of the scalps only. They preserve them in some way, and they are really more decorative as warlike souvenirs."

"Now, I must go," concluded Hofman, extending his hand to Ordway. "If we get a good start they will never catch us, but there must be no time lost. It is odd that we should have met, and that you should have so appealed to my sympathy, really more than you imagine."





Drawn by S. W. Van Schatck.

"RICHARD, WHAT IS THIS?"

"But I would like to hear from you again," said Ordway. "Here, take this card. It is my New York address. I am sick of this part of the world, and think I shall pull up stakes and get out. It has brought nothing but ill-luck to me."

"Thanks," replied Hofman, swinging into the saddle and slipping the card into his pocket. Then he paused and knit his forehead for a moment. Gathering up his reins, he said finally: "You are from New York? Do you chance to know anything of a young woman there named Burroughs? Elsie Burroughs?"

"Elsie Burroughs!" cried Ordway in astonishment. "Why, she is my wife."

Hofman seemed petrified. His black eyes were fixed on Ordway without a flicker for a moment. It was as if his whole being had been brought to a standstill for a brief spell in its movement. Then he gathered up his reins.

"Good by. You may hear from me later," he exclaimed, and driving the rowels into his horse, he tore down the road in a cloud of dust, leaning forward and urging his beast to its utmost.

The tragic death of d'Alcantara was a tremendous sensation in Lima for two days. An Indian arrow sticking in his body, and the headless trunk, pointed to the Yurimacan as the murderer. He and his white companion had fled. Nothing could be done, and, as d'Alcantara was

generally disliked, he was forgotten by the beginning of the third day.

More than ever disgusted with his Peruvian venture, Ordway wrote a letter to his wife, in which he implored her to forget the past and return to him. By the beginning of December they were reunited in New York and entered on a new honeymoon, more considerate and devoted than the first. Neither mentioned a word of d'Alcantara. So, too, Ordway made no mention of his singular encounter with Gustav Hofman, though he longed to ask his wife something about him.

Shortly before the Christmas holidays a package arrived in New York from Peru. It was addressed to Ordway. Full of pleasant curiosity, he and Elsie undid it. Something inside was carefully enwrapped in grasses and cloths. When the object was brought to light, Mrs. Ordway shrank from it with uncanny fear, while her husband felt a strange sinking of the heart.

It was a head, with coal black hair. The complexion was a coffee color; the features wizened, but grimly proportioned.

"Richard, *what* is this?" Mrs. Ordway asked falteringly, turning a horrified face toward him.

"I don't know," he replied, with nervous disgust. He was furtively scanning the oddly-compressed visage. Suddenly, grasping the thing in some of the grasses



he rolled it tremblingly up and tumbled it in the box, which he pushed away from him with a movement of abhorrence. He had noticed on the narrow forehead a tiny, glistening line, not the eighth of an inch in length. He feared Mrs. Ordway might recall a certain frontal diagonal scar if she remarked it.

"Whatever it is, we don't want it, that is sure," he said with low emphasis. "Do we?"

"Want it!" cried Mrs. Ordway. "I would as lief have a skeleton or a death's-head around. It has given me a dreadful turn. Send it to the Museum of Natural History, or somewhere, as fast as you can. Who could have sent you the hideous thing?"

A few days later Ordway received a letter from Hofman. It ran:

"You probably know by this time whether your final remark to me was startling or not. That in my one sally from this wilderness I should have met you of all men, and under such circumstances! I have got Huaje to part with his grim souvenir of our Lima sortie. He did it very reluctantly. But I thought it might be a good object-lesson—against flirting: "in extremis," as a last argument against its evils. I don't think our elegant hidalgo's head would be recognized on sight, but if introduced as a dissuader it should have tremendous force. But for Mrs. Ordway, d'Alcantara would not have hated you. If he hadn't hated you he would not have insulted you through Huaje. In which case he would now be wearing his head, instead of having it figure as an object-lesson, after serving for a term as the chief glory of Huaje's hut. But there is a certain poetic justice in it, isn't there?"

Late one evening, as the Robert Garrett was ploughing its way up to New York from Staten Island, a man in the

stern of the boat furtively dropped a small box overboard, as the boat passed the majestic Statue of Liberty, with its flaming torch. The box was packed with lead and securely tied. As it sank and the boat forged ahead, Ordway heaved a sigh of relief. He had concluded not to bestow his Indian bric-à-brac on the Museum. It was possible Mrs. Ordway might go there some time and discover that glistening scar on the small forehead. Much better that it be anchored in the bottom of the bay till the Resurrection Dawn. Hofman's object-lesson he hoped would never need to be taught to Mrs. Ordway.

One day when Mrs. Ordway and himself were in a very charming mood, he said to her: "My dear, do you remember telling me before we were married that when you were a girl you had once been engaged to a Yale student at The Sheff?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Ordway in a low voice. "But, Dick, I thought that was a sealed chapter. Why do you ask?"

"I thought that now when we are on such a perfect understanding with each other that you might tell me this fellow's name. But do not if you have any objections."

"His name was Hofman," said his wife; "Gustav Hofman. It is so painful to me, because it was only at the last moment that I got courage to break it off. He took it so hard that I always think of it with a sore heart. He evidently thought I was unfeeling. But I could not make up my mind sooner. What put this into your head, Dick? You haven't met him, have you?" she inquired quickly.

"Met him! That is not likely, is it? I only felt that if this one reserve of your past were removed we should feel more perfectly in accord. Thank you for telling one. We will never allude to it again."





## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TAI-PING REBELLION.

BY GENERAL EDWARD FORESTER.

SECOND IN COMMAND OF "THE EVER-VICTORIOUS ARMY" AND SUCCESSOR  
AFTER DEATH OF GENERAL FREDERICK WARD.

### INTRODUCTION.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

IN all of history there is not a more marvelous story than that of the handful of men who, in China, under the command of General Frederick Ward, an American, attacked and captured walled cities containing forces of twenty times their own numbers, and whose battalions came to be known, in the annals of the time, as "The Ever-Victorious Army." The exploits of that army constitute a story of courage and thrilling incident, the like of which will be sought in vain. One of those who played a part in the history of this time was Li Footai, now known to the world as the famous Li Hung Chang. His recent visit to New York brought together many men who had figured prominently in Chinese affairs, and among them General Edward Forester, the writer of these memoirs. A gray-haired veteran of sixty-five, he would scarcely have been recognized as a guiding spirit of so much that was stirring and eventful.

The printed records of The Ever-Victorious Army are extremely meager. Much has been published regarding the force after it came under the command of General Gordon; but of its earlier and more interesting years little has been preserved. General Forester himself—probably one of the very few survivors—has never before written anything for publication. When the editor of THE COSMOPOLITAN, who happened to be familiar with the importance of the campaigns then fought, urged General Forester to write his memoirs, he was met with evident disinclination to prepare anything for the public. It was only when these appeals were reinforced by those of Ex-Minister Seward and others somewhat familiar with the almost incredible details of the campaigns made by Ward and Forester, that consent was finally obtained. These pages are, therefore, in the nature of a fresh contribution to the history of those times, by the only man now living

who knew intimately the inception and reason for every move.

Starting, in 1851, in an extreme southwestern province of a country whose population is variously estimated at from three hundred to four hundred millions of people, a rebellion had sprung up, gained headway, suffered defeat, gained renewed headway and finally, marched in overwhelming numbers upon Nanking, a city of a million inhabitants, living behind a great crenelated wall fifty feet high, forty feet wide at the top, and stretching around the city for thirty-six miles. Here was concentrated the seat of war and this city endured the terrors of a siege longer than that of Troy. For ten years there was bloodshed, sometimes famine, always misery and suffering.

At one time six thousand people, suspected of an intention to desert, were gathered in the public square. A hundred executioners stood among the prisoners and whacked off heads until their arms were weary and blood stood inches deep in the gutters.

At another time ten thousand men engaged in burrowing under the lofty wall, until room had been made for five thousand barrels of gunpowder. The appointed hour arrived. Fifty thousand troops stood on their arms awaiting a spectacle of unprecedented grandeur. The opposing forces gathered along the parapets in fancied security. Suddenly their figures seemed to rise to mid air. With them rose a section of the great wall, three hundred feet in length and the air became obscured with a cloud of smoke and the dust of millions of falling brick. Within the radius of this obscurity, the besiegers rushed forward by brigades. The besieged, recovering from the shock, rallied to the breach, and before sundown ten thousand corpses were piled upon the other débris. But the besieged were in possession, and were already building a new wall.

More than six years after the final capture of the city, I visited Nanking. Four



hours were spent passing around two sides of the city in a small gunboat. This gives an idea of size. Everywhere were the graves of the killed. Rusty cannon still laid in the ditches where they had been tumbled from the ramparts. Inside the walls, over vast areas, was the silence of death. In one corner the new city had begun to spring up. But everywhere else were ruin and desolation. I rode across the waste with General MacCartney, at that time in command of the arsenal, who had been chief of artillery during the siege, and listened to stories of havoc. As we rode through the archway which gave entrance to what had been the palace enclosure of the rebel king, two pheasants sprang up from among the ruins.

During the rebellion, which ended with the taking of Nanking, twenty million people are said to have lost their lives. It was while the rebel Wangs were at the height of their power, that the idea was conceived of suppressing them by the aid of foreign troops. There happened to be, at that time, in the East two men who had been with Garibaldi, in South America. One of these, Colonel Frederick Ward, who was in command of a small steamer on the Yang-tse-Kiang, offered his services to the Chinese Government, and later on wrote to Japan for General Forester, whose story is here told.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TAI-PING REBELLION.

BY GENERAL EDWARD FORESTER

Thrown upon the shores of Japan, in 1857, through a revolt on board the ship *Hector*, I became, after the opening of Japanese ports by Commodore Perry, an interpreter and supercargo for several of the great mercantile houses then doing business in China and seeking to extend their trade to Japan. Learning that General Frederick Ward, whom I had known in South America, was in China, I entered into correspondence with him, and, in 1859, received a letter asking me to join him in undertaking the organization of a force to aid the Imperialists in putting down the great Tai-Ping rebellion.

Going over to Shang-Hai, I found Ward

in negotiation with a banker, Ta Kee, who had acquired great wealth and now aspired to aid his emperor and achieve honors for himself, through the instrumentality of a foreign military organization. Familiar with English and American methods, and the superiority of foreign arms, Ta Kee believed that a well-drilled and well-equipped force would make rapid inroads against the organization of the rebels; and an acquaintance with Ward justified him in the belief that in the American, such a force would find a skilful and intrepid leader.

No sooner had I joined Ward than the work of recruiting began. We established a camp at Quong-Fu-Ling, about twelve miles west of Shang-Hai, near the headquarters of a Chinese force of ten thousand men under General Li Adong, then in command of the district.

We were shortly joined here by a young South Carolinian of good education and address, Henry Burgevine by name, who was made our commissary-general, and was destined afterward to play so prominent and so unfortunate a part on both sides of the rebellion. Recruits poured in upon us; arms were purchased, though with much difficulty and at great cost, owing to the fabulous sums offered by the Tai-Pings for even very inferior arms.

Under the discretion given Ward by the Chinese, the rate of pay was fixed at one hundred dollars per month for private soldiers and proportionately for capable officers. It was known that the service was to be of a desperate character, but the high pay was a wonderful incentive. In April, 1860, we had two hundred men under arms and General Ward felt himself strong enough to take the field. Ta Kee proposed that we should march upon Sung-Kiang, a walled city of formidable proportions, then defended by a large army of rebels. He offered one hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars as prize money, in the event of our success.

Our plan of operations involved the capture of one of the principal gates of Sung-Kiang. The army of Li Adong was to follow, in reserve, and stand ready to make a fight within the city should the gate fall. But we were not destined to succeed at this time, owing to the smallness of our force and, after a severe re-



pulse, marched back to camp and resumed recruiting and drilling.

Within two weeks the ranks of the killed had not only been filled, but three hundred additional men were added to the rolls. And now Ward determined to retrieve his bad fortune with the least possible delay. By arrangement, Li Adong moved seven thousand of his men to a side of the city of Sung-Kiang, about a mile distant from the real point of attack; while, under a thick fog, our little force came into position near the east gate.

We recognized that we could not afford a second defeat, and every step was taken with the utmost precaution. By night we were in concealment within three hundred feet of the gate itself and Ward sent off a courier to Li Adong saying that we would storm the gate at ten o'clock, and asking him to hold his troops in readiness to support us, should we gain possession of the wall.

With the utmost secrecy, we had moved into position our two twelve-pounder Napoleon guns and our light six-pounders. Ward and I had crept forward, and having made sure of the position of our target, by a close examination of gates and walls—the latter too high to permit of scaling—personally sighted the guns. Suddenly, from out of the murky night, belched the fire of our artillery. The rebels came running to the walls and filled every opening with the flame of musket and cannon. But our concentrated fire quickly battered down the massive outer gates and with a rush our entire force was beneath the great archway.

However, thanks to the excellent military engineers who lived in China centuries before Vauban was dreamed of, our difficulties had but just begun. We were under the archway and so, protected from a direct fire; but not from innumerable "stink pots," which were swung beneath the arch and which made our condition an almost intolerable one. To capture the inner gate, it would be necessary to cross an open court, surrounded by a high, semicircular wall, and blow up the gates situated at right angles to those we had just captured. It was impossible to bring our artillery across the moat and, as there was no giant powder in those days, the difficulties to be surmounted were not trivial.

As many thousand rebels as could safely be gathered, occupied the top of the inner semicircle, ready to pour a murderous fire upon our men the instant they should debouch from the cover of the arch. The semicircle promised to be a veritable slaughter-pen. We had brought with us twenty fifty-pound bags of powder, and now set about collecting bricks, wood, and other débris from the demolished outer gate, to serve as a backing for the powder. When all was in readiness, a rush was made and, as we emerged from the protecting archway, the crest of the semicircle became a blaze of light, with its flashing rifles and jingals. Men staggered and fell on every side. An Englishman at my side had the entire top of his head blown off by a crashing iron ball. But never for an instant did our men falter; and, within a briefer space than it takes to tell it, we had placed our powder bags, and backed them with such material as we had been able to collect. The fuse had been lighted, and we had hurried back to cover.

Two, three, five minutes we waited—the fuse had been cut too long, and we feared that something had happened to prevent its ignition. But, just as the suspense was becoming decidedly uncomfortable, the roar came, and before the fragments had ceased to fly we were rushing forward to capture the gateway.

In the thick smoke which covered everything, we found ourselves before barriers that were still upright. These gates were made of heavy teak wood, covered on both sides with thin iron plate, with hinges and bolts of such great thickness, that nothing but gunpowder could shake them. For a moment, we were in despair. We discovered, however, that one of the double gates had been forced in a couple of feet, leaving a space through which a man might pass. It was no time for hesitation. Through the opening we could perceive the arms of the rebels hastening back to the gate. Before half a dozen men were through they were beset by hundreds. Their companions followed to what seemed certain death, and, even after our entire battalion had passed the barrier, the hardest work was yet to come. With our numbers weakened by death and wounds, we began to climb the inner wall, before an enemy that simply



swarmed whenever a foothold made fighting possible. Step by step, we advanced up the inclined passageway which led to the top, forty feet above, both swords and revolvers doing constant duty, until the way was strewn with corpses.

Not fewer than four thousand men were massed over this gateway, and for two hours the conflict was uncertain. But one hundred and twenty-eight of our men remained alive out of our entire force, and of these only twenty-seven were without wounds. During part of the fight, I had been suffering from a shattered thigh-bone, but had, nevertheless, been able to use my revolver. The Tai-Pings fought with desperation, but our Sharp's repeating carbines (the only breech-loaders then known) and Colt's revolvers were deadly.

Once in possession of the gate, a courier was dispatched to Li Adong, notifying him of our success and asking immediate reinforcement, according to the agreement previously made. It seems probable that Li did not credit our news. From midnight until four o'clock courier after courier was dispatched to Li. But the succor, so badly needed, did not come.

Meanwhile the rebels were able to size up our force, and, Li failing to appear, they determined to recapture the gate before daylight and the arrival of reinforcements. We were now in an extremely hazardous position. The wounded were gathered behind a hastily-constructed breastwork of loose stone and brick, collected from the parapets, and, sitting or lying down, continued to use their firearms with great effect.

By six o'clock in the morning we were reduced to one hundred and twenty effective men, and were in despair when, looking over the wall, in the early light, I perceived the head of Li's column marching to our rescue. The advance of Li was the signal for the rebel retreat and, in a little while, the city was completely in our hands.

Such was the first real battle of what afterwards came to be known as The Ever-Victorious Army. General Ward established his headquarters at the Confucian temple. He little dreamed when we took possession that he had found both a home and a tomb, for it was to this beautiful temple that I was later on to

carry the general's body, and beneath its roof the Imperial Government was to grant it the extraordinary honor of a final resting-place.

We quickly recruited our diminished forces and, as soon as we had become sufficiently strong, General Li fell back to his former position at Quong-Fu-Ling. While we were well organized for battle, we were poorly equipped for what follows, and the great number of our wounded made a hospital and surgical corps a necessity of the highest importance.

Up to this time the English had rather favored the Tai-Pings, and, as we had on our rolls not a few who had been induced, by the high pay and chance of excitement, to escape from the English men-of-war in the Yang-tse-Kiang, it was impossible for us to send our wounded back to Shang-Hai. Upon several occasions the British admiral sent out expeditions of marines to capture British subjects. The viceroy of that time was much under British and French domination, and consented, at their dictation, to the abolition of our force. But action was delayed, and, when a battalion of marines would be sent against us, we received from the viceroy such information as enabled us to move, in time to escape a conflict.

About this time General Li's position was subjected to attack by the rebels, who occupied the strongly fortified city of Sing-Pu. The course pursued by the English officers satisfied us that only renewed victories would give us the continued support of the Imperial Chinese Government and in consequence action became imperative.

Accordingly, about the first of August, 1860, we moved forward, and fell suddenly upon one of the least defended walls of Sing-Pu, succeeding in capturing the gate. But the rebels had also organized a foreign force, and, our expected reinforcements failing to arrive, we were driven back with great slaughter, this time General Ward being shot through both cheeks.

Two weeks later, while Ward was still suffering severely from his wounds, he ordered another advance on Sing-Pu. This time Li Adong and his ten thousand troops were a part of the command. But meanwhile the rebels had poured reinforcements of fifty thousand



troops into Sing-Pu, and we were not only met with a determined resistance, but pursued, in our retreat of seventy-two miles, night and day, until the walls of Sung-Kiang were reached. Li Adong's force had been cut to pieces, and when, on the evening of the second day, we stood before the west gate of the city, it was only the sortie of the home garrison which enabled us to pass through in safety.

General Ward's wounds had thrown upon me the conduct of this expedition, and I returned in a very disconsolate mood. The fierce pursuit of the enemy made it necessary to burn the west and south suburbs of Sung-Kiang—suburbs including a larger area and containing more people, than the city itself.

Scarcely were we within the walls than we were called upon to man the parapets against a fierce attack. For two weeks we were in the midst of alarms, night and day. Time after time, the rebel forces threw themselves against our walls in columns, with scaling ladders, after first subjecting us to a fierce artillery fire. Day after day, and night after night, we dragged ourselves wearily to repel attack. The Englishmen among the Tai-Pings were the source of our worst danger. Finally, Captain Savage, who was in command of this contingent, having been killed in one of the night attacks, the rebels began a retreat toward Han-Chow, after a loss nearly five times greater than was ours at Sing-Pu.

Having repaired damages to the fortifications and provided for our wounded, General Ward now determined, after a council of war, to begin the organization of his force on a new plan. Having occasion to visit Shang-Hai, with reference to the care of his wounded, a British patrol marched to his quarters and arrested him under the charge of recruiting Englishmen for service in the Imperial army. The American Consul-General having refused to try Ward—the latter had declared himself a Chinese subject—Admiral Sir James Hope carried Ward on board his flagship and placed him in close confinement. The situation had become critical. There seemed no hope of release or even of trial. The arrest had been an arbitrary one and the physical power was in the hands of the admiral. The only

hope seemed to lie in the direction of escape from the flagship. A friend of Ward's, who afterwards became an officer in The Ever-Victorious Army, arranged a plan of flight. While visiting his friend, he obtained the exact time of the clock in the cabin in which Ward was confined and promised to be in a sampan, under the ship's windows, at a certain hour of the night. When the exact minute had arrived, Ward made a dash for the window and jumped through the sash (the windows of the old-fashioned men-of-war do not resemble those of our modern ships). No sooner was he in the water than he was dragged aboard the sampan and, without a moment's delay, the latter was driven swiftly off into the darkness. This was before search-lights on a man-of-war were even dreamed of, and by the time the man-of-war's boats were ready the sampan had reached the Pu-Tung side of the river, opposite the French settlement, where Ward remained concealed for twenty-four hours, subsequently escaping to Sung-Kiang by way of the Wampoa river. While Ward was confined in the flagship, a considerable force of English marines and sailors had been dispatched against my command. Fearing that they would soon arrive, I put the mud forts which we were occupying—about a mile east of Sung-Kiang—in the best possible state of defense, and then sent word that I would defend my position at all hazards. The British, about eight hundred in number, marched entirely around our fort and, without firing even so much as a volley, returned to their ships. Within a brief time a letter came from Admiral Sir James Hope, offering safe conduct to General Ward, Colonel Burgevine and myself if we would come down to the flagship for a conference.

This meeting was destined to have a most important bearing on the future of the Tai-Ping rebellion. The British admiral was brought around to a new view of foreign interference with the Tai-Pings. We gave assurances that we would no longer recruit our army from his man-of-war's-men and the admiral promised to exert all possible influence with the British Minister at Peking, and with the Home Government. From that day Admiral Hope became our strong friend and rendered us service whenever it was possible.

*(Continued in November issue.)*

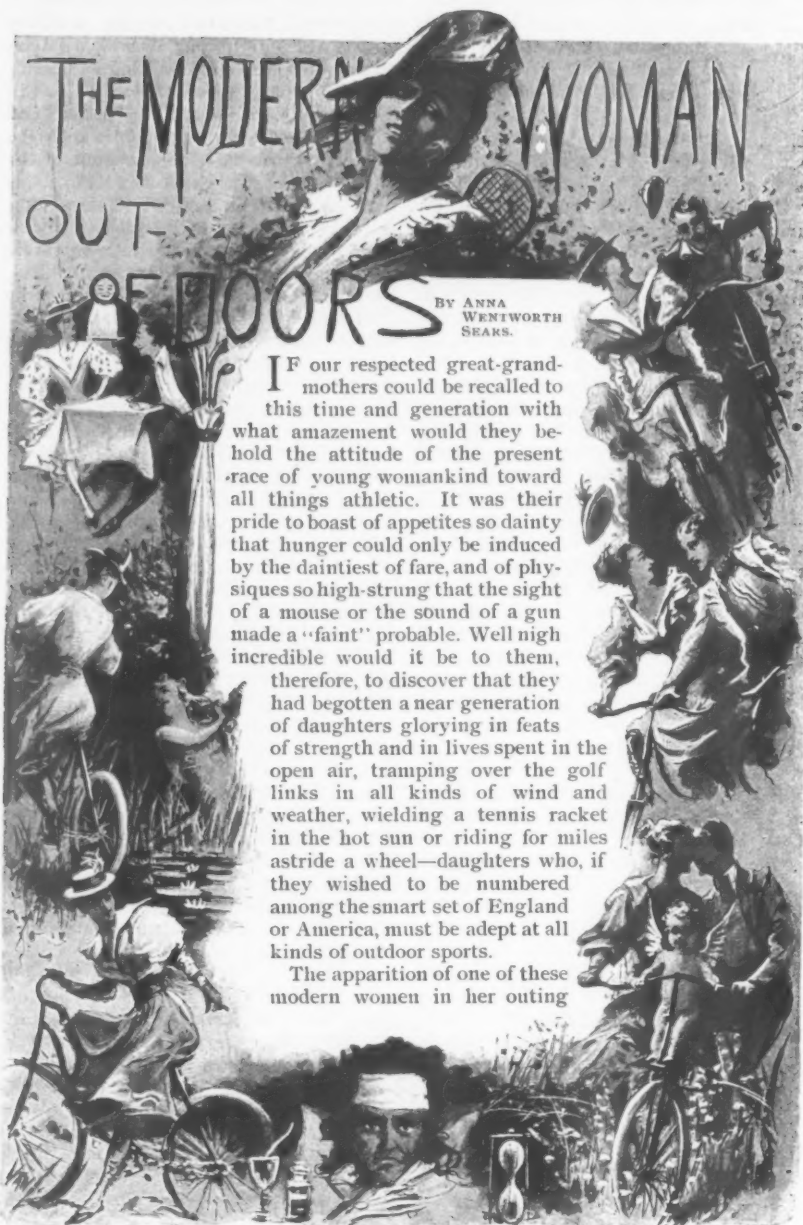


# THE MODERN WOMAN OUT OF DOORS

BY ANNA  
WENTWORTH  
SEARS.

IF our respected great-grandmothers could be recalled to this time and generation with what amazement would they behold the attitude of the present race of young womankind toward all things athletic. It was their pride to boast of appetites so dainty that hunger could only be induced by the daintiest of fare, and of physiques so high-strung that the sight of a mouse or the sound of a gun made a "faint" probable. Well nigh incredible would it be to them, therefore, to discover that they had begotten a near generation of daughters glorying in feats of strength and in lives spent in the open air, tramping over the golf links in all kinds of wind and weather, wielding a tennis racket in the hot sun or riding for miles astride a wheel—daughters who, if they wished to be numbered among the smart set of England or America, must be adept at all kinds of outdoor sports.

The apparition of one of these modern women in her outing



Drawn by S. W. Van Schatck.



costume of short skirt, shirt waist, thick broad-soled boots and plain sailor hat would add to the wonder of these good ladies, and no doubt at first sight they would sigh for the lost standard of what had once been "ladylike." But they would surely stay to smile on their representative. Under her trim hat they would see a face that is beaming with animation and good health, although the complexion may not be as fair and transparent as was that of the gentlewoman of yore. Her feet also may not be as tiny, or her hands as soft and white as theirs, but she runs less danger than they of having pneumonia after a walk in the rain and she is able to handle dexterously whatever implement happens to come in her way.

These revered forebears could not help finding pleasure, too, in the healthfulness that she gives promise of bequeathing to her daughters and granddaughters, as they advance further into the fields of health-giving pursuits that she has started, and further away from the time when small hands, and small feet, and waist line of a few inches circumference were fashionable.

In proof of the change that has come, take for illustration the summer day of a modern woman.

Miss or Madam 1896 rises betimes, for the early morning air is the best of the day for exercise. Before or immediately after her plunge in cold water, she has a few minutes' vigorous practise with a punching bag, in calisthenics, or any kind of exercise that is good for her particular development. If she is to enjoy a canter on her horse, she dons her habit, or, for the ordinary pursuits of the morning, her bicycle and outing costume. From England, or English models, she gets both of these attires, although she takes her fashions for city, house, and evening wear from France. To the outing dress and its details to-day, as to the habit always, the tailor and outfitter give their most careful consideration. The short skirt is hung to perfection. The shirt is fitted so that it is without a crease or wrinkle; its collar and cuffs are starched to just the requisite stiffness, and the style of the plain hat is irreproachable. As she stands attired, from the top of her head, free from stray locks or artificial crimps, to the soles of

her laced russet boots, she is a charming expression of neatness and capability.

Breakfast, which is not too hearty to make exercise after it impossible, being over, the woman of the period is ready for whatever the day has to offer. If she is a matron—and the duties of her household and her family claim her first thought—she will mount her wheel, ride to market and give her orders for the day, stop at the post-office for the morning's mail, and see her good man off on his train to town. Later she comes home and takes her little people for a row or a tramp in the woods, or, perhaps, for a climb and frolic in the apple trees, with no perishable or unwieldy skirts and fixings to hinder. If she has leisure for a morning's pastime, she may ride, with her clubs in a bag slung over her shoulder, to a distant golf links, and land from her bicycle in proper habiliment to take part in the game; or she may play a match or two of tennis. Then on her wheel she rides to the nearest surf or bathing place, for a bath and swim. Here she shows herself no timid, clinging female, but an expert swimmer, and is quite able to buffet the waves without masculine aid. From her bath she returns home to an informal luncheon, where only outing dress is expected. Afterward letters or some necessary mending or sewing may have to be done, to which she gives her attention without change of attire, and is ready later for the sport of the afternoon. A breezy sail may be in order, she being as adept as a man in managing the helm of the small boat and with as little fear of what wind or spray may do with skin or clothes. Perhaps she undertakes a quiet paddle in a canoe instead, or, if the day be passingly cool, she has an hour's practice with the young women's base-ball or cricket team to which she belongs.

As the afternoon wanes, on her wheel she goes to a bicycle tea, some five or ten miles distant, or, on the same conveyance, makes a few calls, stopping on her way back at the railroad station, where her father, brother, or husband joins her and enjoys with her an exhilarating ride, after his day in the hot city. The afternoon tea-table, spread under the trees, awaits them at home. And now she has time for a little rest before dinner.



When she appears at this function a transformation has taken place. She is arrayed in the daintiest of delicate evening gowns, befrilled and beribboned with chiffon and laces galore, and with all the details of her make-up in perfect keeping. Her hair is elaborately arranged. Her slippers are small and of the thinnest kid. There are jewels on her neck. In her hand is a fan and, after all, one discovers that she has not lost one whit of her feminine charm or any of the attributes that have belonged to gentlewomanhood since the world began. She is only the fairer because of her day of vigorous exercise in the open air. Her cheeks are aglow with color. Her spirits are gay with the animation that comes from healthful living, and her mind is clear and ready for sensible converse in the quiet evening.

What of the woman of twenty, fifteen or even fewer years ago? At that time the popularity of the summer hotel and boarding-house was at its height, and she was probably the inmate of some crowded caravansary of fashion at an American summer resort. Arising, she leisurely attired herself in a pretty, flimsy gown, whose stiffness one strong breeze would bring to confusion; color, a few rays of sunshine reduce to a sickly hue, and freshness, a walk in the dust destroy. When she went down to the dining-room, at about ten o'clock, she carried in her hand a work-bag or basket filled with a multitude of sewing utensils, a piece of intricate embroidery, and flosses of all kinds and colors. After breakfast, with a coterie of other women, all eager to rival each other in the amount of work they accomplished and in skill of workmanship, she passed the morning in a corner of the piazza, well shielded from air and light, discussing the affairs of her neighbors. If a sea bath followed, she did not go to it in a glow from recent exercise, but in a kind of bodily torpor, due to the morning's inaction, and, of course, after the encounter with the waves an hour or so of rest on her bed would be necessary.

Another elaborate toilet would be made for the midday meal. After that was over, the sun being too hot for pink and white complexions and fragile physiques, this lady of leisure would spend most of the afternoon in her room, in a lounging

robe, reading a novel. When the sunset hour came and the time of the day when, at last, exercise was pronounced possible, she would take a constitutional on the plank walk in front of the hotel or on the piazzas, clad in a thin evening gown, with no head covering and with her feet in slippers. The wind-up to her day would invariably be an evening dance, for youthful limbs must have relaxation and youthful spirits must have vent somehow, and this would be found in the hot, crowded ball-room, where was the only exercise that she and those of the other sex could join.

Surely, of the two, our modern woman has the best of it, and although we may hail the bicycle as the apostle of the new régime, and the great factor in our enlightenment, it is probable that if the much-extolled wheel had never been heard of, we should have come to our present era of athletic knowledge nevertheless, and should have grown physically wise and righteously strong.

In England, especially, a stranger cannot help being forcibly impressed to-day, by the attention paid to women's athletics and to woman as an athlete. Ladies' golf tournaments, cricket matches, hockey teams, and all the other sports are, relatively, just as important in the eyes of the public as like contests of masculine competitors. Much respect is shown to women's opinions and criticisms on subjects of sport wherein they have knowledge, and they frequently are quoted and consulted. But this is not strange in a country where it has been all parents' duty for some time past, to initiate their small daughters from babyhood into the intricacies of good horsemanship, gunning, hunting, golf playing and all kinds of outdoor sports, as much as their sons of the same age. Nor is it strange in a country where the daughters have had just as careful attention given to their clothing as have the sons, to insure bodily comfort and the best physical development, from the day they both cast off white smocks.

In America, Mrs. Grundy and her followers have taken a longer time than their English sisters to consider the question of women's athletics seriously, but they have come to it at last and they have brought to it great enthusiasm.





*Drawn by Frank H. Schell.*

"A BREEZY SAIL MAY BE IN ORDER."



Perhaps the greatest bond of sympathy that those of the two lands have in common to-day, women no less than men, is their mutual interest in the game of golf.

Far and near and from everywhere, in all places where the English-speaking people have obtained a foothold, we hear of this game that the Scotchman proclaims as his birthright. Yet, at first, one wonders wherein lies its charm, and thinks all the devotion to it, and all the golfing talk a bit silly. But—only at first. Let any person of wholesome interests and well-trained tastes take the golf club in hand and start over the links, whether under careful instruction or "just for fun," and soon the wonder is that life could have been considered endurable when such delights were unknown. On the seashore in sound of the waves, in sweet-smelling upland country, or in low valleys, wherever there are people, there is now a golf course and a golf club. On the snow in winter with red balls, on the windiest of March days, or in the hottest of American Augusts the game is played.

Not the least of its good points is that it has the power of awakening a healthful enthusiasm in the old, as well as the young, of the feminine kind, equally with those of the other sex.

At the great tournament in Hoylake this year, where lady golfers from all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland met to participate in the contest, there were not a few white-haired matrons among the competitors whose intense interest in the game put into the background of their remembrance, for the moment, homes, hearths, children, and even grandchildren.

It is hard to tell what outdoor pastime rivals this one, among the many other games and exercises that are now in vogue with women as well as men. Taking these altogether they might be divided into two classes: those that are played by two opposing sides, each side acting in concert, wherein the success of the game depends on the individual members of the side or team working together, merging their personality into united effort for the good of the whole and being, in thought as well as action, in perfect harmony—such as basket-ball, cricket

and tennis; while belonging to the other class are those in which the individual works independently, and is the only factor in her own success—such as archery, balminton, battledore and shuttlecock, and riding, driving, shooting and wheeling.

Good as are every and all kinds of outdoor exercises for women, those games which are played collectively are, in some ways, the best. They are developers of moral character as well as physical prowess. To be successful in them, a woman has to learn unquestioned obedience to a head or captain, self-effacement for the good of her team, self-control in critical and trying moments, and the ability to think quickly and decisively.

On the other hand, such games as archery are all very well for pure physical development, but are perhaps a trifle conducive to self-conceit. From the days of Diana a woman with a bow and arrow has been a fair sight, and her attitudes and postures, as she indulges in the exercise, calls forth exclamations of admiration from her spectators. The same is true of battledore, and shuttlecock, and other similar games; and whether or no this is the reason for it, such sports are certainly not as popular as those which call for concerted action.

It may strike some a little strangely as yet to hear of girls' cricket, base-ball and hockey, but if they and like games are new to the women of our land they are an old story in England, whence usually comes the initiative in things athletic. From their childhood English girls practise them quite as thoroughly and systematically as the boys, and to-day in England athletics are an important feature of feminine school and college life. Hockey is an especial favorite. The girls play in gymnasium suits on turf or dirt grounds, their game resembling that played by men on ice, their sticks similar to ours, but a trifle shorter and lighter. I recently met, while in England, an Oxford girl, a member of one of the teams, who was studying so hard for the "Greats" that her principal and teachers continually had to hold her back. She had much to say, however, about the big match that she with other Oxford girl students were to play against the Cambridge girls' team. In her room, conspicuous among





Drawn by Irving T. Wiles.

"AND IS QUITE ABLE TO BUFFET THE WAVES WITHOUT MASCULINE AID."



the books of learning, manuscripts and folios, were her hockey costume and sticks. One felt a pleasant confidence that with such a healthful enthusiasm to help her physically and counteract the tax on her brain, she would not break down or develop nervous prostration, even under the severe mental strain she was undergoing in preparing for the hard examinations.

But, while English women are more proficient than those of America in cricket and hockey, we can claim a superiority in the game of basket-ball, which is our own invention and was started in one of our girls' colleges. It is usually

is a game that can be enjoyed by all sorts and conditions of men, does not boast the exclusive patronage of golf, which requires a course that can only be owned by a club or a person of large estates, yet it will always be popular, because it does not require the longer hours demanded by golf. To the woman with many duties the tennis court offers the most effective means of exercise. Every muscle is brought into play, and in one short hour the processes of changing costume, exercising and bathing can all be accomplished. Golf, on the contrary, requires half-days and days.

Turning to those sports which women

indulge in individually, riding suggests itself as the first and most lasting in popularity. Whatever fashion of exercise and enjoyment out-of-doors may come and go, the horse will hold his own with the women of all lands who are able to command him as a means of pleasure. The wheel takes his place with the masses who have to consider economy. But what true horsewoman would forego her horse for a bicycle, and what bond of union is so strong of its kind as that between her and her steed?



MOUNTAIN CLIMBING ON HORSEBACK.

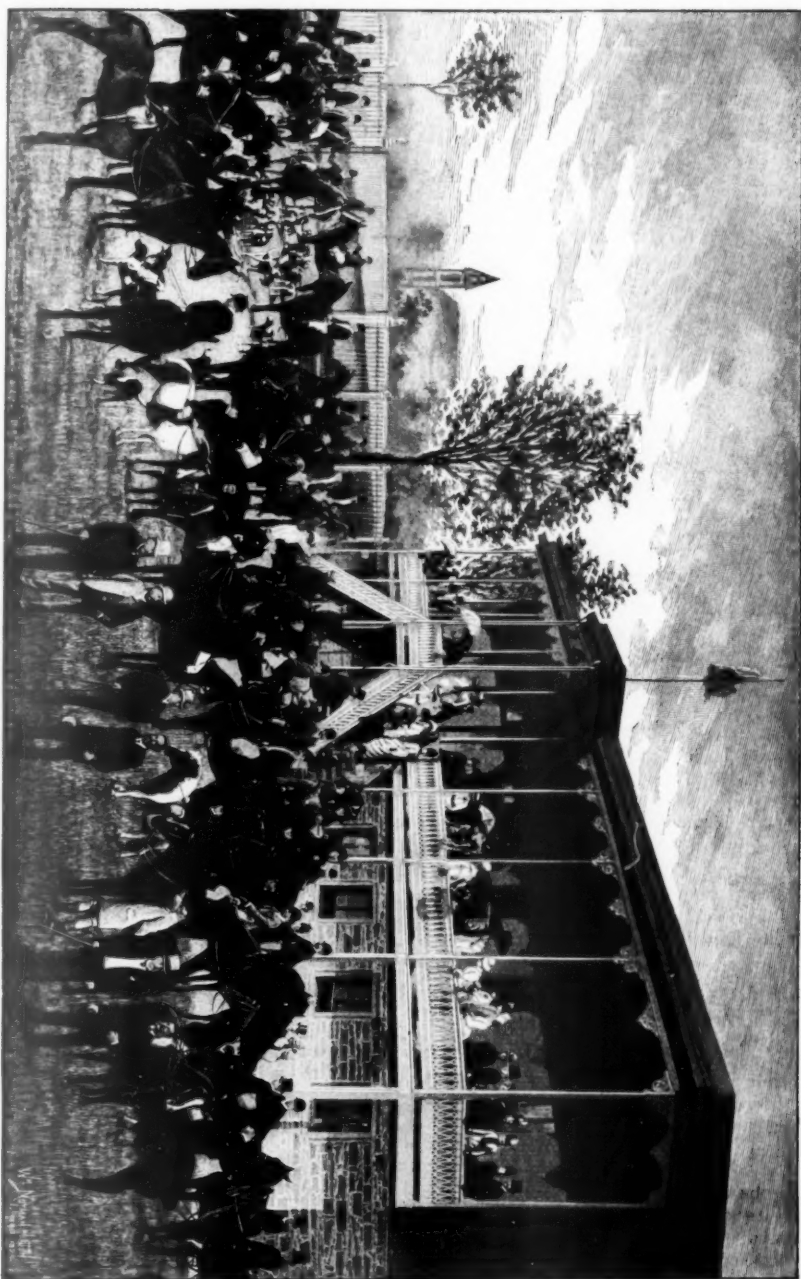
played in a gymnasium and is little known as yet in England, where there is not so much need of a girls' indoor game, the grass and dirt courts being available at almost all times of the year.

Of the same order with these sports is tennis, lately the most popular of outdoor pastimes. Although it has had to yield first place to its successful rival, golf, it still retains a strong hold on the feminine hearts of England and America. There is room on every country place, however small, for a tennis court, and there are many to still proclaim the superiority of the racket and ball. Tennis, because it

English and American women have always taken kindly to the saddle, and hunting has long been reckoned a sport within their sphere.

Equally at home are they with the lines in driving, and we certainly have reason to be proud of some of our girls who are able to handle a four-in-hand as easily as many of the men who are masters of the art. As dexterously can they steer the big horses and heavy coach, or brake, up hill and down, and over winding country roads or around sharp corners, and through crowded city streets, and very prettily do they "catch" the whip and





MEET OF THE MONTREAL HUNTING CLUB.



perform all the frills that belong to such driving.

Small feminine hands seem also to be able to manage a gun or rifle with almost as much facility and skill as those belonging to the other sex. A woman is apt to make a very good shot. She is quick to spy her game, correct in gaging her distance from it, and reasonably sure in her aim.

Deer-stalking is distinctly one of her latest accomplishments, and she promises to become proficient in all kinds of gunning.

On the water as on land, the modern woman is conqueror of most sports. Her ability as a swimmer and diver is taken for granted. Easily does she manage a rowboat or canoe. And where is she more attractive than at the helm of a cat-boat or small yacht, making the craft obey her slightest caprice, her eyes bright with excitement, her cheeks aglow with color and her figure showing to advantage against the background of sky and water?

She is skilful, too, in her use of the fishing-rod, bringing back many a notable record of her catches after a sojourn in the woods; and she is master of the art of skating, it being, at present, one of her distinctions as a woman of parts to be able to do the outer edge, double eights, and curves and figures innumerable. Finally, we come to the one of all her outdoor pursuits and exercises that she most universally indulges in—wheeling.

Rumor asserts that in England, France and America those of the bluest blood and highest social station are discarding their wheels, and, because of their example, bicycling is falling into disfavor. The élite of the land are too apt to meet on a morning spin the butcher and baker, with their wives and daughters, in the Bois, or in Hyde, or Central Park. Clad in costumes similar to their own and on wheels of a like make these virtuous but unaristocratic bicyclists make it impossible for them to find in the exercise the pleasure of exclusiveness or the flavor of originality which gives zest to their sport. It is probable, however, that such criticism will materially affect the popularity of the conveyance that has become as necessary to most of us as our bed and our dinner only

in the eyes of the vulgar minded. Rather is it universally wondered by the present race how they ever lived without the bicycle, and if its vogue as a means of fashionable pastime is on the wane in the cities, in the country, and as a means of locomotion, it was never more in favor.

To jump on it and ride anywhere at any time is as natural now as walking, and so much pleasanter that it is not unsafe to prophesy that, until some as easy and inexpensive individual flying machine is invented, the bicycle will not go out of fashion.

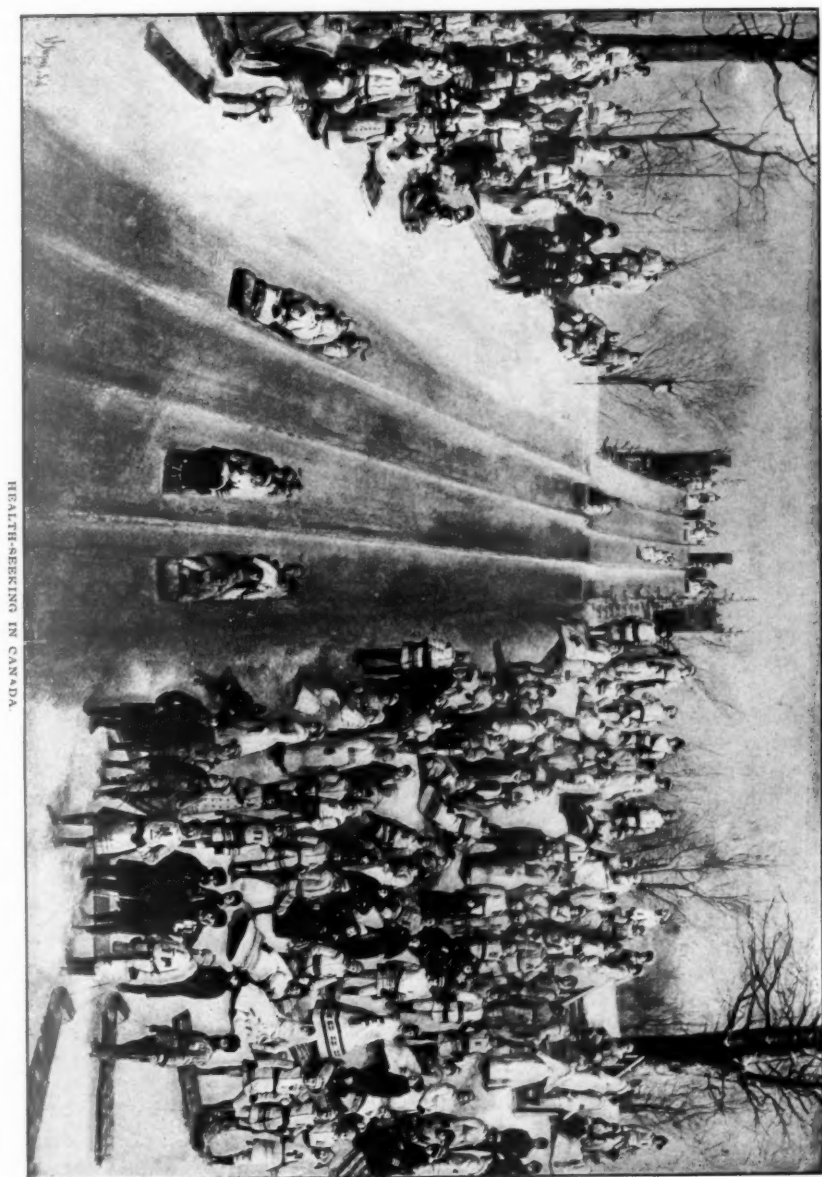
Besides the physical benefit it has brought us, it seems as if we had much reason to be grateful to the wheel when we think of the hundreds of women to whom it has opened a new life—the spinsters, the invalids, and the grandmothers, who now, independent of other peoples' whims and free from galling obligations, are able to join the young people in their outing, excursions, do their own errands and get pleasurable exercise without being beholden to any one.

In addition to the many advantages already mentioned which the present fashion of being athletic has given to the feminine kind, there is one more to add to its list of virtues. Women are attaining and have attained already such a high degree of strength and skill in sport that there is no longer so greatly marked a division in the outdoor pursuits of the two sexes.

A husband who needs a vacation from business care no longer leaves his wife at home and goes off alone with his guides to the woods for hunting and mental relaxation. Every day we hear of a married couple going on some such expedition; the wife properly equipped for the trip with flannel underwear, short flannel skirt and bloomers, flannel shirt and small cap, fitted as well in physique as in wardrobe for what she is undertaking, and quite as often as her husband she brings back trophies of her hunting and fishing.

We do not hear of her only in those civilized settlements of the Adirondacks, where artistic wooden huts, with most of the modern conveniences, bear the name of camp; but in the densest woods of Maine, or in Montana and Colorado, miles from





HEALTH-SEEKING IN CANADA.



any habitation or trace of civilization. Here, like her husband and the guides, she rolls herself up in a blanket at night and sleeps in the open air, if a covering of canvas is not possible, and shares any hardship or privation that comes in her way equally with him.

The modern husband also finds a ready companion in his wife when he wants to start off on a long walking tour or for a climb, even among the Alps, no less than for a bicycle trip through England, France, or wherever there are good roads. Their pleasure in the pastime is mutual, their interest the same and, surely, the tie between them is strengthened and made better because of their joint love of out-door pursuits and healthful sport.

In the same way, the intercourse between men and women to-day, whatever their relationship may be, is of a wholesome kind. They meet now to discuss the things of the field and outing life, and their mutual interest in these things

brings them near to each other in a way that tends to make them wisely acquainted with each other's limitations and capabilities, and to a mutual admiration and respect.

There is, of course, another side to the bright one of the outdoor woman, and there are many to proclaim the evils that have come to womankind with her rage for athletics.

But no one who gives serious thought to the matter can, for a moment, believe that the harm which may result to her from her present indulgence in physical exercise outweighs the good. Nor can one believe that the delight that women take to-day in being strong and healthful is a passing fad of the moment. A fashion which is conducive to the mental and moral, as well as physical, development of its devotees is one that is likely to endure, and it should receive from all well-wishers of mankind everywhere encouragement and approval.







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"MUSICAL REVERIE"

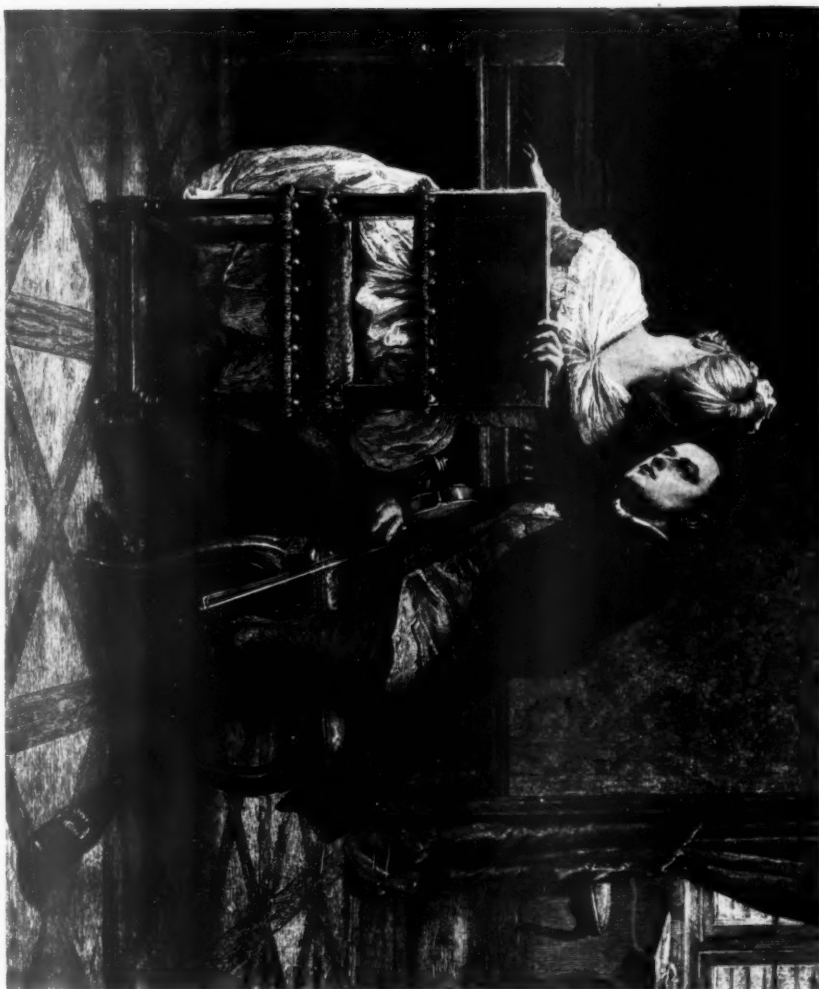




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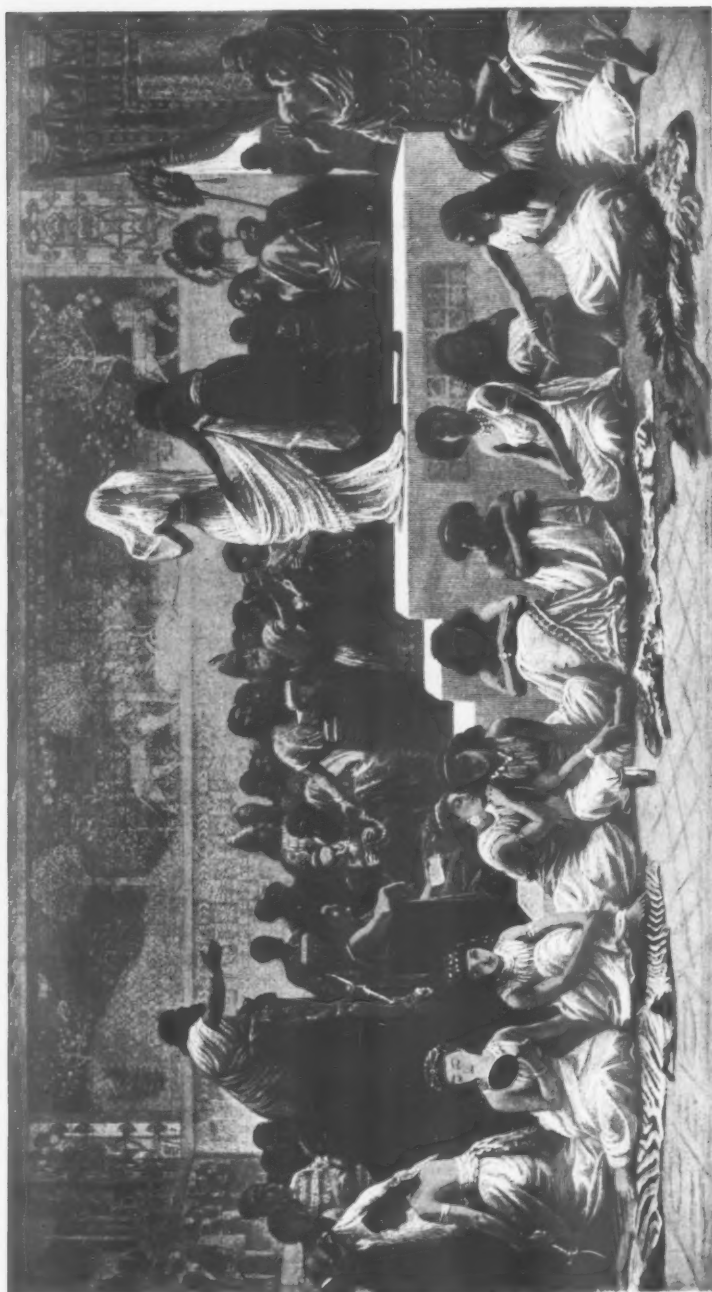
"THE BOY JOSEPH."





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"THE PRELUDE," BY R. POTTZELBERGER.





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"THE MARRIAGE MARKET," BY EDWIN LONG.



## THE TRUE HISTORY OF OUR COOKS.

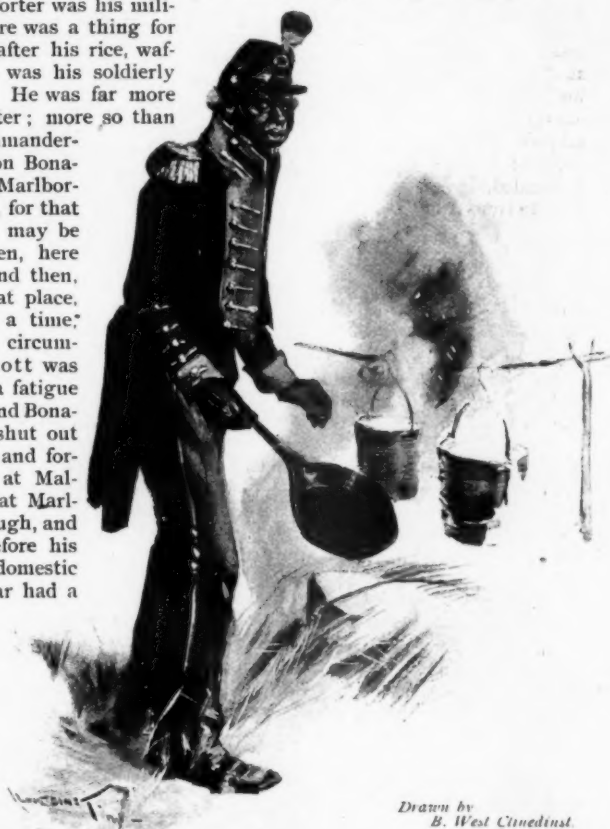
BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

### OLD PORTER.

THE first cook that I ever remember was a family inheritance and a family institution. He was then known as "Old Porter," and has ever since been so called, and he would be hoary, indeed, in antiquity if he were still alive—but he isn't. He was forty years my grandfather's culinary attaché. I use the title advisedly, for my grandfather was the colonel of a regiment of regulars, and served in half the states of the Union. I might say that Old Porter was his military attaché, for if there was a thing for which he was noted—after his rice, waffles, and fruit-cake—it was his soldierly bearing and manner. He was far more military than his master; more so than General Scott, the commander-in-chief; than Napoleon Bonaparte, or the Duke of Marlborough, or Julius Cæsar, for that matter. For all these may be supposed to have been, here and there, and now and then, civilians in this or that place, or for such and such a time; under such and such circumstances. General Scott was very glad to get into a fatigue jacket when off duty, and Bonaparte was thankful to shut out the sound of a drum, and forget all about battles at Malmaison. We know that Marlborough was meek enough, and quailed—in "cites" before his stormy duchess—in a domestic tête-à-tête. And Cæsar had a civic side to his character, and was not always crossing the Rubicon.

But Porter, from the cradle to the grave, was more warlike than the great god Mars. The world for him consisted of "de army" and a few

insignificant outsiders, beneath contempt, and he painted it red, with himself for its central figure in a blaze of red and gold. For, much as he admired, and revered, and imitated all the officers of the army in due rank (and he was a tremendous stickler for rank), he was fully persuaded in his own mind that he was the head and front of the military forces of the United States. As a young man he wore the ordinary uniform of the common soldiers. To this he added, year by year, and step by step, the insignia of a corporal, sergeant, ser-



Drawn by  
B. West Cinedinst.

"OLD PORTER."



geant-major, lieutenant, captain, major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel. He died a full general. He promoted himself—sometimes for a field dinner, when everything he had prepared had been highly praised and enjoyed by “de quality,” sometimes after a certain term of years. I can see him now, with his erect figure, so erect that he always looked as if he were about to topple over backwards, his shabby uniform, his high stock, his tuft of gray hair, and his jaunty forage-cap, tightly strapped on his head, very much on one side. He wore this cap by day and by night, so far as I know. His coat was never unbuttoned. He scorned to lean back in a chair. He presided with solemn official pomp, in severe silence generally, over his pots and pans. He stabbed his chickens and trussed his turkeys with melodramatic intensity of action. He whipped his eggs as if they had been his enemies, and used his forks as if they were drumsticks in so doing. He marched up and down his kitchen with his hands touching the seam of his trousers, as the regulations demanded, and did his goose-step, from time to time, when there was a lull in his culinary procession.

He would make the rounds of our table, reproving our conduct as children in the most characteristic manner. “Take your elbows off de table! Hol’ up yer head, chile—pokin’ down like dat! You ain’t never said ‘thanky,’ you ain’t. Look here! Do you call dat de ‘haviour of orsifers and gen’nmen? Say! Manners gwine carry you furdur ‘n money in dis world. You’ll be reduced to de ranks and git your straps cut off, shore, ef you keep on wid dat foolishness! Shoes not blacked! You ain’t fit to be a quartermaster’s orderly, boy, ‘n if your pa don’t take de strap to you soon, I’s gwine warm you good. Does yer hear me? Dere goes ‘Boots in Saddle,’ and look at you! You ought to be in de guard-house. You’s disgracin’ me, and your pa, and de army. De army—you hear! I brung you up right, but you don’t stay fotched up. Don’t you come stealin’ butter-cakes under my stove no more or I’ll report you to de co’l-commanding myself, and git you drummed out er dis garrison wid de ‘Rogue’s March,’ see ef I don’t.” These were some of his complaints.

When we went to walk it was: “Keep

step, honey. My gracious me, honey! Don’t you let de major see you miratin’ ‘long dere like a lame duck! Keep step! Look at me! You don’t never see me going ‘long kerslouch like dat, and I’s a ole man, too.”

At night it was: “Lay down straight, chile, and stick your feet down straight—dat’s de way I does. I don’t flop round and roll about, and kick off de kiver dat er way. I lays still, li’es I was gwine be buried, and dey was carryin’ me ‘long on a gun-carriage. Soldiers don’t sleep like dat. Wha’ would de general say if he seed you? Hainh?”

When we mounted a horse it was: “Charley, I never see nobody in our family set on a horse dat way! You ain’t never gwine belong to de cavalry, you ain’t—nor de rengineers needer; you better git off dat mare, and git back in de baggage-wagons wid de washwomen and babies. You ain’t never gwine be no soldier on top of dis earth. You let me git on her back, and I’ll show you how de cavalry rides.”

I and my six brothers were “fotch up” by uncle Porter, and it would be impossible to give any idea of the weight his opinions carried, emphasized by that of the stick he habitually sported, in lieu of a sword. We played jokes on the colonel, we laughed at the major, we scoffed at captains, and derided even the drum-major, and we were by no means model sons to a model father, as children at least. But we were wax in Old Porter’s hands for years, and thought he knew more about military matters than “any man in the service”—than even “the general.” I don’t know, to this day, what general. I can vividly recall though the thrill of gratification that went through me one day, when Old Porter told me that I looked the soldier all over, and he “reckoned I’d be in command of de regiment yet, ‘fore I died.”

Every Sunday he dressed himself in his best for “inspection,” and slipped off to the parade ground to be present at it. His only amusement consisted in trying to play the fife, with such awful results that my father at last repeatedly confined him in the guard-house, until he promised never to offend in that way again.

I used to visit him there, and he would say: “Look here, honey. You run ‘long



home quick, and git your ma to cry me out er here, and I'll make you a big batch er tea-cakes, wid reasons in 'em, for your supper."

He usually called my mother "de colonel's lady," and claimed for her what she never dreamed of claiming for herself, precedence over every other lady in the garrison; and on being released he always sought her out, and, coming to "attention," would salute and ask for "orders," with great stiffness and ceremony. I think he felt that the army had been molded in his person.

His greatest mortification was the marriage of my sister Kate to what he called "one er dem slyvillyuns wha' never followed a drum, nor smelt powder in all dey born days; and Miss Kate, like all my family, born and brung up in de army."

His only weakness was an undue liking for strong drink. "Do you jes' slips in dere, and pour me out a little drop out your pa's bottle in de sideboard, and don' say nothin', honey. It's for dis misery in my side. I got to have it, ef I'm broke for it, and has to leave de army," paved the way for my first and blackest crime as a child, and it was my mother who, noticing how red and pale I got whenever spirits of any kind were mentioned, coaxed me into making full confession.

Poor Old Porter, when he felt that he was dying, struggled into his best uniform, laid himself out, as it were, on his military camp bedstead, and asked for my father. "Colonel," he said, "don' let 'em bury me like a slyvillyun; don', sir. I done serve you faithful fifty-six years, and now it's mos' time fur 'taps.' Kyarn' I have de band, and de flag, and de salute, sir?"

My father, who loved him, said: "You shall have all I expect to when I die, Porter. I promise you that."

"You'se shore er dat?" asked Old Porter. "You'se shore, sir?"

"I give you my word I will," said my father. And Old Porter, who knew what the word of an officer and a gentleman was, turned over, sighing, "Thank you, master," and died content.

And if ever a mortal spirit enjoyed its funeral obsequies, Old Porter's was that spirit, for his peculiarities were as well known as his pancakes in the service, and officers and soldiers alike, at Fort Gibson,

took pleasure in burying him with all the pomp and circumstance that the garrison could boast.

#### FILOMENA.

When I retired from the army, on half-pay, I established myself in the country, in Maryland, five miles from a lemon, in accordance with a long-cherished belief that for independence, comfort, and cheapness there was nothing like it. Of this delusion I will say nothing here, except that it *was* a delusion. To live in the country is to be dependent upon all your neighbors for twenty miles around; it is to lack all the comforts of modern civilization; and it is a luxury that only millionaires can really afford. The only thing to be said for it is that you can get everything you want in the nearest town, and are as sure of fresh air and exercise as a postman, for you spend all your time doing that identical thing—as a parcels express company—without either thanks or remuneration. Bullied for going, bullied for staying, damned with faint praise for thirty-eight counts of a long memorandum daily, and reviled shamefully for the thirty-ninth, which you have forgotten, or neglected—generally, coal-oil or the baby's canned milk, without which the world cannot turn on its axis. Well, experience is a thing for which we all pay; and I must say that I think my wife suffered more than any of us in the realization of what had long been an idyllic dream of peace, plenty, paradise—in Calvert county, where she was born. For if ever there was a woman who worshiped her Lares and Penates, and whose every fiber is that of a housewife and mother, it is Maria Barbara. And if ever a woman underwent domestic martyrdom to slow music, it was my wife during the first six years after taking possession of The Larches.

The avenue was beautiful; the house colonial, and human, and picturesque; the ice-house and outbuildings in excellent repair; the outlying fields and mountains a joy forever; the hall was wainscoted in old oak, and our garden was terraced and full of "old-fashioned darlings," Barbara said, in the way of flowers. The well was full of delicious water, and its being a quarter of a mile



from the house was at first quite tolerable, though it eventually became the worst feature of slavery. Our furniture and pictures, which were ancient, artistic, and long-stored in city warehouses, ravished our eyes and witched our senses when unpacked and arranged in our new home.

But what is the use of any or all of these things, if a house lacks the very foundation-stone on which everything else in the way of domestic security and happiness depends—I allude to *servants*. To have, to keep, to train servants became the business of our lives, and we soon found that we had opened an industrial school at The Larches that we could have conducted far more economically and agreeably in any town. For servants came and servants went. They "hated the country," they told us, and wound up by making us hate it, too. Did we have guests, was the weather bitter or broiling, was anybody ill, was it Christmas, or Easter, or Fourth of July, or General Lee's birthday, or Saint Patrick's day—Saint Bobbio's feast or Saint Jingo's fast—they all left, invariably; and we kept but three—and that in "fly-away-Jack" and "come-again-Jill" fashion—though a kinder mistress and more abject master never went into service, I am confident. Our domestic experiments and failures would fill a book, and our station-master was entirely accustomed to see me driving them to and from Pineville, in trembling hope or dull despair.

When we had successively tried nine Africans, of various degrees of entirely chronic dishonesty and congenital incapacity, my wife got pale—and dangerous. "John," she said, "I can't stand it. The fence and part of the coach-house are burnt up, and one of the kitchen chairs. Milly's diamond brooch is gone, and three of my apostle-spoons. And the pantry and refrigerator have not been scrubbed for a week. You must go to New York and get me a cook. I don't care what she is, so that she is a clean, neat creature and can *cook*."

I heard, I agreed and I obeyed. The next day found me down at Castle Garden, looking for a newly-arrived, perfectly-uncontaminated, foreign female sojourner, who would consent to come to the country, and could prepare three civilized meals per diem for a small, appreciative,

and indulgent household, paying its wages every Saturday and asking as little as could be expected of any household in the world.

My wife's sister had been inflaming her mind for some time previously about "the perfect treasures of creatures to be got at Castle Garden" before the gifted, guileless emigrant "knows what this country is like;" and though I by no means approved of the plan, for a good many reasons, I am a soldier and I obeyed orders. A civil official showed me into a big room, heaped high with bundles, babies, bird-cages, impedimenta of every kind, and I slowly passed in review a long row of women, old, young, thin, stout, ugly, "sinful ordinary," as they say in Wiltshire; comely, but most of them so painfully unattractive to an eye cultivated by about twenty pretty sweethearts, a lovely wife, and two handsome sisters, I may say, that it was only natural in me to pause before the prettiest woman present, and proceed to cross-question her as if she were a criminal in the dock. She was a stunner!—lovely!—a perfect beauty!—I may as well admit it—an Italian, of the type one so often sees in artists' studios; her face a perfect oval; her eyes dark, soft, melting, lustrous; her brows delicate and decisive; her figure somewhat marred by embonpoint, but still handsome. With an effort I recalled my wife's minute instructions, and I promptly got out my best Ollendorff Italian, and made the best use I could of it. It elicited certain facts: Her name was Filomena Rionbius Tedusco, and it was worth the journey to hear her say so in a voice of gold, steeped in a sea of honey. She could cook? "Ah, sì! anything." Soups? "Ah, sì!" Fish? "Ah, sì!" Bread? "Ah, sì! bread that seemed milk for slipping down the throat." Puddings? "Of the most excellent." References? "Housemaid at the Hotel de Roma three years and sister to the landlord; two years at Civita Vecchia, in the Restaurant Imperiale, ah, sì!"—everywhere coveted, and beloved, and respected. Go to the country? "Ah, sì! What so beautiful? She loved it as her soul—was she not born on the shores of Como?—cities were infamous places, fit only for dogs, and thieves, and Englishmen." Friends in this country? "Only the Madonna and



the holy angels, ah, si! Had I a family? It was better the illustrious gentleman should—there were vile tongues that would take Filomena, the lily of Como, and drag her through the gutter, for a word—a smile." With each long drawn out "Ah, si," she got more and more irresistible, and she ran through the whole gamut of eloquent emotion and action with enchanting grace and vivacity as she gave these details, her smiles, nods, frowns, scowls, sighs, tears, chasing each other in swift alternation across her beautiful face, and making their impression ever more and more deep upon my too-susceptible heart. I engaged her, after about ten minutes of Ollendorff, and pantomime, and pretty speeches. I looked up her luggage, called a cab and we were off. I say nothing of the journey, except that Filomena was modesty and propriety personified, and I inwardly congratulated myself upon my success. I had telegraphed Barbara, and she was waiting to receive her at the station.

"John," she said, after a hasty kiss, "she's a raving beauty, but can she *cook*?"

Before I could reply, Filomena advanced, she caught my wife's hand and kissed it. She courtessed to the ground, with a kind of sad, foreign grace, and kissed it again. She lifted a radiant, laughing countenance that seemed that of another woman altogether, and said: "Well-good-all rraight-go ahead-never mind" in a breath. And we laughed, and bore our treasure off to The Larches.

Ecstatic exclamations reached me

from the back seat about the sky, the view, the sunset, and I turned to see Filomena's superb eyes eloquent with emotion. It was not until my wife said, "Perhaps I had better take the reins," with intention, that I gave my attention to the familiar landscape before me and Mazeppa (our tame old sorrel), for, though Barbara's temper is good, she is sometimes—well, not amusing.

When we reached the gate, Filomena



Drawn by  
B. West  
Clinedinst.

"I SLOWLY PASSED IN REVIEW A LONG LINE OF WOMEN."



scrambled down and opened it, with a profound reverence and infinite grace. We entered the house, and she was duly installed and received her instructions—my wife telling me plainly that that was *her* affair, thus dispensing with me and Ollendorff with the utmost decision, though, as she did not know a word of Italian, I have no idea how she managed it.

Next morning I slept late—was aroused, indeed, by Downing's crying out: "Look at 'er, ma'm. Whatever 'ave we got 'old of *now*?" (Downing is my wife's old English nurse.) I sprang from the bed and joined the group eagerly peering from the window, consisting of Barbara and my two girls and the nurse. And what I saw was Filomena driving home the cow from the pasture; but this statement of the case is much too bald and bare to convey any idea of the situation. The morning was a lovely one in June, and the sight before me was worthy of Claude Lorraine's pencil. For Filomena had risen with the larks, had dressed herself all in white, and gone in search of our Buttercup; and had evidently dallied in the meadows—where she had strayed—some time, for she had made a beautiful thick wreath of daisies and hung it around the cow's neck, had put a posy in her belt and another in her hair, where it showed to the greatest advantage against a wealth of dark tresses, and was now coming around the circle, leading her prize, and singing the shadow song in "Dinorah," in a voice of such great compass, brilliancy, and sweetness, that it would have made her fortune on the stage. It reminded me then, and ever after, indeed, of Patti's, and only Mary Anderson, as Perdita, ever looked so beautiful.

Amidst a grand, disapproving chorus of "Good gracious! did you ever see anything like her?" and "Oh! ma'm! she'll never do!" and "Got up like that! A cook!—and it is nearly breakfast time!" and "Daisies on a cow!" I alone kept silence; and was still looking, listening, and, I confess, admiring, when the voice of my heart's idol, my soul's treasure—I allude to Mrs. Pepper—was heard, saying: "John, are you going to stand there all day by an open window, with your throat, or are you going back to bed? It is high time that you dressed for breakfast."

I understood. I dressed for breakfast. I descended the stairs in a state of good-humored expectation of nice things to come. I found the fair Filomena in the dining-room, demurely waiting for the arrival of the family. She saluted me with a shower of soft sibilants, displaying the loveliest set of teeth I ever beheld, clasped her tray to her heart, and, looking down, left me gazing at her long eyelashes, dropped upon a rose-petal of a cheek. "That eye is in itself a soul," I thought, and I approached Filomena with a malediction upon Ollendorff, who had only taught me to ask: "Where is the hat of the cousin of the butcher's brother's father," instead of giving me something, anything, to say to an enchanting Italian cuisinière. I heard a step behind me, and got no further than "Ahem!"

"John," said Mrs. Pepper severely, from the door, "have you rung the bell for *prayers*?"

I had to confess that I had forgotten all my usual duties in the next five minutes. I had not opened the door leading into the conservatory; I had not shifted the ventilators into place; I had not wound the clock; I had not made Barbara's one piece of toast, as had been my custom ever since our marriage. I actually felt myself blushing as I took my seat, and heard Mrs. Pepper say with hauteur: "*I* will say grace;" as if I represented pollution and she religion, in consequence of my scandalous admiration for a hireling.

For, though nothing had been said of the kind, we both understood beauty's distinctive effect upon the most cast-iron male military principles. I immediately offered to make two, five, a *dozen* pieces of toast, of course; and Filomena stood about in Botticelli attitudes, or darted forward with imploring little cries of tenderness and supplication, offering this or that to the padrona. But it was no use: my wife ate nothing. And I could not blame her, for there was nothing to eat. The coffee was abominable. The mackerel had not been soaked overnight, and was swimming in vinegar; of the tomatoes she had made a fearful and wonderful dish, liberally seasoned with nutmeg. She had made some little short-cakes that were considerably heavier than lead. But the poor girl had gathered a dish of straw-





B. WEST CLINEDINST -

Drawn by  
B. West Clinedinst.

"HER NAME WAS FILOMENA RIOMBIUS TEDUSCO."



berries, and had framed them in leaves and moss most artistically. She had printed the butter and served it in a pyramid decked with cowslips and daisies. She had put a flower on my plate and one on my wife's. She was all deference, and devotion, and volubility. She had boiled the eggs two hours, but could not get them soft, as the padrona had commanded. She had not been able to find any wine, look where she would, and she had said, "How now can the illustrious lady breakfast without wine, and never a flask to be seen from garret to cellar," though she had invoked the saints to help her find it. In short, she had done her very best, and, bad as it was, I felt sorry for her and said so when she left the room.

"John," said Mrs. Pepper, "you are an idiot. She a *cook*! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Horrid, messy stuff, there is no knowing *what* is in it! I am perfectly *disgusted*." She had been making dabs at the tomatoes, and peering at the fish.

"Oh! she is not used to your ways—she'll do better at dinner, I am sure. *You* can teach her anything," I remarked. And then my masculine idiocy came in and I added: "It is breakfast enough to look at her almost." Up rose Mrs. Pepper with decision, tomatoes in hand, and, going to the window, she threw the contents of the dish out of it. I grieve to say it, but it is true. My wife had completely lost her temper. I was smoothing her down and buttering her up, as well as I could, when Filomena returned.

"Ah! We had liked the tomatoes. Ah! how good! She had laid awake thinking how she would gratify us with that delicious dish—excellent for the digestion, admirable for the complexion, and commended of 'Il Galantuomo,' who always ordered it for his royal birthday."

An unpleasant meal altogether, but, when it was over, I speedily forgot it in a good cigar and the newspaper of three days before—all our papers were that old at The Larches; and our topics of conversation, jokes, butter, and meats are far more venerable. I had forgotten Filomena, too, being absorbed in a nasty political attack, when I heard a sound as of sobs, wails. Could Mrs. Pepper be in hysterics? I rose, and proceeded to tread delicately, I

can tell you, for it is when she has hysterics that Mrs. Pepper is—well, not amusing. But the sounds proceeded from the kitchen. I went to the kitchen, impelled, I protest, *only* by my humanitarian instincts. I found there a Niobe—a grief-stricken, utterly crushed, ideally mournful and miserable creature, a thousand times more lovely in woe than in joy. It was Filomena. What could I do? I am a man, and not a monster. I appeal to the American public. What could I do? I feel sure that I shall have the moral support of the country when I say that I questioned her, that I found she had come upon the tomatoes of her heart and hopes ignominiously reposing on the ground under the window, and was weeping over them in a way to distract Houdon's Washington. I understood, without Ollendorff's assistance. I sympathized even, I may say, and, as chance would have it, I was, in the ardor of that sympathy, trying to lift the inconsolable fair from the ground when—Mrs. Pepper came in. I draw a veil over what followed. The connubial proprieties demand it. Of course, I was perfectly right and equally, of course, I was put completely in the wrong. Every benedict understands how this is done. Suffice it to say that for three days Mrs. Pepper was—well, not amusing; and I kept myself to myself in the study. My amiable prophecy was not fulfilled, however. Dinner was worse than breakfast; tea than dinner.

As time went on my wife taught Filomena something. And no human being was ever more willing to do anything, everything, and learn to do it according to the will, or way, of another. Passing by the open door, I would see Mrs. Pepper standing over her with a cook-book, every inch the mistress, and Filomena all subjection and attention. "Take ten lemons," Mrs. Pepper would read—"lemons—*limons*, you understand—"

"Ah, si!" Filomena added, holding up ten fingers, and making an imaginary lemon, her face sparkling with sympathy and intelligence.

"Put them in a small jug of hot water," Mrs. Pepper would read.

"Jorg? *Jorg*?" Filomena inquired.

"*Jug*. Don't you know what a jug is? Pitcher—pitcher, small pitcher," Mrs.



Pepper explained impatiently. "There's one on the dresser."

"Jorg! Peechah! Madonna mia! *the lingua!*" sighed Filomena, with an upward glance that made me vibrate, I confess it. She was the loveliest woman I ever saw.

"Beat nine eggs, separating the yolks from the whites," perused Mrs. Pepper. And I left them hard at it.

No one who doesn't know at least five foreign languages ought to dream of attempting to manage an American household. But Mrs. Pepper is clever, is persevering, and certainly, as I have said, taught Filomena *something*. But she had a soul above pots and pans, and "her range was not the kitchen range" at all. She was the nine muses and the three graces. But she was not a cook. I own it with regret.

We found that she sketched very prettily; she embroidered exquisitely; she sang most of the principal arias from about twenty-one operas delightfully, having lived in Milan and the pigeoniere of La Scala. But an omelet was for her an impossibility. Every night she came, candle in hand, to wish us good night—"a felicitous night," rather, "and happy dreams," and "sweet repose," and then she would courtesy and retire—a *poem*. The lamplight on her face brought out all its flower-like beauty. And she was so soft, so ductile, so willing, loving, humble, obedient, that even my wife softened to her a little—especially when she had discharged her.

For Mrs. Pepper took up ideas. She said "I was not the man she had taken me for," the day I went to the kitchen for my own shaving water. She said "she believed I couldn't get a toothpick, except from the wood *under the kitchen stove*." She said that Filomena's being "stout" (not that she *was* stout) was at the bottom of my thinking other people too thin"—i. e., herself. In short, I grieve to say that Mrs. Pepper was jealous—unreasonably, absurdly jealous.

In two months the fiat went forth—Filomena was sent packing, without notice. I gave her a fiver, for I felt she was not in fault, and hoped we'd meet again.

"Ah, si!" she said, and I vow there were tears in her eyes. I've never heard

anything of her since, except that she went to France and died there. My informant said it was consumption. Poor Filomena!

#### MISS MARGARET.

After Filomena's departure, we fell back upon Downing for six weeks. She is always our stand-by, and stop-gap, and connecting link; three parts utter devotion, and the fourth—epilepsy! When she falls into the fire three times in one week, we always, in the language of the campus, "hustle"—it is the coal on the back of the tortoise—for she makes us most comfortable, and would reign in perpetuity in the kitchen if her health permitted, having a perfect genius for every kind of domestic work, apparently. In these intervals, we all say, admiringly, ten times a day: "There's nobody like Downing." And when she retires it is only as a cabinet minister does in her native land, to sit on the opposition benches and wait until Mrs. Pepper, as queen paramount, implores her to save the country by returning to office. We all feel that life would be worth living, if she were only young enough and strong enough to stay there, but we know that is impossible, and try to be considerate. Having lived with my wife's family for forty years, Downing only regards me as a kind of Prince Consort, and, in that capacity only, receives my orders and supplies my wants. Sometimes I find this rather annoying; but, as a rule, I submit to it meekly enough, having learned that some such price must always be paid for an attached and faithful family servant, and knowing that I can send Downing flying any day in the week if I choose to exert my authority. My brushes went unwashed, my collars were insufferably limp, and I never had enough towels during Filomena's brief reign, and by these signs and tokens I knew that Downing shared the absurd delusion under which her mistress labored, for it was her duty to look after my needs. And feeling myself generally misunderstood and in Coventry, I eliminated myself from household affairs and devoted myself to my important work, "The Small Arms of Great Nations," until Mrs. Pepper herself appealed to me by bursting in



upon me one morning with "John! John! Come quick! Downing is dying." I ran out double-quick to the kitchen, to find the old woman in a dead faint. But as to dying, not a bit of it—she'll live to be a hundred. Together Mrs. Pepper and I resuscitated her, and I returned to my study. In about an hour my wife again interrupted me. She was in traveling trim, and evidently in haste. "The dog-cart is at the door, and I am just in time to catch the express. I am going this time to get a cook. Downing has gone to bed, and I've sent for the doctor. You'll find some cheese and crackers in the side-board," she said, and, with a careless peck at my cheek that was supposed to do duty for a kiss, she was off.

"Success to your efforts!" I cried blandly, as she drove off, for my temper is not sullen. And she replied: "I'll be back to-night, even if I have to go to Washington."

Mrs. Pepper was as good as her word; she arrived at midnight. She was evidently in high good humor. She embraced me as she stepped into the hall, carrying about two dozen packages, and turned smilingly toward a woman behind her, who had as many more. "Well, dear Jack. This is Margaret, our new cook. Miss Margaret, that is—Is there a lamp? Take that pudding from her. Isn't it a beautiful big one? One of Mrs. Merryman's, and you know what her plum-puddings are? Have you got it all safe? (To the cook.) I met her on the avenue, in Washington, and she made me go home with her for luncheon, and she gave us that for our Christmas dinner! Is there any cold meat left? Margaret and I are ravenous," she volubly explained; "Miss Margaret, I mean."

"Here it is, safe enough," replied her Abigail, and, as the lamplight fell upon her face, I saw that Mrs. Pepper had at least secured a gorgon—tall, beetle-browed, pock-marked, sixty if she was a day, with a jaw that Caesar might have feared, a pair of narrow, cold blue eyes, a grimy skin, a beak of a nose, some scanty, dusty, wisps of straw-colored hair, and the figure and hands of a white ape.

Mrs. Pepper was probably looking at me as I took this rapid survey of her new acquisition, for she smiled more sweetly still, linked my arm in hers (after telling

Margaret to go up to her room on the third floor), and said: "John, we are in luck, I tell you! That woman is one of the best cooks in Washington! I ran about over Baltimore till I was nearly dead, and couldn't get a creature. And then I ran over to Washington, and went to the intelligence offices, but there was nobody there that would do at all. And I stopped at a restaurant on the avenue to get a glass of milk and a bun, for I felt as if I should faint. And there was such a nice, polite waiter there. I told him what my errand was, and that I must have a cook at once. And he said he knew of a woman, right there. And he asked where I lived, and if I was married, and I told him we had left the army and were living in the country. And he said: 'If madam's husband was a soldier it was all the better.' I don't know what he meant by that. 'And if madam must have a cook, a good cook, he could say that Margaret was that—none better even in France—only she was—Well, madam would perhaps make allowance.' So he went off and brought her in, and we came to terms almost immediately, and I told her to meet me at the train at nine o'clock. She stipulated that I was to call her 'Miss Margaret,' if you please, and I nearly gave her up in consequence, but I remembered Downing's condition and got desperate. So here we are! Servants all have their little peculiarities, you know, and I feel sure that I've got a perfect treasure. I can see that I have. Why, she can even make Nesselrode pudding and 'omelettes aux fines herbes!' The waiter told me so."

I felt like expressing my opinion on the subject in return for all this, but I refrained. My experience of life, and my knowledge of human nature would all go for nothing, I reflected. As a judge of characters I was ruled out of court, simply because I was also a judge of beauty, and after some further talk we went to our room, I, for my part (as a husband writing for husbands, I say it), thankful for peace at any price. For six weeks as a tabooed moral leper in the country is enough to break any man's spirit, and, little as I had deserved it, that had been my portion.

Well, I've partaken of good cheer in the four quarters of the globe in my time. I've dined with the Tenth Hussars, in England, and supped with the French



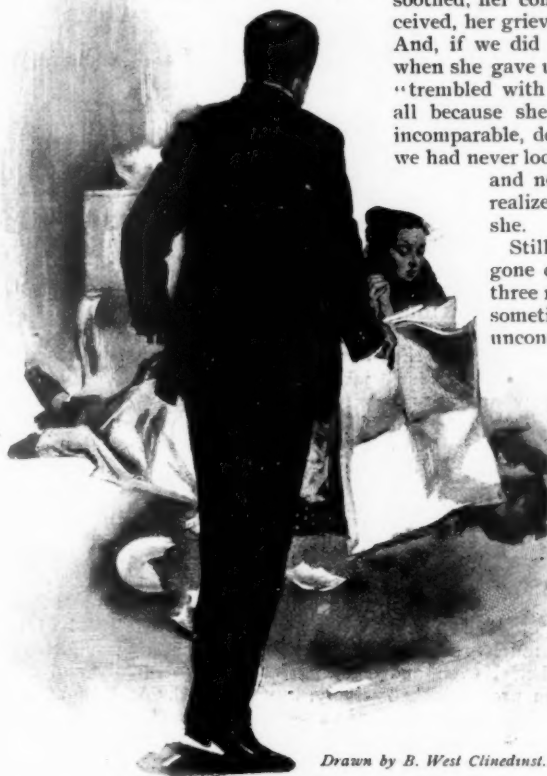
Minister of War. I've stayed at German castles, and gone to royal balls. I've paid visits to Italian nobles, Turkish beys, Virginian planters, Mexican hidalgos—all this before my marriage, of course. But, in all my culinary experience, I never ate anything more delicious than the meals prepared by "Miss Margaret," my wife's "find"—"the accident of an accident," as was said of Napoleon III. Such soups! Such roasts! Such sauces! Such tarts! Such coffee! Such bread! Such omelets! Fit for a king! I said so every day. How she made them, what was in them, where on earth she had learned to concoct them, formed the staple of our conversation for the next three

weeks. An alderman would have married her; a Spanish king would have decorated

her; Vatel would have imitated her, I protest. I am convinced that it was not propinquity, not opportunity, not education, but genius. She was the most untidy creature that ever lived. She discarded her stockings, and cooked in wrappers; her face was all smudges, her hair a thicket that seemed never to have been penetrated by her comb. Her kitchen went unscrubbed (though I will say that the utensils were clean); she took no orders from anybody, and routed Mrs. Pepper on every field. She was a Hottentot—"Customs beastly, manners none," but all this was as nothing, by reason of her really great cooking. She reconciled Mrs. Pepper and me to each other completely; she reconciled me to life; she made and kept us all well and happy, and rich and good; consequently, her wishes were for us laws, her tempers soothed, her complaints respectfully received, her grievances promptly adjusted. And, if we did not "weep with delight when she gave us a smile," we certainly "trembled with fear at her frown," and all because she was such a wonderful, incomparable, delicious cook! We knew we had never looked upon the like before,

and never should again! We realized her value, and so did she.

Still, everything might have gone on smoothly for another three months (and I think now, sometimes, of those uneaten, unconcocted dishes with a pang of regret) had it not been for two circumstances—facts. We had a butler, a meek, dapper, timid, little man, named Edwards, who somehow could not "get on" with Miss Margaret, "because she was that cantankerous and rampageous as never was—a h'out and h'outer," he said. And we made a mistake. Not content with all that



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

"TO FIND THE OLD WOMAN IN A DEAD FAINT."



she had prepared for us, we coveted the only thing she could not impart, attic salt. Serenity had reigned in our bosoms all the autumn, and Filomena was forgotten; for beauty is vain and fleeting, but cooking has no rival for permanent charm to the civilized man. Our bills, it is true, were trebled, but that did not affect us in the least. Our intellects were dulled by much digestion. Our avoirdupois charms were increasing steadily, pound after pound, day after day. Our eyes and thoughts were always fixed upon the next meal—at least mine were. I am not a hypocrite, I confess my weaknesses. We were rapidly degenerating into swine—well-educated, well-bred, well-dressed swine; but still porkers, with all four feet in the trough, under the sway of this hideous Circe—when my wife took it into her head to entertain. "We shall pay off all our old social scores," she said to me. "It is just the time, dear, and will ask that nice, bright attaché of the English Legation; and that clever, fascinating little Swedish countess, who was so polite to me last winter in Washington; and the Herberts, and the Vances, and the Capertons from Baltimore—a house-party of about twenty, I say—during the holidays. I can manage it, my dear, and people like to come to the country in winter nowadays."

Accordingly, our invitations were sent out, were accepted, our preparations made! And Christmas week saw The Larches festooned and decorated, the servants reinforced, the fires glorious, the weather ideally snowy and frosty, and a merry house-party assembled, in quite the holiday spirit—ready for anything. The first two days passed off delightfully. We rode and drove, skated, sang, talked, danced, flirted, the hours away like a flash, and were really as jolly as the pictorial papers always represent such gatherings to be, for a wonder. Everybody was loud in praises of Mrs. Pepper as a *bonne ménagère*, and I could see that she was very much gratified. Miss Margaret excelled herself even, and nine out of the ten men present asked me where I got such a chef. They were all amazed to hear that she was a woman, laughed over her determination to figure with a social prefix before her name, de-

clared they would overlook anything in her, and protested that various clubs could not furnish her equal. In this way Tuesday and Wednesday passed. I glanced at the *ménu* my wife put on my shaving-stand, I remember, before dinner on Thursday, and it would have made of an Anchorite a gormand to have even read many such productions. I went down-stairs, enjoyed a chat with the charming Comtesse Lieffenberg before the others came in (by the light of a glorious wood-fire that made her dimple irresistible), took her in when Edwards announced "dinner, ma'm," and felt that Fate could not harm me that day, with such a neighbor and such prospects—social, sentimental, and gastronomic.

The soup and fish-courses had been served, and I was getting the full flavor of my glass of Sauterne, and wondering what ever possessed the lovely Lieffenberg to marry the absurd little man, whose comical profile was turned toward me, when—a shriek reached my ears!—a blood-curdling, fearful, agonized shriek, followed by "Help!" "Murder!" "Murder!" Out I rushed to the kitchen, napkin in hand, oblivious even of the comtesse, who had promptly fainted, as did three other ladies, and followed pell-mell by nearly all the men. We found Edwards at bay, crouching in a corner of the room, his eyes starting from their sockets with horror, his face that of a corpse; his hair literally rising on his head. And over him stood Margaret, jabbing at him with the bread-knife, a perfect fury, horrible in her rage, and as drunk as a lord. I've dealt with refractory soldiers, intoxicated coolies running amuck, negroes in rebellion against the overseer, Indians trying to escape from the guard-house, and civilians a-many, but for violence, and frenzy, and strength, I declare that I never met any three men that were as difficult to catch, disarm, bind, and gag, as our pearl of a Margaret. When she heard us come in, she replied to our shouts by wheeling suddenly and making for us, individually and collectively, knife in hand. And, though none of us were cowards, there was a pretty lively scuffle, around that kitchen and outside, before the nine of us succeeded in doing this, I can tell you. For one



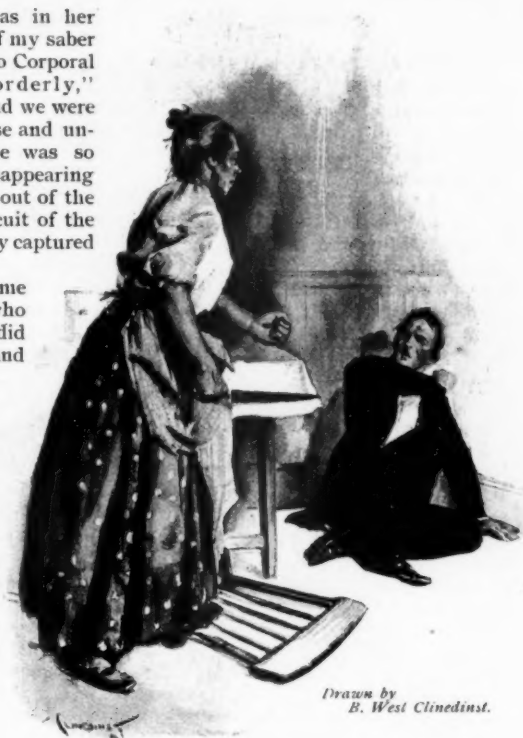
thing, her being a woman was in her favor; I couldn't take the flat of my saber to her, as I would have done to Corporal Flanigan, "drunk and disorderly," though I ran and got it. And we were all taken completely by surprise and unarmed, for another. And she was so quick at running, dodging, disappearing under tables first, then jumped out of the low window, and made the circuit of the orchard and stables, to be finally captured at the pump.

You never saw a prettier game of hare and hounds. Herbert, who was one of Mosby's men, did excellent service. Caperton and the count she sent crashing into the flower pit. Vance, who weighs nearly two hundred, fell out of line, panting like a lizard, and witnessed the finish from the steps of the back porch. Young Foley (the Englishman) and I ran her down, and together we bore her back to the house and to her room. I think he quite enjoyed the excitement of the thing. And then we saw to Edwards and to Mills, of my regiment, who had both got nasty flesh-wounds. And then we subsided, and picked up the pieces, and told the ladies all the stories we could invent—dinner was out of the question. Downing served us some tea later, in the drawing-room, and we all stayed up and talked ghosts, and fires, and robberies, and murders until one o'clock.

But our house-party was done for. In spite of Mrs. Pepper's apologies and remonstrances, every one of our guests discovered next morning that he or she had pressing reasons for leaving immediately, and I must say it was a relief when the last carriage drove off, and left us to face our future and "Miss Margaret."

I drove that lady to the station myself next day, with a Colt in my breast pocket, after giving her a rating.

But that was not the last of her. A month later we got a foully-abusive letter from her ladyship, sans address or date, couched in choicest billingsgate, in which she said, among other things:



Drawn by  
B. West Clineinst.

"WE FOUND EDWARDS AT BAY, CROUCHING IN A CORNER."

"i hav injoid mizis merrinums' plummp-  
puddin verry much, i pakt itt in mi box  
with lotts of yore things. i Cokt itt here  
andd i eats a bigg slise off uv itt evry nite  
befor i goes tow mi bedd. i sends this soz  
youl no. i am livin with desint peepl now.  
i pornd the silvurr goberlitts, and mizis  
peppurs watch and al the swagg and gott  
a plenti of monie fur m. u haventt made  
nothin outer me. Tell that old phoole  
Downin i m the 1 thats gott hur noo blak  
cilk and hur pacely shorl. shel nevr see  
m agin i can till hur. — hur! iff i evr  
gets the chance i wil burn your ole hous  
down over yore hedds for yore imprince  
to A perfek ladi. this kums from

Mis margrit. — u.

— u. — u orl i sez."

The "perfek ladi's" postscript, like those of other ladies, contained the gist of her communication—a precious production, truly!



## MAINWARING.

I was far too wise to twit Mrs. Pepper with the failure of her expedition to Washington, you may be sure. I hate quarreling with women, and a woman can euchre a man at that little game every day in the week.

No. I was, on the contrary, unusually grave, and respectful, and considerate in my attitude toward her, and the result was a most genial rapprochement, such as we had not achieved for some time past, with no "I told you so's" on either side.

I think Mrs. Pepper appreciated my forbearance. She told me that she admired my courage, and that "there was nothing like having a man around—when things happened."

For the menial offices of matrimony, husbands were a convenience, in effect. It was not a flattering point of view from which to regard myself, when I recalled some of Barbara Pepper's antenuptial compliments; but husbands get to be like those charitable organizations that are thankful for everything they get, though it amounts to precious little all told.

Well, after the thrilling episode that I have related, we, as usual, fell back upon Downing again; and she, being "that queer about the legs as never was, and worse about the 'ead," soon declared that she could not go on much longer alone, but that she had a young cousin just over from England, and that if we took her as assistant she would "manage"; that the "gell" was "one of sixteen" and "very 'ard-working and 'umble," but must not be "put upon," and would stay until we were suited.

Accordingly, in six weeks, our new experiment arrived; a tall, rosy slip of a girl, who seemed to have been born scared, by name, Jennie Dobson. A more complete contrast to her predecessor could not have existed. She spoke almost in a whisper. She flattened herself against the wall the moment anybody appeared. She was the neatest creature and the meekest that ever lived. Her caps and aprons were as white as snow; her hair neatly braided and coiled in a low knot. Her print dresses were a positive pleasure to behold, they were always so fresh and so clean. After twelve o'clock in the day she was always

immaculately dressed, and reported to Mrs. Pepper. I never saw a hole, or rent, in any garment she wore. The pink bows and white collars and cuffs might have suggested coquetry in another woman, but not in her. She rarely talked, and never smiled. She had no mind or opinion of her own, apparently. She did exactly as she was told, without expressing the least interest, surprise, or concern. If I had told Jennie to mince Mrs. Pepper's pug and serve it on toast for breakfast the next morning, I feel quite sure that there would have been one pet less in the world when we sat down to that meal. She was extremely swift in her movements, and did an incredible amount of work.

We lived in a Saturnalia of soap-suds, in fact, all the while she was with us. She scrubbed the floors, the stairs, the doors, the paint, the windows, the furniture, china, silver, glass. She washed the coal-scuttles, the tongs and fire-irons, the hearths, the bath-tubs, the wood boxes, the step-ladders, the flower-pots—she washed everything in the house, and not content with that, she went outside, and washed the bricks of the courtyard, the glass of the cucumber frames, the grindstone—the very pig in his pen. She was more fond of that pig than anything on the place, by the by. I don't know whether she sat up all night at it or rose at four only, to put in several hours at it before we even got up. I never saw anything like it. She took all the silver-gilt off Mrs. Pepper's candelabra in a week, and all our oxidized silver soon shone like the brasses. She never asked for a holiday, but when Mrs. Pepper gave her an afternoon off she always spent it in "cleaning up a bit" as she expressed it. She washed her clothes; she washed herself; she washed the pots, and pans, and kettles, and dishes; she washed the bird-cages, the mirrors, the wheelbarrow, the cider-press, the churn; in short, she washed every blessed thing she could lay hands on. She had a passion—a mania, I may almost say, for cleanliness. It was perfectly absurd. I have no idea that America, or indeed any country, except Holland, could produce such a scrubber—in scope, variety and intensity.

But I think her father must have been a giant, and her mother an ogress, for she





Drawn by  
B. West Clinedinst

"SHE BROKE EVERYTHING SHE TOUCHED."



was as shy as a wild duck, and it was simply impossible to put her at her ease. The mildest request, the most civil remark, made her start, and flush, and tremble. If I said in my quietest, kindest manner: "Jennie, will you have the goodness to ask Mrs. Pepper for my white waistcoat?" She looked exactly as though I ordered her to be executed instantly. If Mrs. Pepper suddenly said: "Where is the key of my wardrobe, Jennie?" or, "What have you done with the corkscrew?" she would look ready to faint, turn white, turn red, fly here, fly there, like whirlwind in petticoats. And there was no reassuring her, if one found the least fault with her. Downing was at first very proud of her, but even she got impatient. "Drat the gell, I'm not going to h'eat 'er," she said. "Whatever makes you so foolish?" I don't think she could have murdered anybody before she left England: she had neither the nerve nor the heart to hurt a fly, but she had always the air of a convicted criminal who may be hanged any moment.

Such as she was, however, she was a mere interlude, though she stayed with us for a year, and might have become as much a fixture as Downing herself, but for one unfortunate habit. We were some time in discovering it, and we bore it most patiently, rather than fly to the ills of which we knew; but, finally, we could bear it no longer. Jennie broke everything that she touched! She disposed of about four hundred dollars worth of handsome china and glass in that year for us, I know—now a cup, now a dish, now a tureen. Over two sets of India and Sevres melted like a July snow before her—nor was that all; she broke the tins, she broke the grates, she broke the ax, she broke the plate-warmer—she actually broke the stove! As there was nothing that she did not scrub, so there was nothing that she did not break—and never said a word about it either.

When Mrs. Pepper finally realized what had happened, it was terrible. She demanded the pieces, restitution, repentance. Jennie wept, and trembled, and shook, and sobbed; but would not give up her dead, could restore nothing, felt nothing less than remorse.

"But what on earth is the matter with

you that you can't hold anything like other people," demanded Mrs. Pepper stormily, trying to knock her feather pillow of a female into shape. "Why do you smash everything you touch? It must be just outrageous, abominable, wilful, sinful carelessness, Jennie—that's what it is!"

"Oh! no, ma'am, it ain't—boo-hoo-hoo—hoo-hoo-hoo! I tries—ever so! I do, indeed; but it's no use. It's—a bird that died in my hand, ma'am! Oh! do forgive me and keep me." This extraordinary explanation was evidently given in perfectly good faith; but it was not satisfactory, so Jennie succumbed, and told Mrs. Pepper to "shoot herself"—though Mrs. Pepper felt considerably more like shooting Jennie, if it came to that.

When she had gone her mournful, unreconciled way, respectful and frightened to the last—a nervous wreck at twenty-two—my wife said to me: "John, we've got to have somebody at once in Jennie's place. Look at Downing."

I agreed with her. Downing was a good deal less devoted than usual, owing to our having sent Jennie away, and a good deal more epileptic. "Well, dear?" I said, and waited for suggestions.

"I tell you what we'll do. We'll go to Philadelphia together and get a woman. And we won't trust our own judgments, or run any risks, or make any experiments this time. We'll go to the most reputable intelligence office there, and get some one that they know all about—it doesn't matter what wages she asks—I am perfectly desperate—and Philadelphia is such a nice, conservative, respectable place, I'm sure John we shall get just the person we want—not in the least like those we've had. Don't you think so?"

I told Mrs. Pepper that I hoped so, and that sufficed; but, by that time, I had become convinced that all the good cooks are either dead or, as yet, unborn, and I prepared ruefully enough for the journey.

"This is a very expensive business, dear, very," said Mrs. Pepper to me, as we sallied forth from the Dupont House, in Philadelphia, on the following morning; "and we must be perfectly certain this time that we are getting a respec-



table, responsible person who knows her business—above all, a perfectly respectable person."

Well, together we went to the most respectable agency in the place. Together we interviewed its evidently respectable head-manager—the widow of a physician. As units, and a pair, we insisted upon being provided with a cook who should, above and before all things, be respectable. Together we inspected the women awaiting engagement, and decided that none of them altogether fulfilled the indispensable requisite.

They had all retired, more or less discomfited by my eye-glass and Mrs Pepper's searching inquiries, when the manager had a happy thought. "Oh! There's Mrs. Mainwaring, she's just come to me from New York! I wonder I didn't think of her at once. Her husband has been butler at the Vanderpools for twenty years, and her testimonials are first-rate. The German consul has had her in his service for a month, but he is going abroad, and breaking up his establishment. I'll send for her at once, madam," she said to Mrs. Pepper.

She was good as her word, and in ten minutes the door opened and the most severely-respectable woman that I ever saw entered, advanced toward the manager, dropped her eyes discreetly, and said: "You sent for me, ma'am?"

A brisk, four-cornered conversation ensued, during which Mrs. Pepper and I furtively took in every detail of Mrs. Mainwaring's appearance. She was demure, to the point of Quakerishness. Her lips were pursed up in the most prudish of puckers, drawn together with an invisible string, as by propriety personified. Her small, dull eyes were expressionless and cold. She was dressed in the deepest and cheapest mourning; and she spoke in low, level tones. Her address was extremely fluent, and she seemed what Downing always called "a bettermost person," above her station in intelligence and

education. She said that she did not like living in the country, as a rule, it was so inconvenient, but was willing to go for a time, and might she ask so and so?

Mrs. Pepper put her through the stiffest sort of examination. Was she a respectable married woman? Did she go to church? Had she a character from the people with whom she had lived? and so on. Then as to cooking—could she make jamis, dress salads, make ices?

"I come from Canada, ma'am, and I don't know much about your Southern dishes. But give me the materials for an ox-tail soup—that's all I say." With this, she described the making of that soup in a way to make your mouth water.



Drawn by  
B. West Clineinst.

"GIVE ME THE MATERIALS FOR AN OX-TAIL SOUP—THAT'S ALL I SAY."



From this she went on to tell us how she made almond and fig puddings, Roman punch, mayonnaise dressing, how she fried oysters, and "tossed up" Bath buns, and steeped her cauliflower in a "bang-marry" (bain-marie), and set her yeast after her own recipe.

As for her character, she produced a sheaf of letters and testimonials that Queen Victoria might have been proud of, and, pulling off a cotton glove, pointed impressively to a wedding-ring, declaring also that she "sat under" Dr. Lowther in Philadelphia—"everybody knew Dr. Lowther."

Mrs. Pepper looked at me and nodded. We politely thanked the manager, and conditionally engaged "Mainwaring," as she bade us call her, and promised to see her next day. We went back to our hotel. "It's all right, Jack, dear," said Mrs. Pepper triumphantly. "A servant of that class is really a great comfort. She evidently knows her cookery-book by heart—no 'pinch of this' and 'handful of that' about her. And her husband had to give bonds for twenty thousand dollars before he could take that place with the Vanderpools—so much valuable plate and china, you see. Really, I think we have a paragon at last. I'm so glad we happened to be here now and secured her."

"That may be, but I shall write Mr. Vanderpool and see the German consul and Dr. Lowther before we conclude that bargain," I declared.

Accordingly, I wrote a note in my very best style to Augustus Vanderpool, Esq., on the paper of the Metternich Club, at which I had been put up, and got an immediate, courteous, and satisfactory reply. "Mr. Vanderpool's compliments to Captain Horatio Pepper, etc., etc. He had a butler called Mainwaring—an invaluable man, who had lived with them twenty years. If Captain Pepper had got a servant as efficient, honest, and faithful in Mainwaring's wife he had reason to congratulate himself," and so on. I called on the German consul. "Hein! Mainwaring? An admirable, not-to-be-sufficiently-praised creature." She had lived with him as housemaid, and he parted from her with regret. I went to see Dr. Lowther and he cheerfully testified to Mrs. Mainwaring's regular attendance at

church for three months past. I reported progress to Mrs. Pepper, and we engaged her.

But on my telling her that I should expect her to attend to certain duties that had hitherto devolved upon Downing, such as the preparation of my bath, and the laying out of my linen, she simpered uneasily, and demurred. "I will speak to the mistress, sir, about that," she said, and she did. She told Mrs. Pepper, with much mincing and hanging of her modest head, that "she never attended upon gentlemen, except at the express request of their wives"—an idea that Mrs. Pepper promptly pooh-poohed.

When she joined us at the station she wore a hideous brown veil that almost completely hid her face, and when my wife asked why she wore it she said: "I don't like to wear a net veil in these public places. I feel more protected-like in this, ma'am."

"I never saw a more modest, shrinking creature, John, never," remarked Mrs. Pepper to me aside, much pleased. "I don't see what she wants with three trunks, though, do you? What can she have in them—still, it does look as though she meant to settle down, doesn't it?"

On the train, Mainwaring came to Mrs. Pepper and whispered impressively and confidentially: "Will you ask the master to let me change my seat, ma'am, I always like to sit by a woman when I travel; and there's a nice, motherly body beyond me. Could I go and take a seat with her? I'd feel more protected-like now that I've taken off my veil." To this Mrs. Pepper agreed, and when I got back from the smoking-car she told me of it. "Such a nice, respectable creature Mainwaring is, John. I am so pleased with her."

She declined to wait on the platform of our station, because it was "so public and she did not like a crowd;" and when we got home she made a point of spending her evenings up-stairs with Downing, because she "did not know what sort of man the butler might be," and "always had preferred women to men." "A thoroughly nice woman, John, thoroughly so. I feel sure that she is going to be the greatest possible comfort to me—a perfect treasure," said my wife.



Well; it was quite true that Mainwaring did not understand our Southern dishes, as I clearly perceived when I put what I supposed to be a mouthful of hominy in my mouth next morning—only to feel as if somebody had substituted a coal of fire and rush outside to rid myself of it as quick as possible. In a pretty fury was I, I confess, when I bounced into the kitchen to ask what this meant.

"I put it on, sir, and when I poured on the water, it rose, and sputtered, and boiled over, and behaved that queer as I couldn't have believed it, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Look at my stove, sir—only see!" said Mainwaring, meekly pointing to a seething white mass of *lime* that had poured all over the top of our new "gem" range. "What kind of stuff is it, sir; I never saw the like?"

Of course, I had to smother my rage and hold milk in my mouth all morning, but I felt that, as a cook, Mainwaring was another failure. And so it proved. She could and did talk like Brillat-Savarin

himself about cooking, but could only make the most ordinary dishes in the most indifferent way.

Still, she was orderly and deeply respectful, and we all quite believed in her as a woman. The meekness of her manners, and her mellifluous speech smoothed her way. She gave us no peg on which to hang a quarrel, and got around Edwards and Downing wonderfully. She got them completely under her thumb, indeed, although they had never agreed with each other, or any other servant, before. So passed five months; and then we had what Byron felicitously calls "a hearthquake."

In the middle of one January night, with the thermometers at zero, I and my wife were knocked up by Downing; and, Edwards being away, I had the pleasure of making my way to Pineville, in the teeth of a fearful blizzard, in search of a doctor, and three hours later our household was enlarged by another Mainwaring, whose mother was reported, by Downing (who brought the good news from Ghent), "Do-



Drawn by  
B. West Clinedinst.

"I PUT WHAT I SUPPOSED TO BE A MOUTHFUL OF HOMINY IN MY MOUTH."



ing nicely, and a fine child. But, oh! ma'am, did you h'ever!" Mrs. Pepper never had; and I fully expected that she would be—well, not amusing. But, to my surprise, she behaved remarkably well, and quite snubbed me for losing my temper on the occasion.

When Mrs. Mainwaring and her infant heir were given their congé, they departed in great state in a handsome carriage, ordered from Pineville. Looking down from an upper window, we scarcely recognized our respectable Philadelphian, so completely was she metaphorsed in a rich, black silk dress, with a long train, a sealskin cloak that came down to her heels, a black velvet bonnet, magnificent with long ostrich plumes.

"A sealskin cloak, Downing? What is she doing with that?" asked Mrs. Pepper sternly. "I have only a cloak trimmed with sealskin."

"Law, ma'am, she had three—two short and a long—and rings, and brooches, and a cashmere shawl, and a fine set-out—as

I found out when I was nursing her—dresses upon dresses, and diamonds upon diamonds. Ain't it h'awful, ma'am?"

A week after this a sheriff appeared at The Larches. Like Mrs. Pepper, he was very anxious to "secure" our late, but not lamented, cook, and he was not pleased to find that she had, as he said, "skipped."

Our model Mainwaring was "a well-known shoplifter," our shrinking Canadian field-flower was "a baggage," he told us; her credentials had been forged, and she had been cast off by her really respectable husband for years.

We have now in our kitchen a half-witted dolt of a negro lad that I got from the lunatic asylum, in Pineville, yesterday, to hold the fort until Downing is better. The superintendent says he is harmless, but there is no saying what may happen. I only hope that we shall not all be burnt up in our beds, and that you will give publicity to the fact that The Larches is for sale.



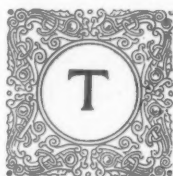
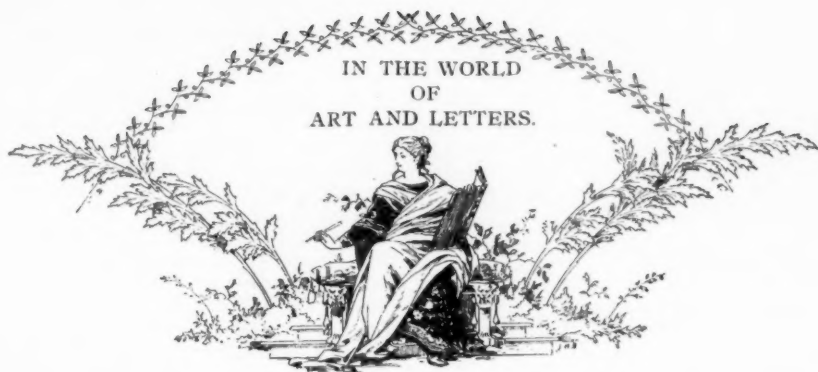
### TO A HYACINTH BULB.

BY ADA A. MOSHER.

WITHIN thee, brown, unlovely little thing,  
 With white wings folded close, sleeps soft a soul;  
 A conscious, star-eyed little spiritling,  
 That is to lightly leap the sod's control  
 And spread its petal-pinions glad and free  
 Sunward at last in trembling ecstasy.

And when they press the clods above my breast,  
 Gently as I the earth upon thee now,  
 Quiet as is thine own shall be my rest  
 And I as resurrection-sure as thou,  
 Knowing that when I wake it is to be  
 The sunlight of my immortality.





### he Newest Vagary of French Literature.—Among

the new books recently published here none has made more noise than the novel having for its title "Aphrodite," with the sub-title "Customs of Antiquity." The author's name is Pierre Louys. He is still young; but he had already published some works which, written by a man of letters enamored of ancient Greece, were read by none but men of letters, and of those by such only as had retained their love for the classics.

The publication of "Aphrodite" has suddenly drawn him out of the semi-obscurity in which he languished, and brought his name prominently before the public. Among us there are two expressions, which are almost proverbial, used to convey the idea that an artist has desired to provoke, at all cost, the curiosity of the public: we say either that he has "fired off a pistol in the street" or that he has "broken the window-panes." Choose whichever of these two sayings pleases you best. Either will apply to M. Pierre Louys, with this difference, that pistols are sometimes fired off and windows broken without attracting the attention of the crowd, while "Aphrodite" has, from the first, attracted public attention; edition has followed edition; and the author, M. Pierre Louys, unknown to fame yesterday, has now a reputation which more than equals that of the Bourgetts and the Richépains.

He has written a sensational preface to his book.

"Love," he says, "love, with all its consequences, was for the Greeks the most virtuous and the most elevating of the sentiments. They never attached to it the ideas of unchastity or immodesty which Hebrew tradition introduced among us with the Christian doctrine. As for me," he adds, further on, "I have written this book with the same simplicity with which an Athenian would have related the same adventures. I cherish the hope that it will be read in the same spirit; that it may be permitted to us to live once more in the days when the nude human form—the most perfect form that it would be possible for us to have knowledge of or even to imagine, since we believe it to be made in the image of God,—could be unveiled before the twenty thousand pilgrims who assembled at Eleusis; when the most sensual love—the divine love of which we are born—was without stain, without shame, without sin. That it may be permitted to us to forget the intervening eighteen barbarous, hypocritical, and unlovely centuries; to return piously to original beauty; to rebuild the grand temple to the sound



of enchanted flutes, and to consecrate, as sanctuaries of the true faith, our hearts, drawn forever toward the immortal Aphrodite."

\* \* \*

I do not know whether you have ever heard a good anecdote related by Chamfort, one of the wits of our witty eighteenth century. The occasion was a supper, at which the cynical philosopher Duclos, with two or three great ladies, was present. They were conversing after the supper, as was the custom, when he advanced the proposition that the women who lead bad lives are the ones who take offense at a racy story or a licentious expression; that good women, secure in their own virtue, are amused by and smile at them. From this he went on to relate one story after another, until finally one of the ladies exclaimed: "Oh, stop! stop! Duclos; you are taking us to be altogether too virtuous!"

So I fear that M. Pierre Louys is taking us for better Athenians than we are, even here in France, where we love to say that Paris is the Athens of the modern world. Even you who have freed yourselves, as they tell us, from all the old prejudices, would in vain steep yourselves in the Greek spirit, in order to read the "Aphrodite" of M. Pierre Louys. If you strip his pictures of the bric-à-brac of their satyric allusions and of the Greco-Latin phraseology with which the author has adorned them—if you take things as they really are—you will very likely find that the temple of which M. Pierre Louys has spoken is merely a place of bad resort, and the sacred courtesan a vile courtesan.

Chrysis, the heroine of "Aphrodite," is a beautiful Jewess, who, at the age of twelve, fled from her father's house to follow a party of young horsemen, dealers in ivory. They took her with them to Alexandria, where she soon became celebrated for the purity of outline of her form and the grace of her movements. M. Pierre Louys, with all the resources of his curious erudition and his flexible style, describes to us complacently the business she follows—an ugly business; the desires she inspires; the orgies in which she takes part. Among the orgies there are some that would, without doubt, make you shudder with horror, if the facts were not clothed in classical words and the attention diverted by the picturesqueness of the details of Alexandrian life. So much the better for M. Pierre Louys if he has not speculated on the taste for eccentricity in matters of love which distinguishes our generation.

The plot of the novel is very simple. Chrysis meets one evening, as she is walking abroad in search of adventures, the beautiful Demetrius.

Demetrius is the lover of the queen, whose bust he has sculptured; for he is a sculptor and a great artist. The women are all madly in love with him, and he—he allows himself to be loved. He it is who is indifferent and who receives the compliments. All he wants is a top hat and a baloon-skirted frock-coat to be one of the lords of the Parisian pavement.

Chrysis, who knows that she is beautiful, piques his indifference by all the arts of language. The curiosity of the beautiful sculptor is aroused; he presses his suit upon her; and this woman, who gives herself for a few drachmas to the first-comer, sets three conditions on her consent: that he shall steal from a woman whom she shall name a mirror which is a marvel of art; that he shall kill a certain priestess, in order to obtain a comb which she possesses and which Chrysis wishes to have, and finally that he shall take from the neck of a statue of the goddess a necklace of pearls of seven strands, which is a species of paladium. Thus she desires that he shall commit theft, murder and sacrilege. At this price she will accord him her favor.

He fulfils the three conditions. But when, enchanted with his compliance and wildly in love, she offers him the promised recompense he repulses and scorns her. She throws herself at his feet. "It is your pride that has been wounded," she says. "Well, then, demand of me any sacrifice you please; I am ready to make it."

He takes her at her word. "The mirror," he says to her, "the comb and the necklace which you commanded me to steal for you, you did not expect to use, is it not so? A stolen mirror, a comb obtained at the cost of a life and a neck-



lace robbed from a goddess are not treasures to be displayed. It was, then, through wanton cruelty that you required me to obtain them for you at the price of three crimes, which have horrified and amazed the whole town. Well, then, you shall use them in public."

This is for her a sentence of death. She accepts. She is seized and condemned to die. She is to drink hemlock. Demetrius comes to see her as she lies dead on her bed. He models from her nude body a statue of Aphrodite, which shall be an eternal type of feminine beauty; and when the work is finished he departs and leaves the corpse there. The body is piously cared for by two young friends of Chrysis, and interred in a corner of the cemetery. Each of them cuts off a lock of her hair and lays it, as an offering, on the grave of the dead woman.

You will ask, no doubt, what it was the author desired to prove by this book. In truth, I do not know; perhaps he desired to prove nothing at all, except that he has a great deal of talent, and that he writes in a marvelously pleasing style. It were to be wished that he might employ his talents and his admirable style in writing books of a less disquieting character.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.



### Breckenridge's Story of the Frémont Expedition.—

I have read with much interest the "Story of a Famous Expedition," in the August number of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, as I have recently had the entire matter before me in examining the papers of my father, General J. C. Frémont. The story, as given in *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, varies from the facts in many particulars, which is not to be wondered at when the status of Breckenridge is considered. The details of the disaster which overtook the expedition are too long to give in a brief space. The main cause was the treachery of Bill Williams, who deliberately led the party away from the course Frémont desired to take. His wish was to entangle the expedition in the mountains, cause the abandonment of property, and lead the party out on foot, over the mountains to the other side: the property would then be his to have and to hold. The depth of the snows that winter caused his plans to miscarry. Breckenridge has evidently confused this expedition with some of the others, for it was *not* a government one, but private, and paid for by Frémont. The relief party under King—Breckenridge, Creutzfeldt, and Williams—were found by Frémont six days after he left the main camp. They had then been absent twenty-two days from the camp. To Frémont's questions as to where King was, confused answers were returned. "They did not know; he had wandered out of camp." The truth soon came out, and the remains of King's body were found in another camp, where he had died from starvation, and the starving others had utilized him to sustain life. Breckenridge and Creutzfeldt were placed on the miserable Indian horses, and, on the tenth day, the entire number reached the settlements. In his "story," Breckenridge accounts for but fourteen days. Frémont did not leave his main camp until sixteen days had elapsed after the departure of the party under King. On foot they made the distance to the Ute camp in five days, and seven miles beyond it, on the sixth day out from the main camp, they found the relief party—and King; twenty-two days out in all, and only one hundred miles distant from their starting point.

The above facts were matters of common knowledge at the time; printed and commented upon. I do not blame Breckenridge in avoiding the unpleasant facts, but he should not have misrepresented Frémont as he has, nor have stated that he was left after being found, when, in reality, he was brought in on horseback. As Breckenridge is a comparatively illiterate man, I suppose he is not aware that all the matter, of which he tells, is a matter of record. It is a curious fact that King, whose body was eaten, was himself a vegetarian, and so his end seems to have been peculiarly inappropriate. Of Bill Williams, Kit Carson once remarked that "In starving times, no one who knew Williams walked in front, if alone with him."

F. P. FRÉMONT, U. S. ARMY.



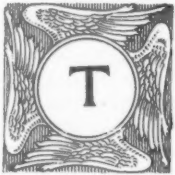


**he Month in England.**—The book of the hour still continues to be Mr. Harold Frederic's "Illumination," which in America goes by the name of "The Ordeal of Theron Ware." The Yellow Dwarf, the critic—should one say the bilious critic?—of the "Yellow Book," is alone in refusing it merit. This anonymous little person has been making a distinction betwixt dog literature and cat literature, the dog standing for all that is coarse and the cat for all that is fine and subtle. It would be just as easy to make the dog stand for all that is noble and the cat for all that is mean and jealous. Now the Yellow Dwarf is in a dilemma. He will not admire Harold Frederic, and yet he finds himself compelled to admire "March Hares," which everybody says is by that same dog of a writer. Perhaps his admiration for this feline piece of work may throw a light upon his identity, for that delicious story, "The Invisible Prince," in the latest Yellow Book, is exactly in the vein of "March Hares," and is signed "Henry Harland." If the Dwarf be not he, then the Yellow guerilla must be Harold Spender. His criticisms are, however, only remarkable in the cheapest way—by outspokenness. The Hon. Mrs. Henniker, who, in her new book of military stories, "In Scarlet and Grey," shows more gray than scarlet, seems to have caught the pessimism of Thomas Hardy, who has collaborated with her in the last of the stories, "The Spectre of the Real." But not satisfied with this collaboration, they appear to expect the reader to collaborate, too. Never have I read a story in which so much has been left to the imagination. What exactly happened before the last paragraph is so dubious that the story may come to be another "Lady and the Tiger." My own solution is that Lord Parkhurst lacked virility—which makes the whole story an elaborate irony. Under the name of Benjamin Swift, a new writer makes his début with "Nancy Noon." I happen to know who he is, having read a brief article of his on "Pessimism," which impressed me so greatly that I prophesied he should be doing something presently. But I have only read enough of "Nancy Noon" to see that it unites the matter of Gissing with the manner of Meredith, a sufficiently strange and original combination. Either half has sufficed in the past to deter readers. But it is no new talent that masquerades as such in the anonymous "Statement of Stella Maberley," a little book quite over the heads of the public. It is the story of the murder of her best friend, told by the mad girl who commits it; but that she is mad the author never says, leaving the reader to puzzle out what really happened, and what episodes are due to her hallucinations—a subtle, morbid study. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., is calmly making up his reviews of Napoleon books into a study of that wonderful man, even while the publishers are plotting how to stop the gutting of books, gratis, by newspapers. Mrs. Meynell, the poetess, has collected another series of essays, in a volume called "The Colour of Life." They are exquisitely felt and phrased. But when she says that Nature—like in tooth and claw—hides away all traces of the struggle, she shows that she has no real acquaintance with the woods. This, however, does not discredit her moral, that the scandals of the great dead should not be too recklessly incorporated in biographies. Mrs. Hannah Lynch, who has lived much on the continent, has followed the continental practice of dedicating each story in her new volume, "Dr. Vermont's Fantasy," to a different person, and clever stories they are, too, with interesting modern types. The story called "A Page of Philosophy" is a little masterpiece of pathos and character drawing. As much may be said of "Morrison's Heir," the story which leads off Miss Mabel E. Wotton's "Day-Books," a strong and original piece of art-work. No one in search of fresh talent should neglect this book of Miss Wotton's, with its reticence and restraint, so rare in the lady-novelist. Mr. Egerton Castle, who is famous for book-plates and fencing, has been stirred by his enthusiasm for Stevenson to make him known to the barbarous French, so he has published "Le Prince Othon," at the Bodley Head in Piccadilly. Perhaps his translation is also pub-



lished in America. The "Daily Chronicle," however, sent a French reviewer on its track. For "Cosmopolis," the new European magazine, has at least had the success of making the "Daily Chronicle" burst out in three tongues at once, apropos of a socialistic conference. The magazine should do good in widening the mutual interests of English and foreign letters. The editor dines his contributors in the leading capitals of Europe and, in the after-dinner speeches, the Concord of Peoples is already established. "Cosmopolis" may at least help English literature to be less insular. This insularity, by the way, is once again manifested in the good old orthodox way, by the sudden refusal of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons to circulate the new novel of the author of "A Drama in Dutch," who has refused to modify certain passages at their request. Messrs. Smith incurred sufficient criticism, one would have thought, when they brought a similar unlicensed censorship to bear on "Esther Waters." Curiously enough they have just chosen the moment when "The World and a Man," as "Z. Z." calls his study of degeneration, has gone into a second edition. Several American publishers also refused this work, which the young author was courageous enough to copyright in New York at his own expense, content to bide his time. It is not for me to criticise "The World and a Man," but I cannot see by what right Messrs. Smith & Sons withhold a successful book from such of their subscribers as demand it.

I. ZANGWILL.



### he Education of a Roman Gentleman—A. D.

141.—The Romans seem to have begun their consideration of education from the standpoint of usefulness. How shall we learn to live? How shall we become capable and efficient in discharging the obligations of life? How can we remain happy? Such were the queries they put to themselves, and the system of education devised was intended to serve as an answer to these questions. There are many who contend that, instead, they should have asked: "How can we put youth through a course of mental gymnastics, so that the tricks then learned will enable the student to acquire all needed knowledge and wisdom, after he has left college?"

Perhaps the best example of Roman thought upon education that has been left to us, is to be found in the notes of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Doubtless the reader is already familiar with what is here quoted, but he may discover a new interest, when considering it from the educational side. It was while in a camp, awaiting the opening of spring, to begin operations against the enemies of Rome, that Marcus Aurelius found time to review his youth and the influences which had operated to form his character.

First of acquisitions he ranks good morals and the ability to control his temper, and for these he gives credit to his grandfather, Verus. Next, the love of truth and justice, for which he is indebted to his brother Severus; and after that, modesty and manliness of character; to his father he returns thanks for these. To his mother's influence he is indebted for abstinence and simplicity in the way of living, "far removed from the habits of the rich." It is worth the while of the young man at Yale, or Harvard, or Oxford, who is vulgarly spending five thousand or ten thousand a year, to bear in mind that this is an emperor, and one of the first of Roman gentlemen who is writing. From his governor he first acquired endurance at labor; to want little; to work with his own hands, and not to be ready to listen to slander.

As his education progressed, it began to cover the widest fields. "From Diogenes," he writes, "I learned not to busy myself about trifling things, and not to give credit to what was said by miracle workers and jugglers, about incantations and the doing away of demons, and also not to give myself up to such foolishness as the breeding of fighting cocks."



But chief of all the teachings of Diognetus was this, that he should "endure freedom of speech" upon the part of others, and it was to this teacher that he ascribes that turn in his mental constitution which made him an ardent seeker after philosophical truths. While under Diognetus he became a writer of dialogues, under discipline like that pursued by Flaubert, who tore up a thousand compositions for de Maupassant before declaring one fit for publication.

When Marcus passed under the teaching of Rusticus, he was made aware of the many respects in which his character required change and improvement. The tutor of a modern Cræsus would beware how he spoke too freely on this subject. "From him," he writes, "I learned not to be led astray to sophistic emulation, nor to writing on speculative matters, nor to delivering little hortatory orations, nor to showing myself off as a man who practises much discipline, or does benevolent acts in order to make a display; and to abstain from rhetoric and poetry and fine writing; and not walk about in the house in my outdoor dress, nor to do other things of the kind; and to write my letters with simplicity, like the letter Rusticus wrote from Sinuessa to my mother; and with respect to those who have offended me by words, or done me wrong, to be easily disposed to be pacified and reconciled; and to read carefully, and not to be satisfied with a superficial understanding of a book; nor hastily to give my assent to those who talk overmuch."

In his psychical studies he had as a tutor Apollonius, who taught freedom of will and undeviating steadiness of purpose, and to be guided not by prejudice or previous teaching, but only by the reason of things. To bear patiently sharp pains and long illness, and to appear the same whether in good fortune or adversity. Apollonius was a living example that the same man can be both most resolute and yielding at the proper times. The same master afforded him the example of sweetness of disposition, having never a hint of peevishness in his speech while giving instruction. "In him also" Marcus "beheld that perfection of good manners which enables the possessor to receive from friends what are esteemed favors, without being either humbled by them or yet failing to give them proper appreciation."

His instructor Sextus taught him the importance of living in conformity to the laws of nature; to be grave without affection; to look carefully after the interests of friends; to tolerate ignorant persons, and those who form opinions without consideration. Sextus had the power of quickly grasping the point of view taken, so that intercourse with him was more agreeable than any flattery. This teacher had the faculty of both discovering and ordering, in an intelligent and methodical way, the principles necessary for life. He had trained himself through long years never to exhibit signs of anger or of passion of any kind.

Another tutor of Marcus Aurelius was Alexander, the grammarian, who seems to have considered speech as the merest adjunct to wisdom, for his pupil has recorded that his chief teaching was to refrain from faultfinding. If one should have occasion to criticise those who utter barbarous, solecistic or strong-sounding expressions, it must be done with great tact—the proper expression being dextrously introduced, so as not to hurt the feelings of the party concerned.

From Fronto, who was a rhetorician with whom Marcus Aurelius corresponded, he learned what envy, duplicity, and hypocrisy might do in destroying everything that is noble in the human character. Alexander, the platonic, was a friend who left as a legacy this important teaching, that even the busiest men have leisure for all things, and that to be continually excusing one's self on the ground of urgent occupation is sign of weakness. Cinna Catulus was a stoic philosopher to whom Antoninus was indebted for a willingness to overlook the imperfections of friends and to forgive that friend who might find fault without reason.

It is impossible, in a brief space, to give any very full idea of the subjects to



which this Roman gentleman attached importance as pertaining to a proper education. Perhaps it may be best to quote\* a few paragraphs as they appear from his own hand. Alluding to his brother Severus, he wrote:

"From him I received the idea of a polity in which there is the same law for all; a polity administered with regard to equal rights and equal freedom of speech, and the idea of a kingly government which respects most of all the freedom of the governed; I learned from him also consistency and undeviating steadiness in my regard for philosophy; and a disposition to do good, and to give to others readily, and to cherish good hopes, and to believe that I am loved by my friends; and in him I observed no concealment of his opinions with respect to those whom he condemned, and that his friends had no need to conjecture what he wished or did not wish, but it was quite plain."

No man seems to have been more fortunate in his teachers than Marcus Aurelius. Claudius Maximus, a stoic philosopher, was one of the unusually perfect characters. To him acknowledgment was made as follows:

"From Maximus I learned self-government, and not to be led aside by anything; and cheerfulness in all circumstances, as well as in illness; and a just admixture in the moral character of sweetness and dignity, and to do what was set before me without complaining. I observed that everybody believed that he thought as he spoke, and that in all that he did he never had any bad intention; and he never showed amazement and surprise, and was never in a hurry, and never put off doing a thing, nor was perplexed nor dejected, nor did he ever laugh to disguise his vexation, nor, on the other hand, was he ever passionate or suspicious. He was accustomed to do acts of beneficence, and was ready to forgive, and was free from all falsehood; and he presented the appearance of a man who could not be diverted from right rather than of a man who had been improved. I observed, too, that no man could ever think that he was despised by Maximus, or ever venture to think himself a better man. He had also the art of being humorous in an agreeable way."

Of his adoptive father, the Emperor Antoninus Pius, he wrote: "In my father I observed mildness of temper, and unchangeable resolution in the things which he had determined after due deliberation, and no vainglory in those things which men call honors, and a love of labor and perseverance, and a readiness to listen to those who had anything to propose for the common weal, and undeviating firmness in giving to every man according to his deserts and a knowledge derived from experience of the occasions for vigorous action and for remission. And I observed that he considered himself no more than any other citizen, and he released his friends from all obligation to sup with him or to attend him of necessity when he went abroad, and those who had failed to accompany him, by reason of any great circumstances, always found him the same. I observed, too, his habit of careful inquiry in all matters of deliberation, and his persistency, and that he never stopped his investigation through being satisfied with appearances which first present themselves; and that his disposition was to keep his friends, and not to be soon tired of them, nor yet to be extravagant in his affection; and to be satisfied on all occasions, and cheerful; and to foresee things a long way off, and to provide for the smallest without display; and to check immediately popular applause and all flattery; and to be ever watchful over the things which were necessary for the administration of the empire, and to be a good manager of the expenditure, and patiently to endure the blame which he got for such conduct; and he was neither superstitious with respect to the gods, nor did he court men by gifts or by trying to please them, or by flattering the populace; but he showed sobriety in all things and firmness, and never any mean thoughts or action, nor love of novelty. And the things which conduce in any way to the commodity of life, and of which fortune gives an abundant supply, he used without arrogance and without excusing himself, so that, when he had them, he enjoyed them without affectation, and, when he had them not, he did not want

\* The extracts here quoted are from the translation, by Mr. George Long, of "Thoughts of Aurelius Antoninus," published by Putnam's Sons.



them. No one could ever say of him that he was either a sophist, or a [home-bred] flippant slave, or a pedant; but every one acknowledged him to be a man ripe, perfect, above flattery, able to manage his own and other men's affairs. Besides this, he honored those who were true philosophers, and he did not reproach those who pretended to be philosophers, nor yet was he easily led by them. He was also easy in conversation, and he made himself agreeable without any offensive affectation. He took a reasonable care of his body's health, not as one who was greatly attached to life, nor out of regard to personal appearance, nor yet in a careless way, but so that through his own attention he very seldom stood in need of the physician's art or of medicine or external applications. He was most ready to give way without envy to those who possessed any particular faculty, such as that of eloquence or knowledge of the law or of morals, or of anything else; and he gave them his help, that each might enjoy reputation according to his deserts; and he always acted conformably to the institutions of his country, without showing any affectation of doing so. Further, he was not fond of change, nor unsteady, but he loved to stay in the same places, and to employ himself about the same things; and after his paroxysms of headache he came immediately fresh and vigorous to his usual occupations. His secrets were not many, but very few and very rare, and these only about public matters; and he showed prudence and economy in the exhibition of the public spectacles and the construction of public buildings, his donations to the people, and in such things, for he was a man who looked to what ought to be done, not to the reputation which is got by a man's acts. He did not take the bath at unseasonable hours; he was not fond of building houses, nor curious about what he ate, nor about the texture and color of his clothes, nor about the beauty of his slaves. His dress came from Lorium, his villa on the coast, and from Lanuvium generally. We know how he behaved to the toll-collector at Tusculum who asked his pardon; and such was all his behavior. There was in him nothing harsh, nor implacable, nor violent, nor, as one may say, anything carried to the sweating point; but he examined all things severally, as if he had abundance of time, and without confusion, in an orderly way, vigorously and consistently. And that might be applied to him which is recorded of Socrates, that he was able both to abstain from and to enjoy those things which many are too weak to abstain from and cannot enjoy without excess. But to be strong enough both to bear the one and to be sober in the other is the mark of a man who has a perfect and invincible soul, such as he showed in the illness of Maximus."

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.



### he Exodus to Europe; Traits from Our Tramp Ancestors.—

When we require a historical or prehistorical fact for the justification of our habits, of course, it has to come. If a historical fact is not easily hit upon the prehistorical one is always ready, and has the advantage of not being open to easy disproof. A scholarly gentleman has lately explained in a contemporary magazine that the propensity of Americans and most Europeans to gad about the earth, as far and as often as income and leisure will allow, is no mere freak of personal indulgence, but a most respectable and deep-seated propensity, which people of Caucasian descent, and possibly other folks, inherit from their nomadic forebears. True enough, it is some time since our forebears were habitual and continuous nomads—a couple of thousand years at least—but they kept at it a very long time before they made even a pretense of settling down and were tramps, no doubt, ages longer than we have been fixed people. The habits we have inherited from them became much too deeply fixed for one or two thousand years to obliterate them. Obviously enough, even now it does not come natural to us, nor does it agree with us, to stay constantly in one place. We can do it at a pinch, but it seems that we do not greatly thrive on it. It might be held that it takes more than one generation of continuance



in one spot to develop the disadvantages of that method, and, indeed, one could argue that no one now living in this country has been here long enough to get really moss-grown, and that probably we Americans still benefit as a people from the recent migrations of our ancestors from Europe, as well as the continuous shifting of our fathers from country to town, and from older states to newer ones in the West.

I understand that in the city of New York ninety-something families out of every hundred move at least once in ten years, and the great majority of families very much oftener. It is a practice that meets with criticism and is abundantly deplored, but it has its advantages. They talk about three moves being as bad as a fire; but nobody seems to realize that they may be as good as a fire, or what an excellent thing a timely fire is when it comes where it is needed. Three removes may be as good as a fire in just the same sense that three vaccinations may be as good as a case of smallpox. The lesser inconvenience may do away with the need of the greater. There are plenty of families everywhere that need to be burnt out. Families that live too long in one place are very liable to become the slaves of their environment. Their possessions, especially their worthless possessions, endeared to them by association, accumulate on them; their local habits become chains on them; the vis inertia, aggravated by decades of continuance in one place, paralyzes them; they get so fond of their shells that they sacrifice not only their present, but their future, for the sake of staying in them. There are families, and relics of families, which nothing but a fire could save. They have not and never can acquire of their own effort the grit to break the shackles of sentiment and association, and get the shaking up which their nomadic inheritances demand. A city that crowds up on its population and drives it ever to new lairs is a scourge to sentiment and an afflicting force in many ways; but, with the evil that it does, great good goes hand in hand and, whereas the evil is largely sentimental, the good is practical and prompt.

Families that intend, in the teeth of heredity, to abide in their present dwellings as long as their incomes permit, or till better ones are available, may doubtless avert most of the evil consequences of their obstinacy by going away for the summer and staying away as much as possible at other times in the year. A prodigious number of American families have just returned, or are about to return, from their annual summer pilgrimages. They are glad to get home; glad, in spite of all drawbacks and objections, that they have a home, to get back to. They are justified, or at least excusable, in these emotions, because they have earned them. They have recognized their obligations as the descendants of nomads and have striven to fulfil them, and, provided they have not picked up typhoid germ or analogous detriment in the course of their striving, they have their reward. Most of us have an old foggy propensity to think of home as a safe place and of people who stay at home as particularly prudent people. We should get over that, for, obviously, it does not accord with the conclusions of science. The most we may conclude is that Nature has no violent objection to homes, provided we do not stick to them too close. Birds come back to the nest year after year. Due absence can make almost any home, even an ancestral inheritance, comparatively wholesome. There are worse places, of course; the summer sojourners will tell you that with a good deal of unanimity; but that does not alter the case in favor of change, for change for the worse in external and atmospheric conditions is better for us, the doctors tell us, than no change at all.

The change that brings us home, especially when it reunites families, is the best change of all. Home is good (in spite of its possible drawbacks); change is good! Both combined make one of the best experiences that come. There are other ways of roasting a pig than by burning the house down and, praised be heaven, there are other ways of satisfying the vagrant instincts that clamor in our blood without abolishing homes altogether.

E. S. MARTIN.





### Waterproofing and Dyeing of Fabrics by the Electric Current.

—A few years ago, Mr. Henry L. Brevoort, a well-known electrical engineer, while passing some pieces of wet cloth between two small metal plates traversed by an electric current, was very much surprised to find that the part of the cloth between the plates had been affected in a very important way. On such parts there was a dye or stain, and he quickly found that different colors could be produced in the cloth by using plates of different metals. This dye or stain seemed permanent, and could not be washed out of the fabric. But there was still another effect after the cloth had been allowed to dry; in wetting it again it was found to be waterproof, or water-repellent, where it had been in contact with the plates.

Mr. Brevoort died some time after, without having developed further his experiments. He was, however, convinced of the importance and great future of his discovery. Recently, additional experiments have been conducted on the same lines with most satisfactory results, and a practical machine for waterproofing fabrics is now being constructed.

The recent experiments confirm this opinion that the act of passing electricity through wet, textile fabrics, interposed between the surfaces of metallic plates or rollers, and under particular conditions of current strength, mechanical pressure, and time of treatment, has the effect of rendering the fabric waterproof, or water-repellent. This action seems to be partly chemical and partly mechanical. The current is brought to the positive roller, thence through the goods to be treated to the negative roller, and thence back to the source of electrical energy.

By the action of the current, the water, with which the goods have been wet, becomes electrolyzed and decomposed into oxygen and hydrogen; the oxygen is found on the anode, or positive, roller and the hydrogen on the cathode, or negative, roller. I designate as "positive" roller that connected with the carbon, or equivalent pole, of a dynamo.

The nascent oxygen attacks the surface of the positive roller and forms an oxide of the metal of which the roller is composed. This oxide is then carried back by the current—and also under the action of pressure and capillarity—into the fibers of the wet fabric, forming chemical combination with the coloring substance of the goods. It may be also that the nascent oxygen acts mechanically, oxidizing the substance of the fiber, so that, when the goods have dried, they are found to be waterproof, or water-repellent, by virtue of these oxides present in, or on, the fiber.

On the other hand, the hydrogen formed at the cathode, or negative, roller is a strong reducing agent, and, in case the period of treatment is prolonged beyond the proper time, this hydrogen will reduce the oxide of the metal in the goods to the metallic state, and the combination, or union, of those oxides with the fiber will be destroyed and the water-repellent condition of the goods destroyed. It may be that there is also some other physical cause for such a result, but as yet we have not ascertained it. To prevent this reducing action of the hydrogen it is only necessary to keep the hydrogen mechanically back, by surrounding the nega-



tive roller with layers of cloth, in which case, the goods to be treated really passes between the uncovered positive roller and the fabric surrounding the negative roller.

Goods to be treated should be wet with *water only*. Of the metals to be used those are preferable—taken for the positive roller—which form white oxides, such as tin, aluminum, zinc, etc. Others would form colored or dark oxides and tend to discolor the goods treated. It is further essential that there should be pressure exerted on the goods while they are being treated; the pressure exercised forces the oxides into the fiber, improving the result. The pressure, the current to be used, and the time of treatment have to be regulated according to the thickness and nature of the fabric treated. Unbleached goods are more easily rendered waterproof than bleached, because the fiber is exposed to the action of the current, and the oxide is more easily forced into it and more readily penetrates the fabric. Sized goods can be treated; but greasy goods do not surrender to treatment, because the grease prevents the goods taking the water, the electricity failing to reach the fiber. The cloth must be well dried before testing, and carefully examined to determine whether it is thoroughly dry. The best results are obtained by treating the goods on both sides, so that each side shall be subjected to the action of the positive roller.

This process of waterproofing does not fill up the interstices of the cloth treated, so as to prevent perspiration from passing through. It is the individual fiber that is made waterproof. When the cloth to be treated has been completely saturated with water, the resistance offered to the current is practically the resistance of the water and not of the cloth, giving a resistance practically uniform throughout, a point of great importance. Goods thoroughly treated by this process will practically remain permanently waterproof, but will not withstand much washing, particularly if the water is hot.

G. BETTINI.



### Photography in Colors.—The distinguished French physicist,

Professor Lippmann, recently exhibited, before the Royal Society of London, the results of his efforts to produce permanent colored photographs by the direct action of the luminous rays. The occasion proved to be one of great scientific importance, and excited the extreme interest and surprise of the society. The striking achievements of Professor Lippmann have been realized through adherence to the method outlined by him in 1891, and are based upon the production of light interference. His success is the more gratifying, following, as it does, from continued effort to produce a result dependent upon the correctness of the accepted theory of the wave motion of light.

This photograph differs from all other colored photographs yet made, in that it is obtained by a single exposure. The image is permanent; the color is due to a physical texture produced in the photographic film by the light and not to any deposited pigment.

The picture is obtained by having a metallic mirror in contact with the photograph film during the exposure of the plate, the glass side of the plate being turned toward the object photographed. The mirror is readily formed in contact with the film by allowing mercury to flow from a small reservoir into the space between the film and back of the holder. After the exposure the reservoir is lowered and the mercury allowed to run out. The plate is then developed and fixed in the usual way, and when examined by reflected light the picture shows the natural colors of the object. The film may be either albumen, collodion or gelatine, sensitized by the chloride, bromide or iodide of silver; the developer may be acid or alkaline, and the fixation may be by potassium bromide or cyanide.

The chemical action of the light upon the agents is the same as in ordinary photography; the different effects is due to a physical result brought about by the presence of the mirror. This result consists of colorless, brownish-black deposits of reduced silver spread in a series of thin strata through the film and parallel to the surface of the plate.



The formation of these strata may be conceived as follows: The direct rays of light from the object pass through the film without physically effecting it. Upon striking the mirror, the waves of light are reflected back; the advancing and returning waves interfere, and, at the planes of interference, the strata are formed. The strata are not shown until the developer is applied. The waves of different colored light from the object deposit strata at different distances apart throughout the film, depending upon the length of the different colored waves.

After the plate is developed, and when it is illumined by white light, its different parts reflect different colors, depending upon the distance between the deposited strata at the different parts of the plate. Other colors than those shown interfere and disappear by the reflection. In an ordinary photograph, taken without the mirror, the film would be uniformly discolored throughout; with the mirror, what may be termed the "back-swash" of the different colored waves arranges the silver deposit in strata, with the beautiful results anticipated and now proven possible by Professor Lippmann.

S. E. TILLMAN.



**New Light on a Solar Problem.**—Between forty and fifty years ago Carrington, an English observer, discovered the remarkable fact that the sun-spots near the sun's equator indicate a time of rotation nearly two days shorter than those near the spot-limits, in a solar latitude of thirty-five or forty degrees. At the equator the revolution is accomplished in about twenty-five and two-tenths days, while in the higher latitudes it requires more than twenty-seven. Spectroscopic observations also confirm this, and prove that the effect is not merely a drift of the spots alone—like the drift of storms over the land and water of the earth,—but that the whole visible surface of the sun and its overlying atmosphere move in this same peculiar manner.

Of course, this shows that the solar surface is not solid, and agrees entirely with what we infer from other considerations; that the "photosphere," as it is called, is a sheet of luminous cloud, which envelopes and completely hides the underlying globe. But it does not at all account for the accelerated rotation at the sun's equator, which has been a puzzle from the first; and, although numerous attempts have been made to deduce it as a necessary consequence from the generally accepted theory that the sun is a cooling globe of gas and vapor, covered with a mantle of incandescent cloud, no really satisfactory explanation has yet appeared.

But within the last year new light has been thrown upon the subject by the recent mathematical investigations of Wilsing, of Potsdam, and Professor Sampson, of Durham University, who, independently, reach the conclusion that the explanation of the phenomenon is not to be found in the present state and constitution of the sun, but must be sought in its long past history; that this so-called "equatorial acceleration" is a relic and survival of conditions that no longer exist, and is neither produced nor maintained by anything now taking place within the sun. It appears, on the contrary, that the causes at present operating all tend to its destruction, and that it is gradually dying out, though so slowly that it will require centuries to make the change perceptible. According to this view, the phenomenon is a mere surface-drift, and still persists simply because at the surface the internal friction, which ultimately destroys all such inequalities of motion, is far less powerful than within the body of the sun, where the currents have probably long since disappeared.

It is not difficult to see how the condensation of a disc-shaped nebula, or the the collapse of a Saturnian ring, might, as a temporary result, produce swift equatorial currents upon a central globe. What is new is the suggestion, amply justified by computation, that an effect which, from the mathematical point of view, is merely transitory and evanescent may persist for ages of our human reckoning, and appear to us as "secular" and permanent. The "second," the "instant," in the time-scale of the universe may be millenniums in length.

C. A. YOUNG.



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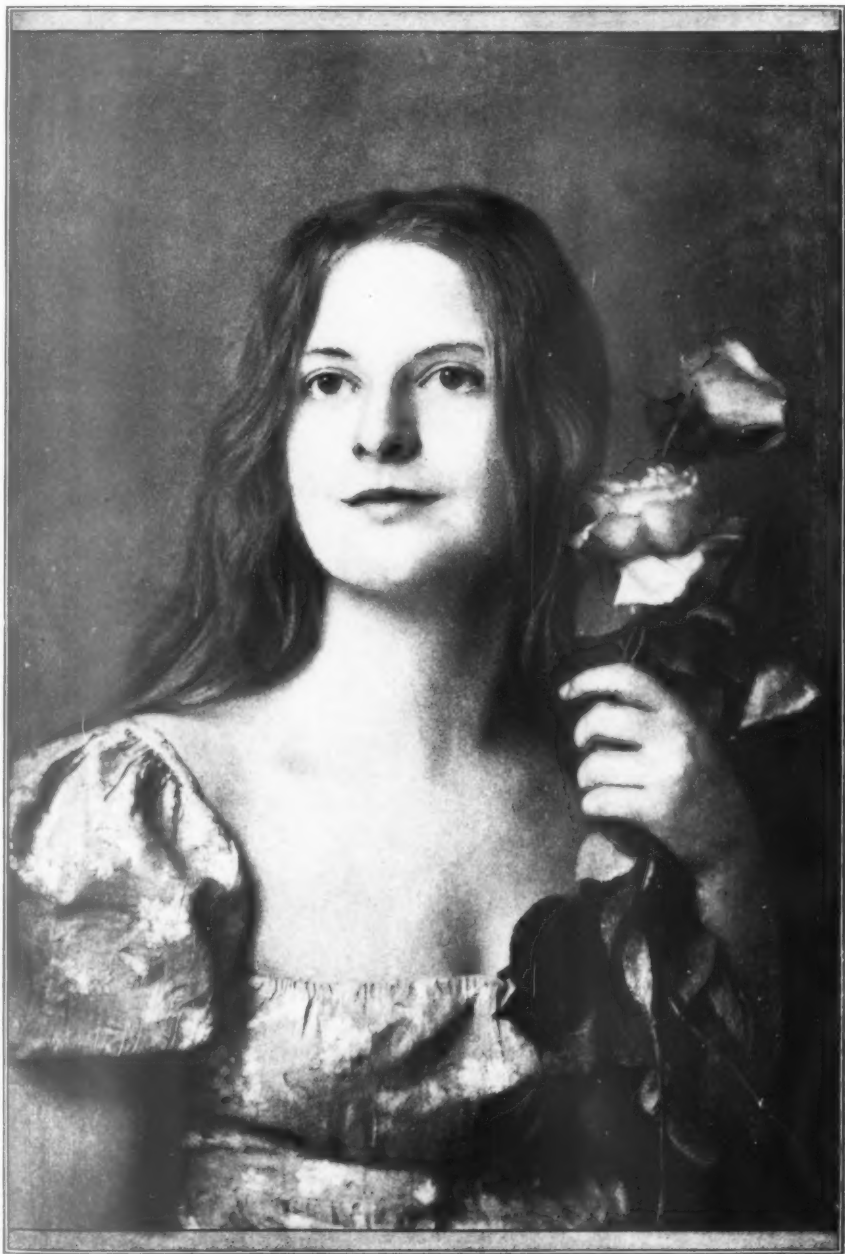
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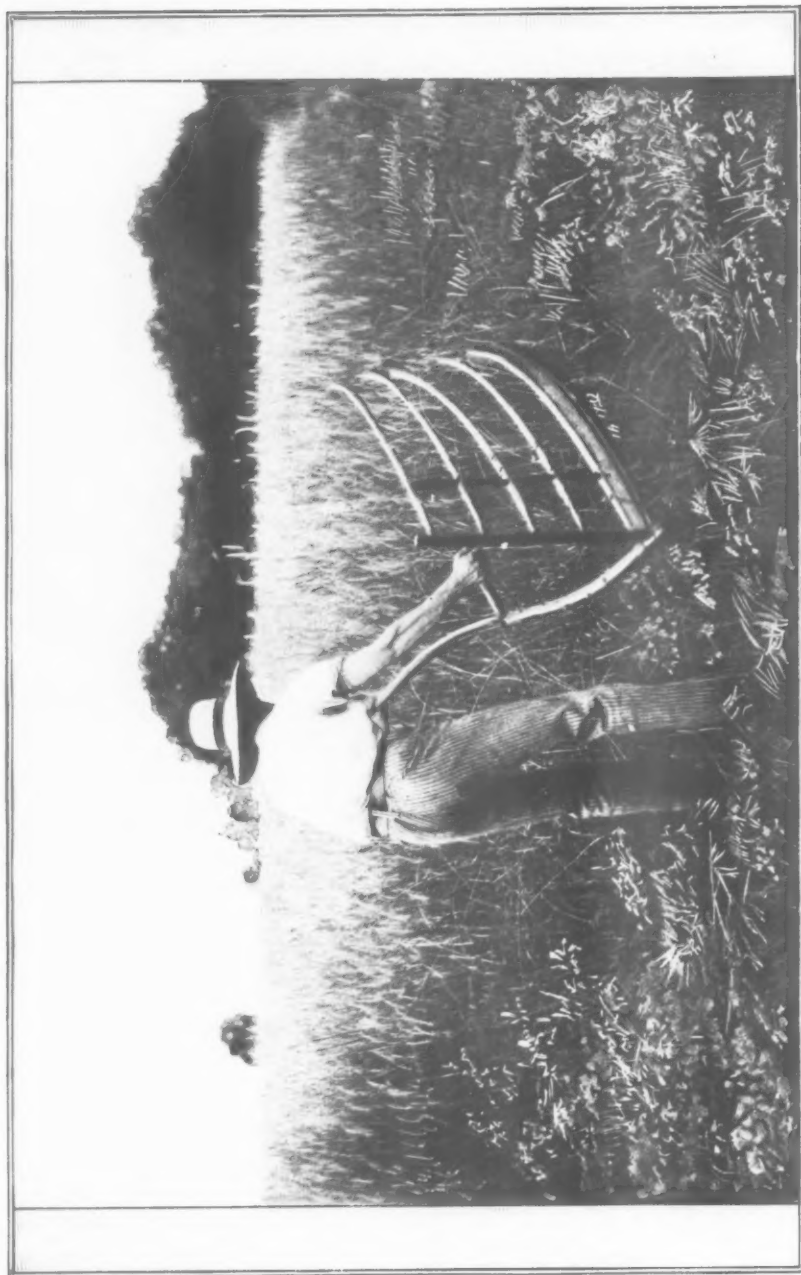
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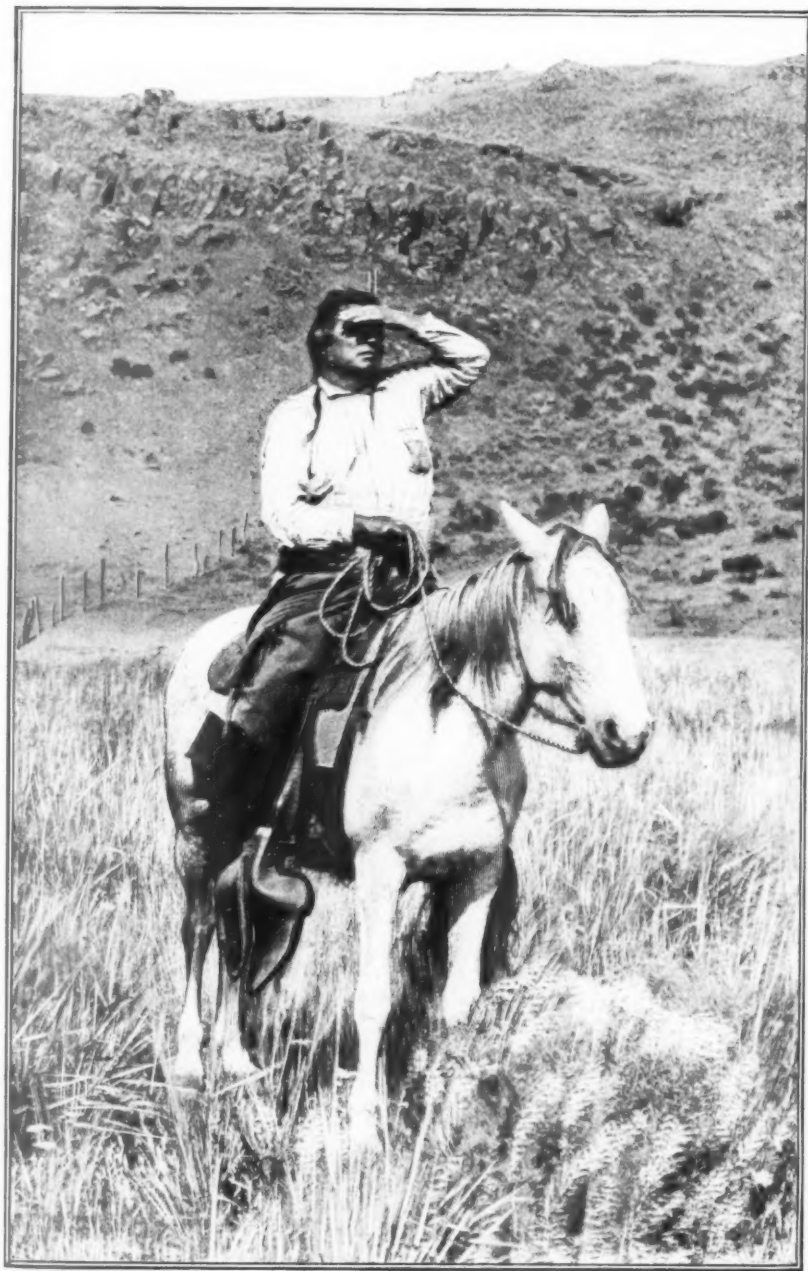
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# THE COSMOPOLITAN

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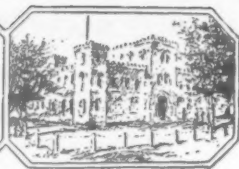
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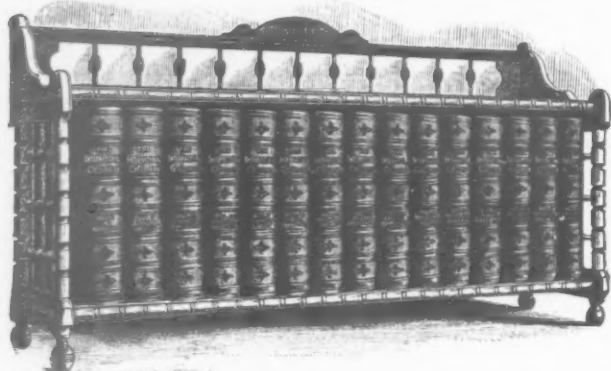
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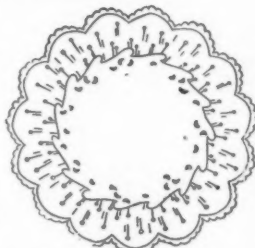
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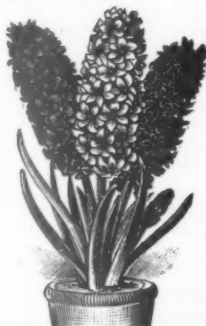
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And summer breezes blow caresses;

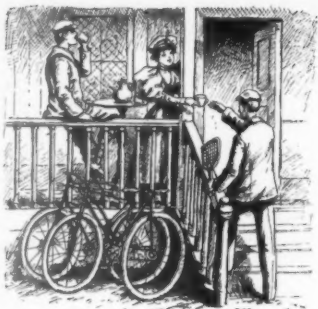
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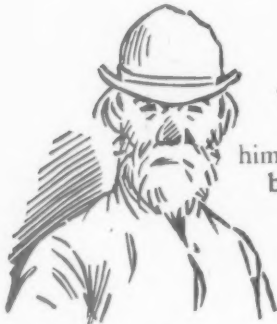
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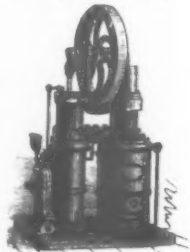
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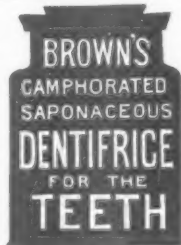
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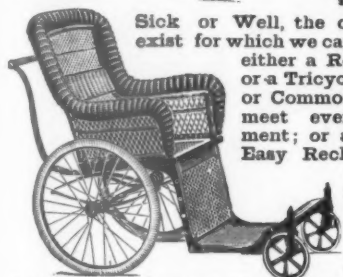
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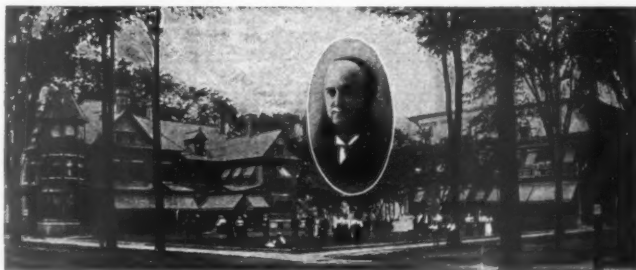
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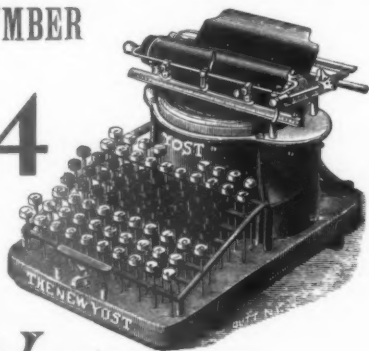
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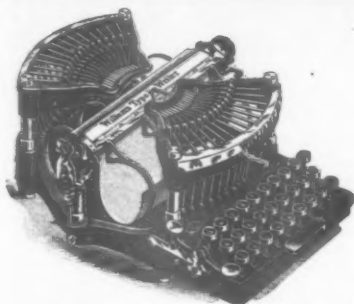
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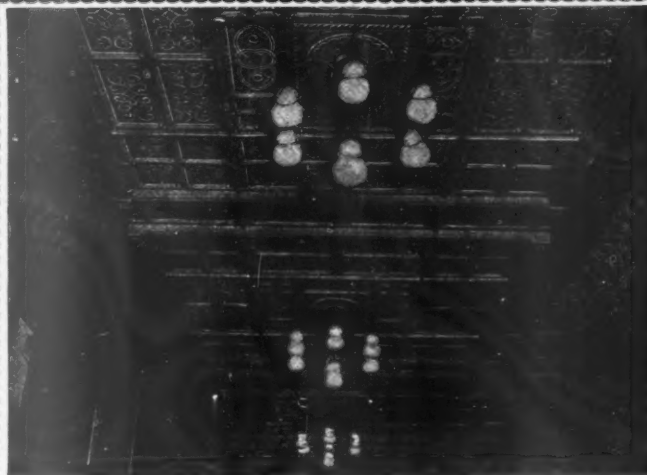
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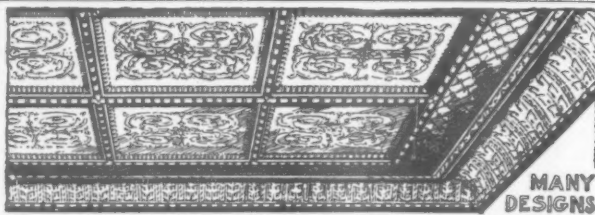
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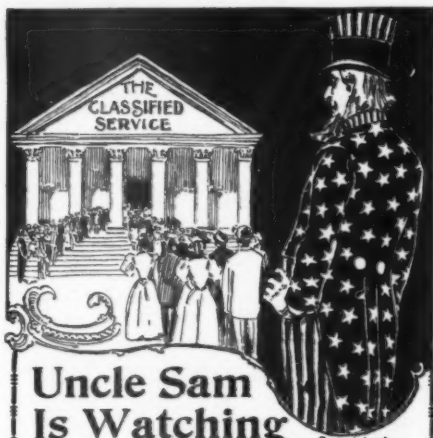
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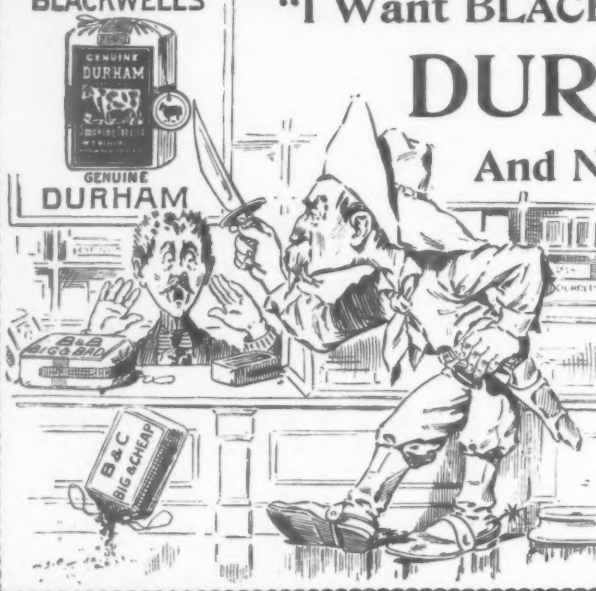
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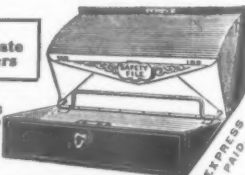
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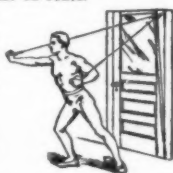
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What **GENERAL NELSON A. MILES** says:

**SULPHUME COMPANY, Chicago.** New York, N. Y. Gentlemen: The Sulphume and Sulphume Soap that I ordered have just been received, by express, in good order. I desire to say my experience in the use of your Sulphume preparations has been exceedingly gratifying. Having seen Sulphume used in cases of diphtheria, sore throat, also in a number of other cases with such satisfactory results, I have no doubt of the success of your valuable remedies, and that in a short time they will be appreciated as they fully deserve. Very respectfully,  
**NELSON A. MILES, Major-General.**

**SULPHUME SOAP** is the only genuine sulphur soap, because it is the only soap made with liquid sulphur. Price per box (3 cakes) 75 cts.

A valuable book treating on Sulphume, also containing names of prominent people who recommend it, sent free upon request.

Where not on sale, Sulphume preparations are delivered carriage prepaid, upon receipt of price.

We will send by mail one cake of soap, as a sample, upon receipt of 25 cents.

**SULPHUME COMPANY, 112 MARINE BLDG., CHICAGO.**

## DON'T PAY \$1.00

For What You Can Buy for 67 Cents.

—\*THE\*—  
**Massachusetts  
BENEFIT  
LIFE  
ASSOCIATION**

is furnishing Life Insurance

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**Natural Premium Plan**

**AT TWO-THIRDS THE RATES OF  
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In seventeen years it has built up a business larger than that of any New England Insurance Company. It has to-day on its books **over \$100,000,000** of insurance in force.

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It has saved its policy-holders millions of dollars by providing insurance **AT COST.**

Investigate our methods, and you will want our policy.

**Enterprising Agents Wanted. Good Commissions Paid.**

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A Perfect  
Cure for

**ECZEMA,  
HIVES,  
SALT  
RHEUM,  
DANDRUFF,  
TETTER,  
ITCHING  
PILES,  
and all eruptive skin  
diseases.**

## HAS NO EQUAL

**A VOLUNTARY LETTER.**

OFFICE OF THE CITY CLERK,

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, June 15, 1896.

Gentlemen:—For 18 years I have suffered from Eczema. Physicians and medicines did me little good, and I supposed the disease would always stay with me. Coe's Eczema Cure has cured me in two weeks, and I only hope that every sufferer from the tortures of Eczema will hear of your remedy, use it, and be cured. I consider it one of the greatest medicines of the age, and never intend to be without it. (Signed),  
**N. C. PHILLIPS, City Clerk.**

**MAILED FOR \$1.00. TRAIL BOX, 10 CENTS.**

If your druggist does not have it, apply directly to us; take no substitute.

**COE CHEMICAL CO., 178 1/2 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.**





The Australian "Dry-Air" Treatment,

# "Hyomei,"

will immediately relieve and permanently cure

## Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Common Colds,

and all similar diseases, and do it quickly. Don't wait until your regular attack has come—prevent it. Hyomei cures by inhalation. Don't dose the stomach to cure the respiratory organs.

**PRICE BY MAIL, \$1.00.**

DEAR SIR:—

The patient for whom I ordered Booth's "Hyomei" Pocket Inhaler and who was suffering from Purulent Bronchitis, expectorating large quantities of purulent, offensive matter, made a perfect recovery and is now a healthy, robust young man. I attribute his recovery to the use of your Pocket Inhaler.

Yours truly,

R. S. WILEY, M. D.

Hyomei is a purely vegetable antiseptic, and destroys the germs which cause disease in the respiratory organs. The air, charged with Hyomei, is inhaled at the mouth and, after permeating the minutest air-cells, is exhaled through the nose. It is aromatic, delightful to inhale, and gives immediate relief. It is highly recommended by physicians, clergy-men, public speakers and thousands who have been helped and cured.

**Pocket Inhaler Outfit, Complete, by Mail, \$1.00,** to any part of the United States; for foreign countries add \$1.00 postage; outfit consists of pocket inhaler, made of deodorized hard rubber, a bottle of Hyomei, a dropper, and full directions for using. If you are still skeptical, send your address; my pamphlet shall prove that Hyomei cures. Are you open to conviction? Extra bottles of Hyomei inhalant by mail, or at druggists, 50 cents. Hyomei Balm, for all skin diseases, by mail, 25 cents. Your druggist has Hyomei or can get it for you if you insist. Don't accept a substitute.

London Office:

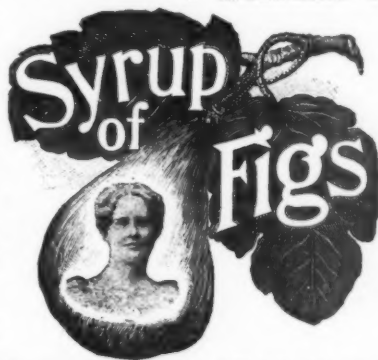
11 Farringdon Ave., E. C.

**R. T. BOOTH, 23 East 20th Street, New York.**

## Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes.

That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its



beneficial effects are due to the fact that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is, therefore, all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the

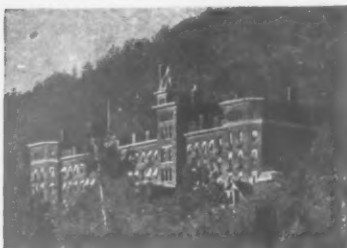
skilful physicians; but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed, Syrup of Figs stands highest.

**Manufactured by CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**

in 50c. bottles.



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Main Building Absolutely Fire-proof.

FOR thirty-five years the leading Health Institution in America, is under the personal care of regularly educated and experienced physicians, and is distinctive in its methods and character.

A delightful home for health and rest seekers in which every provision is made for recreation, comfort and good cheer, as well as for skilled medical care and treatment.

A beautiful illustrated pamphlet with full information will be sent on application

Address,

J. ARTHUR JACKSON, Secretary, P. O. Box 1867.

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An Institution for the Scientific Treatment of

## Cancer

Tumors, and all forms of Malignant Growths,

### WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE.

We have never failed to effect a permanent cure where we have had a reasonable opportunity.

Book and circulars giving description of Sanatorium, Treatment, Terms, and References, free.

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## THE IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR



NO MATTER HOW GRAY YOUR HAIR, OR BLEACHED, OR DYED, IT MAKES IT BEAUTIFUL, GLOSSY... Restores

**Gray Hair** to its Original Color.

Regenerates **Bleached Hair.**

By the use of the REGENERATOR once in every few months, the hair is always glossy, beautiful, and natural.

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Price, \$1.50 and \$3.00.

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Samples of hair colored free.

For sale by Druggists and Hairdressers.



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A Resort for Those Seeking Health, Rest, or Pleasure.

Open all the year. Under the medical management of experienced physicians. Equipped with all the most approved therapeutic appliances, including Turkish, Russian and Electric Baths, Massage, Swedish Movements, and all forms of electricity.

Five Valuable Mineral Springs—Muriated, Alkaline, Chalybeate, Iodo-Bromated, and Brine.

ALL FORMS OF MINERAL AND BRINE BATHS.

Climate mild, dry and equable. No malaria. Surrounded by Pine Forests. Half-mile of broad board-walk. Beautiful views overlooking thirty miles of Seneca Lake. Picturesque walks and drives. All modern improvements. Bowling Alleys. Glass Solarium 250 feet long. *Courtesy unsurpassed.* Consumptives, Epileptics, and persons suffering from any form of Insanity are not received. No contagious or offensive forms of disease admitted. Send for illustrated pamphlet.

Wm. E. LEFFINGWELL, Manager.

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# "No Colds, No Cough, No Asthma"

"I must truly say that your treatment has made my health quite perfect, and I am very thankful to you. I did not have any depression after the Hay-Fever season. I have no colds, no cough, no Asthma."

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## The Asthma Season is Here

The cool nights cause much suffering. If you dread them because of Asthma or Bronchitis, write to **DR. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.** Never mind if you have "tried everything" and failed. Never mind if you feel discouraged and hopeless. Never mind if your case has seemed incurable. **Try once more** and you will never regret it. We will tell you frankly if we can't help you.

## Twenty Years of Inherited Asthma Cured

"When Dr. Hayes began treating me in 1889 I was in bed two-thirds of the time with inherited Asthma of twenty years' standing. I suffered intensely and the relief I obtained from inhaling smoke and taking emetics, etc., had greatly injured my stomach and throat. Judging from my size I had entered on the last stage of dropsy. After taking the first dose I had no more Asthma for three years, and in three weeks I was taken inches less in size. I continued to improve and for the first time, found life to be a blessing. My general health is excellent—better than it ever was in my life before."

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FOR THREE MONTHS, PRICE  
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**An OXYGEN  
HOME REMEDY  
WITHOUT MEDICINE.**

Often Cures  
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Pronounced  
"Incurable"

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By its new method of  
introducing Oxygen  
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Presiding Judge.  
**T. F. GARVER, Salina,**  
**GEO. W. CLARK, Topeka,**  
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Salina, Kans., Aug. 6, 1896.

Dear Sir:—

After a two months' trial of the Electro-poise by my wife, I am well satisfied with results. In the beginning my mind was in a very incredulous state, the simplicity of the treatment apparently not being equal to the promised effects. But the little instrument so quietly but effectively doing what the prescriptions of physicians failed to accomplish, has broken down my incredulity and given me great faith in its merits. Since its use, the health of my wife has been better than for a number of years and is still improving.

Yours truly,

**T. F. GARVER.**



# DR. H. SANCHE'S Oxydonor "Victory"



## THE NEW LIFE GIVER.

The Original Oxydonor "Victory" for Self-Treatment. Supplies Oxygen to the blood, and cures disease and pain under Nature's own laws. Applied as in illustration.

"Oxygen is Life." How to increase this element in the system was an unsolved problem to medical science until Dr. H. Sanche discovered a wonderful law of natural forces, by the application of which oxygen from the air can be supplied in any desired quantity. It has cured and been fully tested in 60,000 cases of all forms of disease.

**NO. 1.—PRICE, \$15. REDUCED FROM \$25.**

**NO. 2.—PRICE, \$25. LATEST AND GREATLY IMPROVED.**

NORTH BINGHAM, PA. May 27, 1895.  
DR. HERCULES SANCHE.—Dear Sir:—I have one of your Oxydonor "Victory," and have had some remarkable cures from its use, and I think it one of the greatest boons to suffering humanity. I have an uncle that had a stroke of Paralysis. His whole left side was paralyzed and was perfectly helpless. He was so for three months, and the doctor expected him to have another shock every day; he kept falling all the time. I bought the Oxydonor "Victory" just to try on him. Now he is able to walk about, and is improving every day.  
Yours fraternally,  
F. B. CLARK.

THE ANIMARIUM—An institution for the treatment of the sick by this method—now open for patients. Send for terms.

Large book of information and latest price-list mailed free.

**DR. H. SANCHE, Discoverer and Inventor,**

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# NATURAL APERIENT WATER



# Hunyadi János

Prof. Dr. Tommasoli,  
of the University  
of Palermo, Italy,  
writes:

"A bottle of  
'Hunyadi János' is one of the  
first necessities of the household."

**CAUTION:** None genuine without the signature of the  
firm, "Andreas Saxlehner" on the label.



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ON EVERY TONGUE!

CURTICE BROTHERS'

BLUE    
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KETCHUP

*Acknowledged to be the Best*

Ask your Grocer for it

If he cannot supply you, write us for priced catalogue and booklet "From Tree to Table," descriptive of our full line, canned fruits and vegetables, preserves, jellies, etc.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO.  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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FIREPLACE  
MANTEL

**\$54.00**

OTHERS FOR LESS,  
SOME FOR MORE.



MADE OF ORNAMENTAL BRICK.

Our mantels have that soft, pleasing effect of richness and harmony that no other kind gives. We offer a choice of six colors at \$15 upward. They cost no more than other kinds, and any brick-mason can set them up.

Send 10 cents for descriptive sketch-book, containing 40 different designs.

PHILA. & BOSTON FACE BRICK CO.,  
8 Liberty Square, Boston, Mass.

As with the Gold Standard,



so with Standard Porcelain-Lined Baths; each represents one hundred per cent. actual value. Our trade-mark "S.M.CO."

like the government stamp on a gold dollar, assures you that the component parts are pure and warranted as represented. We guarantee every tub turned out. Be sure that our trade-mark is on the bottom, if you want to be secure.

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CATALOGUE FREE.

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**Are Strictly Pure  
Stock Soups**

made from the best selected Beef, Veal, and Poultry. *Positively* no extracts or gelatine used. If you want pure, unadulterated Soup, insist on having "Huckins'" — 19 varieties.

Send 20 cents to pay express, and we will send you two  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint cans as samples—your choice.

**J. H. W. HUCKINS & CO.**

Put up in Quarts,  
Pints and  $\frac{3}{4}$  Pints.

18 and 20 Waterford Street, Boston, Mass.

**Strength to the Weak.**

**Somatose**  
Nourishing, and an  
assistant to renewed  
appetite



**A Perfect Food,  
Tonic and Restorative**

It is a powder made from the most nourishing elements of meat, prepared for the nutriment and stimulus of weak systems. May be taken dry, or in milk, water, etc.

At druggists, in 2 oz.,  $\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 1 lb. tins.

Also the following combinations, Somatose-Biscuit, Somatose-Cocoa, Somatose-Chocolate — each containing 10 per cent. Somatose. Very convenient and palatable preparations.

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**No  
Cooking  
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is needed to prepare

**WHITMAN'S  
INSTANTANEOUS  
CHOCOLATE**

Made instantly, with boiling water or milk. *No boiling, no bother.* Purity, positive. Of surpassing quality and flavor. It is powdered, and packed in 1 pound and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound tins.

**Stephen F. Whitman & Son,  
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## Vapo-Cresolene

Cures While You Sleep,  
Whooping Cough,  
Croup, Asthma,  
Catarrh & Colds.

CRESOLENE when vaporized in the sick-room will give immediate relief. Its curative powers are wonderful, at the same time preventing the spread of contagious diseases by acting as a powerful disinfectant, harmless to the youngest child. Sold by druggists. Valuable booklet free.

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For Beautifying the Complexion.  
Removes all Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Pimples, Liver Moles, and other imperfections. Not covering but removing all blemishes, and permanently restoring the complexion to its original freshness. For sale at Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of 25c. Use MALVINA ICHTHYOL SOAP. Prof. I. Hubert TOLEDO, O.

### HOW TO MAKE



Many women with fair faces are deficient in beauty owing to undeveloped figures, flat busts, etc., which can be remedied by the use of

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### HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON

QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

## MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

**Discovered by Accident.**—In compounding, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. **IT CANNOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on noses may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without the slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYSIS.

**—RECOMMENDED BY ALL WHO HAVE TESTED ITS MERITS—USED BY PEOPLE OF REFINEMENT.**—Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly private. Postage names received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND TRUE NAME.)

**LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS** MODENE MFG CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A. CUT THIS OUT AS IT MAY NOT APPEAR AGAIN. Register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery. We offer \$1,000 for failure or the slightest injury. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

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Approved by Highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation for infants and adults. Delightful after shaving. Positively Relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blisters, Pimples; makes the skin smooth and healthy. Take no substitutes. Sold by druggists, or mailed for 5c. Sample mailed FREE (Name this magazine.)

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A positive and permanent cure for ME-GRIM-INE (a Half-Headache) and all other forms of Headache or Neuralgia.

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Made in our own factory from sweet and finest ingredients. Special Express Box, containing one and one-half pounds choicest Chocolates and Bon Bons in the world, expressed free, to any address in the United States for \$1.00.

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On receipt of 35 cts. we will send you by return mail a package of Russian Violet Sachet Powder, which keeps its strength a long time, and emits a most refreshing and delightful odor in laces, handkerchiefs, the corsage, stationery, etc. Address Ben Levy & Co., French Perfumers, Boston, Mass.

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ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE REMEDY.

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They are Played in a Million Homes,  
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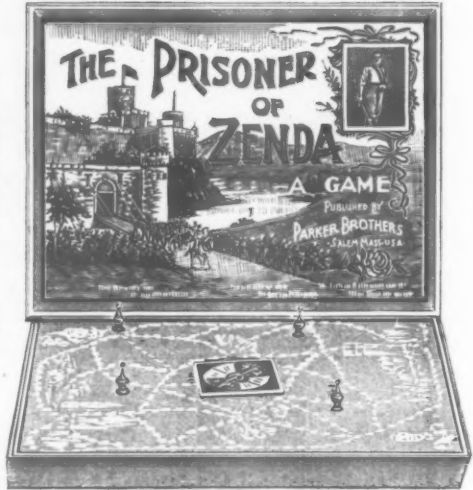
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Send 2c. stamp for our Illustrated Catalogue, describing the "Wide Word," "Waterloo," "Pillow Dip," and two hundred other games.



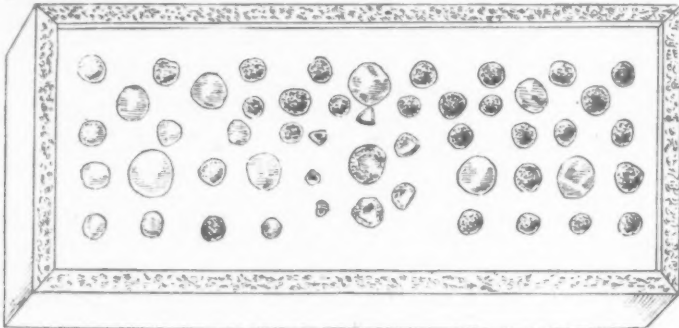
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## ... CALCULI DISSOLVED BY ... BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Value of this Water in Gout, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease of Kidneys, and all Diseases of Uric Acid Diathesis. DR. E. C. LAIRD, Member of the North Carolina State Medical Society, Haw River, North Carolina:

"A patient with strongly marked Uric Acid Diathesis suffered frequent attacks of Nephritic Colic, and at the same time from a severe Gouty affection. Except as to the usual treatment for the relief of present paroxysms, I put him exclusively upon **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** Spring No. 2, which has been attended with happy and remarkable effect, both as to the Calculus and Gouty affection. Under its action he has, at various times, discharged large quantities of calculi and sand. Following an attack of Nephritic Colic, he at one time discharged 68 calculi in 12 hours. The deposition of fine sand not infrequently exceeded a *teaspoonful*.

"The following cut represents but a small portion of this calculus matter, actual size:



"Under microscopic examination it was evident that the calculi were originally parts of larger formations which had been disintegrated by the water.

"I will add that for 15 years, I have treated no case of Renal Calculi, Stone in Bladder, Gout, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease or any Disease having its origin in Uric Acid Diathesis, without the use of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** and uniformly with good and, not infrequently, very remarkable results."

For sale by druggists. Pamphlets sent free.

Proprietor, **BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.**

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."



# BEARDSLEY'S SHREDDED CODFISH



Remember, to protect the public and ourselves, we have adopted a new distinguishing feature in the shape of a *Broad Red Band*, encircling the entire package, which is a registered trade mark. Insist upon the *Broad Red Band* package, and you will always get Beardsley's Shredded Codfish,—best in the world.

All Grocers.

J. W. BEARDSLEY'S SONS,

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Don't simply **BLACKEN** your stove—**BURNISH IT.**

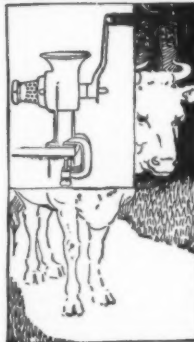
## ENAMELINE

—the brilliant black—  
**STOVE  
POLISH**



does both.  
A few rubs brings  
a bright gloss.  
Dustless  
and odorless.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

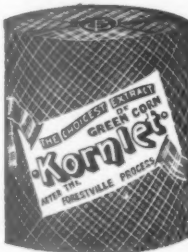


**TOUGH BEEF**  
turned into tender Ham-  
burg Steaks, is only one  
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## Perfection Chopper...

"Kitchen Knacks," with  
Recipes by Mrs. S. T.  
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**NORTH BROS. MFG. CO.  
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Instead of simply ordering "Canned Corn" tell your grocer you want

# KORNLET

It is a brand new way of preparing corn—all of the sweet, tender kernels are used and none of the outer skin or husk.

If your grocer doesn't keep it send 25 cents for a sample can.

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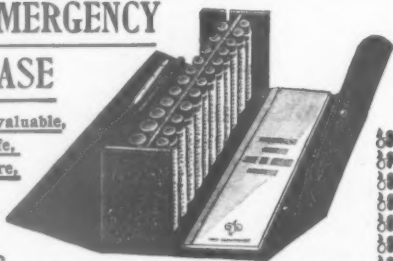
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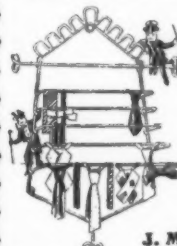
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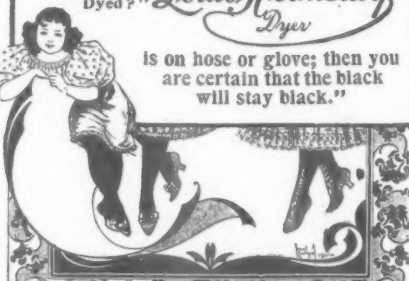
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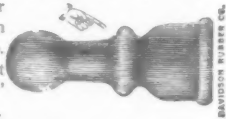
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He has no colic now because the **Collar** makes collapse impossible.

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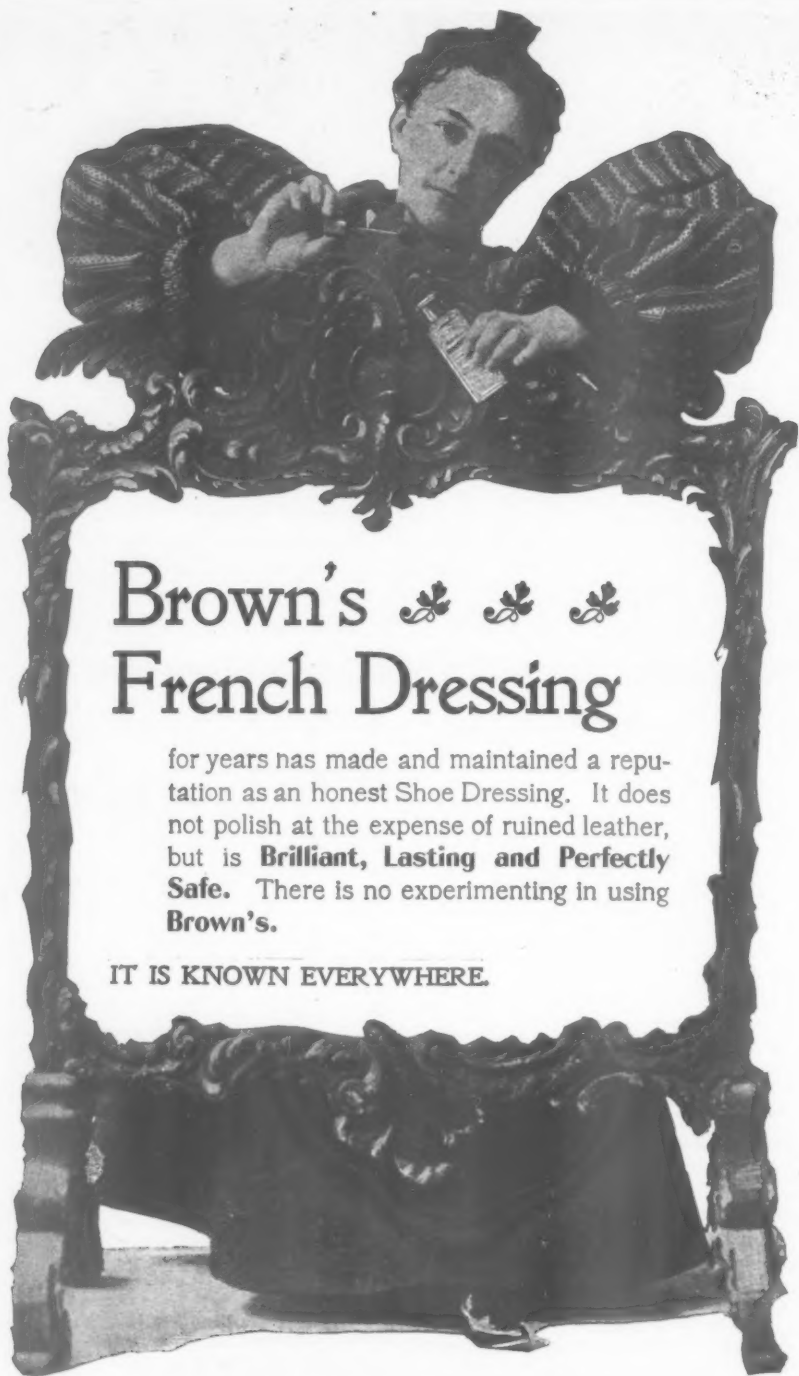
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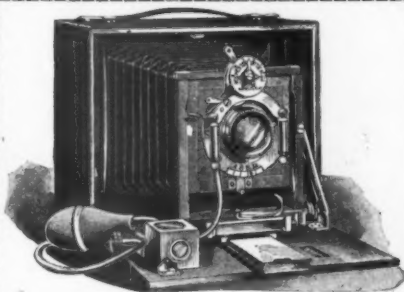
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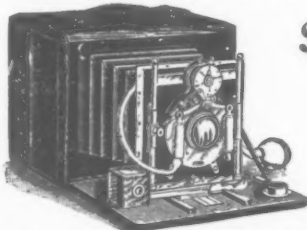
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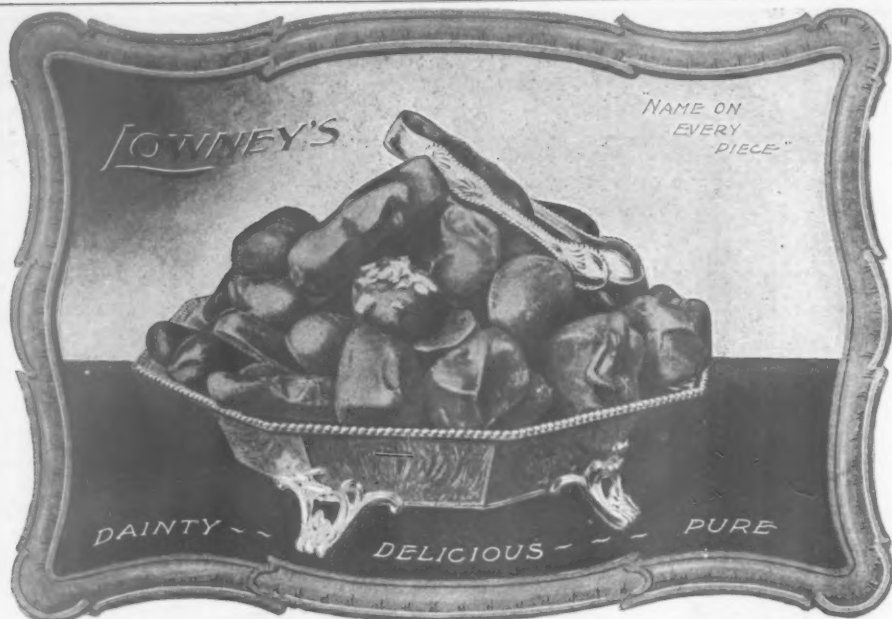
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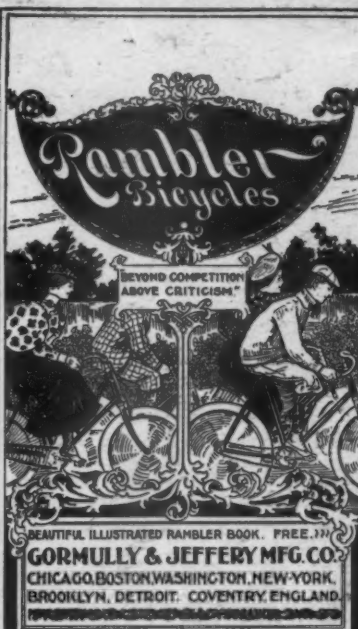


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